

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## FRA LUIGI'S MARRIAGE.



"THE MAN IS DEAD," HE SAID.

"A SAD strange tale it is, and long to tell:  
Would 't weary you to hear it, sir? It fell  
To me alone to witness how he wed,  
Young Fra Luigi. Years he has been dead,  
Yet it doth seem but little while ago.  
I loved him. That is how I came to  
know  
What no one knew but me.

"'Twas on a day  
When all roads out of Rome were bright  
and gay  
With daisies and anemones; the spring  
Thrilled every little lark and thrush to sing;  
So full the sunlit air of bloom and song,  
An hour seemed but a magic moment  
long.  
You know the grand Basilica they call  
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Paolo Santo, past the city wall?  
'Twas there.

"The tale is strange, almost I fear  
Lest it seem false unto your foreign ear.  
But you may trust it, sir. I loved him so  
I knew what she who bore him did not  
know.

The day—this spring day full of song and  
bloom—

I hear those larks yet singing in the  
broom—

Had been for months appointed as the day  
When he—his friend Andrea, too—should  
lay

His worldly garments at the altar down  
And take the Benedictine cowl and gown.  
Perhaps you've seen that service, sir?

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"Nay? Then  
You'd like to hear how they make monks  
of men.  
I've not forgotten it. I loved him so  
Each thing that happened on that day, I  
know  
As it were yesterday."

"A monk? You said  
Your tale was how the Fra Luigi wed."

"Aye, so it is."

"Did take the church as bride?  
That is no secret marvelous to hide  
Behind thy phrase."

"Nay, no such empty phrase  
Above my tale its idle shelter lays.  
The Fra Luigi's bride had face more fair  
Than any blossom in that spring-time air.  
I stood that day the nearest to her side.  
And well the face of Fra Luigi's bride  
I knew, for I had served her house when  
she  
First gladdened it by her sweet infancy.  
Stern sat the Abbot in his snow-white  
chair,  
Between the violet marble pillars fair.  
The columns of red porphyry shone and  
gleamed  
Beneath the yellow quivering rays that  
streamed  
From myriad tapers making light so fast  
The gorgeous Baldacchino scarce did cast  
A shadow on the altar underneath,  
Or on the faces cold and still as death  
Of all the Benedictine brothers placed  
In solemn circles which the altar faced.  
The priests' robes blazed with scarlet and  
with gold;  
The swinging censers flashed with gems  
untold,  
And music wildly sorrowful and slow  
All down the shadowed aisles went echo-  
ing low.  
As men who walked with heaven full in  
sight,  
Their faces lit by supernatural light,  
Luigi and Andrea came and knelt.  
The silence like a darkness could be felt  
In which their voices rang out young and  
clear,  
Taking the vows so terrible to hear,  
Obedience and poverty till death,  
And chastity in every act and breath;  
Between the vows sweet-chanted prayers  
were said  
That they might keep these vows till they  
were dead:

Ah me! I think the good God sorrowed  
then  
To see such burdens laid on mortal men.  
Next came the kiss of peace. In every  
eye  
Sprang tears, as gliding slow and noise-  
lessly  
Like ghosts, the Benedictines one by one  
Embraced and kissed each novice.

"All was done  
Now, save that last, most dreadful sight  
of all,  
The dying to the world.

One gold-wrought pall  
Of black, the acolytes laid on the ground.  
The music sank to lower, sadder sound.  
Another pall was lifted high to spread  
Above the bodies.

"With a joyous tread  
Luigi came to lay him down. One glance  
He lifted—oh, what sped the fatal chance?  
What cruel fate his ardent eyes did guide  
Unto her face who had been 'born his  
bride?

I saw the glance. I saw the quick blood  
mount

Her cheek as well as his. No man may  
count

How swift love's motion in a vein can be;  
Light is a laggard, by its ecstasy.

'Twas but a glance!—I said this tale was  
strange—

Might seem to you but idle—such a  
change

Did pass upon their faces, his and hers,  
As comes upon the sea, when sudden stirs  
A mighty wind. More ghastly now, and  
white

Than he were dead, Luigi's face.

"The rite  
Went on. The pall upon their forms was  
dropped.

Rigid they lay, as if their hearts had  
stopped:

The candles flickered down: the light grew  
dim:

The singers chanted low, a funeral hymn:  
The mothers' sobs broke on the stifled  
air;

For living sons lay worse than lifeless  
there.

At last the pall was lifted. Now com-  
mands

To rise in name of God were read.  
With hands

Unsteady in his joy, the Abbot pressed



Their brows, and with his benediction  
blessed  
The new-born men.

“Triumphant now, and loud  
The Mass went on. The new-made brothers bowed  
And knelt in prayer beside the rest.

At last  
The tedious Mass was done. With eyes  
downcast,  
Slow-moving, one by one, the monks arose.  
The silent threshold of their cloister close  
They silent crossed. Luigi did not rise.  
Thinking him rapt in prayer, with reverent  
eyes  
And hands crossed on his breast, the  
brother next  
Stood waiting—waited long—at length,  
perplexed,  
He bent him down, and gently on his arm  
Laid hand: awe-stricken, in a quick alarm,  
Upon his knees he fell; Luigi's head  
He lifted. It fell back.

“‘The man is dead!’  
He cried. The monks in wild confusion  
bore  
The body swiftly through the cloister door.  
Some women shrieked and fainted: and  
the crowd  
Went surging from the church with mur-  
murs loud.  
None saw but me one white and anguished  
face,  
Fair as a broken lily in its grace,  
Luigi's bride. With slow unflinching feet  
And a composure deathly calm and sweet,  
She walked the long and columned aisles,  
nor bore  
More heavily than she had borne before  
Upon her father's arm.

“Next day, all Rome  
Was ringing with the tale how God called  
home,  
In the first moment of his sacred vows,  
The young Luigi. Well the priesthood  
knows  
How best to turn to good account each  
thing  
Which sets the multitude a marveling.  
And it was well, Luigi's mother thought,  
Her son so soon had certain heaven bought.  
But I—I knew it was the heaven he  
lost,  
The terror of the other heaven's cost,  
That broke his heart: and I, too, said  
’twas well.  
The grave was better than the cloister  
cell!  
And when a few months later, ’neath a  
mound  
Which daisies whitened still, and while the  
sound  
Of larks still lingered in the summer air,  
Was laid Luigi's bride, so young, so fair,  
I said that, too, was well: that heaven  
was kind,  
And in some world she would Luigi find.  
They called it Roman fever, and they  
said  
She took it on that day the young monk  
dead  
Was found in San Paolo; that the place  
Had always deadly been; a sad disgrace  
The Benedictines there to double death  
Were doomed. And thus, its ignorant,  
idle breath  
The world a brief space spent and then  
forgot.  
But I—I loved Luigi. I could not  
Forget: nor ever will: my tale is true.  
I loved him so: that is the way I  
knew.”

## SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS. VI.

RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES FOR HOME AND MARKET.  
PICKING AND MARKETING.

RASPBERRIES—(Continued.)

WE now come to a class that are destined, I think, to be the raspberries of the future, or at least a type of them. I refer to seedlings of the three original species that have been described. As a rule, these native seedling varieties are comparatively

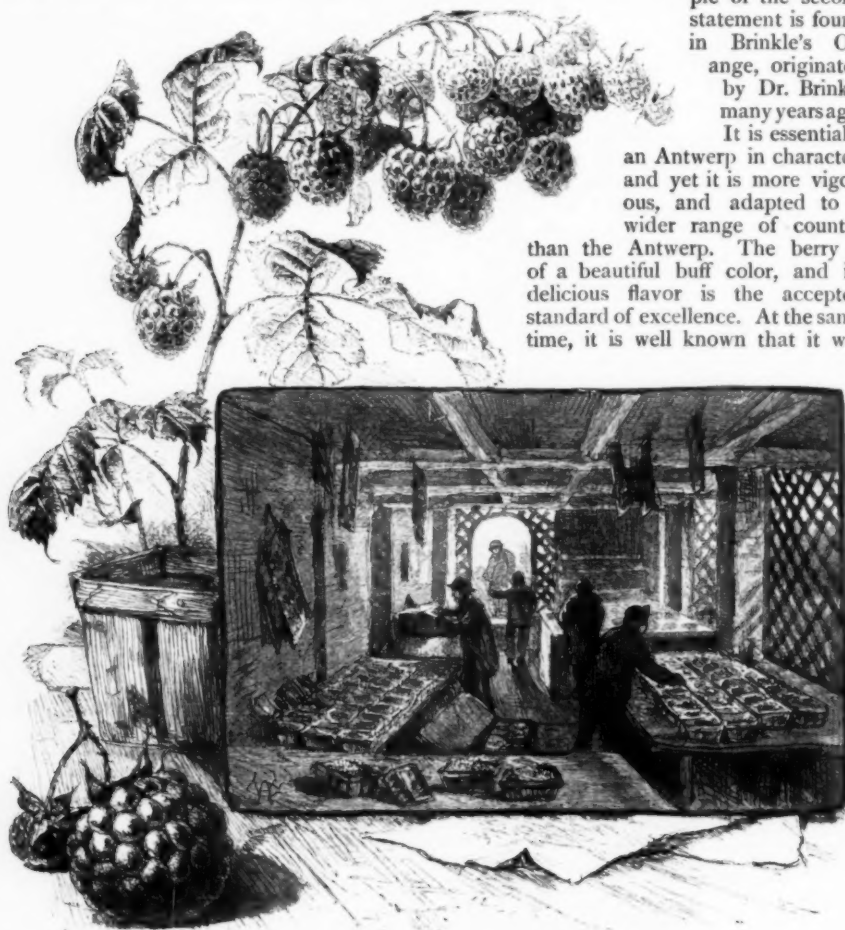
hardy and adapted to the climate of America. This adaptation applies to the South in the proportion that they possess the qualities of the *Rubus Strigosus* or *Occidentalis*. To the degree that the foreign element of *R. Ideus* exists they will require winter protection, and will be unable to thrive in light soils and under hot suns.

Forgetfulness of this principle is often the cause of much misapprehension and indiscriminating censure. I have known certain New Jersey fruit-growers to condemn a variety unsparingly. Would it not be more

they will exhibit the characteristics of the foreign species; or, finally, from the foreign and our native species may be produced a hybrid that will combine traits of each line of its lineage. A conspicuous exam-

ple of the second statement is found in Brinkle's Orange, originated by Dr. Brinkle many years ago.

It is essentially an Antwerp in character, and yet it is more vigorous, and adapted to a wider range of country than the Antwerp. The berry is of a beautiful buff color, and its delicious flavor is the accepted standard of excellence. At the same time, it is well known that it will



HERSTINE RASPBERRY.

A COOL PACKING-PLACE.

sensible to say it belongs to the *R. Ideus* class, and therefore is not adapted to our climate and light soil, and that in higher latitudes and on heavy land it may prove one of the best?

It should here be premised that these seedlings originated in this country. Perhaps they are the product solely of our native species, or they may result from crossing varieties of *R. Ideus*, in which case

not thrive under hot suns or upon light land. It can be raised south of New York only in cool, moist soils, and in half-shady locations; but at the north, where the conditions of growth are favorable, it produces strong branching canes, covered with white spines, and is exceedingly productive of large, light-colored berries that melt on the tongue. There is the same difference between it and the Brandywine that exists

between Stowell's Evergreen and flint field corn. It invariably requires winter protection.

The Pride of the Hudson possesses the same general character as the Orange, and approaches it very nearly in excellence. It certainly is the largest, most beautiful red raspberry now before the public, and in open competition at Boston, the very center of fine foreign berries, was awarded the first prize by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. I find that it is undoubtedly a seedling of the Antwerp, and that it requires the same general treatment. Give it a moist soil and a half-shady location, such as may be found on the northern side of a fence or hedge, and it will become the pride of any Northern garden; but in the South, and on light soils, it can scarcely live. It should have winter protection. When the evening shadows are lengthening, as dainty a dish

may be gathered from such patrician fruits as ever graced the table of a royal epicure. For illustrations of these two varieties, see the March number of SCRIBNER.

In contrast with these native berries of foreign parentage we have the Herstine. After several years' experience on my own place, I regard it as the best early raspberry in existence. The berry is large, obtusely conical, bright red, and delicious in flavor. It is scarcely firm enough for market where it must be sent any great distance, but if picked promptly after it reddens, and packed in a cool, airy place, like that under my northern piazza, suggested in the engraving, it carries well and brings good prices. The canes are strong, red, stocky and covered with spines. They are but half-hardy, and I think it is best in our latitude to cover them before the first of December.



GATHERING A DAINTY DISH.

The canes of the Saunders, also sent out by Mr. Herstine, are much darker in color and not so vigorous, but sufficiently so. The berries are large, ripen later, are more globular, and are of the same excellent quality. This variety deserves greater popularity than it has received. It is also only half-hardy.

In the Clarke we undoubtedly have a variety containing a certain amount of the *R. Ideus* element. The berries are often very large, bright crimson, conical, with large hairy grains. Occasionally the fruit on my vines was very imperfect and crumbled badly in picking. I found that by cutting the canes rigorously back—even one-half—I obtained much larger and more perfect berries, and in increased quantities.

bly prevent it from becoming a favorite in market, since bright-hued berries are justly much preferred.

But Mr. Carpenter has sent out another seedling which I think is destined to have a brilliant future—the Caroline. It is thought to be a cross between the Catawissa and Brinkle's Orange. The canes are perfectly hardy, very strong, vigorous, branching, light-red, with a lighter bloom upon them here and there. It suckers freely and also propagates itself sparingly from the tips. The fruit is exceedingly abundant and is a round cap of a beautiful buff color almost equaling Brinkle's Orange in flavor. I think it will grow anywhere, and thus will find a place in innumerable gardens where the



GATHERING WILD BLACKBERRIES.

The canes are very strong, upright growers, ending usually in a thick tuft of foliage rather than long, drooping tips. It was originated by Mr. E. E. Clarke of New Haven, Conn., and is but half-hardy.

In the Ganargua and New Rochelle we have hybrids of the blackcap and red raspberries, the *R. Occidentalis* element predominating and manifesting itself in the stocky and branching character of the canes and in the fact that they propagate themselves by tips and not suckers. The New Rochelle, originated by Mr. E. W. Carpenter, of Rye, N. Y., is the best of this class. It is very vigorous, hardy and enormously productive, and the fruit is of good size. I do not like its sharp acid, however, and its dun or dusky brown color will proba-

Orange does not thrive. At the same time it is good enough for any garden.

The Reliance, a seedling of the Philadelphia but far superior to it, is doing remarkably well on my place, and I hear favorable accounts from other localities.

There are many other varieties that are either old and passing into obscurity or else so new and dubious in character that limited space forbids their mention. We will close with the Cuthbert, which that experienced and careful horticulturist, Dr. Hexamer, calls the "best raspberry now in existence."

This is a chance seedling which the late Thomas Cuthbert found in his garden at Riverdale, N. Y. His son has kindly furnished the following facts: "The raspberry

in question was discovered by my father about eleven years ago in the garden of our country seat at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson. It is probably a seedling of the Hudson River Antwerp, as it was found growing near the edge of a patch of that variety, but its great vigor of growth and the size and quality of the fruit marked it at once as a new and distinct kind. Its canes were carefully separated from the others and a small plantation was made of them. The next year, and from time to time since, plants were given to our friends in various parts of the State for trial. Without exception their reports have been favorable, particular mention having been made of their unusual vigor of growth, their hardiness and the firmness and good keeping qualities of the fruit. The first year or so we gave the canes winter protection, but finding that it was unnecessary we have discontinued it, and I have never heard of the canes being winter-killed."

The poet, W. C. Bryant, himself well versed in horticulture, in a letter to me once said :

"It has always seemed to me a scandal to our horticulture that in a region where the raspberry grows wild, we should not have a sort that would resist both the winter cold and summer heat, and produce abundantly."

After another year of observation and of much correspondence, extending even to California, I am convinced that the Cuthbert does "resist both the winter cold and summer heat, and produce abundantly," far better than any other raspberry that equals it in size and flavor. The artist has given us (page 809), an accurate portrait of the fruit, which, although so large, has the peculiar indentation of the grains and other characteristics of the *R. Strigosus*, showing that its constitution is derived mainly from our sturdy native species. The canes are strong, upright, branching if space permits, reddish-brown, spines abundant, but not very long and harsh. It is a rampant grower on good soil, but the foliage, so far from being rank and large, is delicate, and the under side of the leaves has a light silvery hue. After once getting hold of the soil it suckers immoderately, but is no worse in this respect than other vigorous varieties, and this tendency rapidly declines after the second year. Is it perfectly hardy? No; and I do not know of a single good raspberry that is, except, perhaps, the Turner, which, however, is inferior to the Cuthbert. I

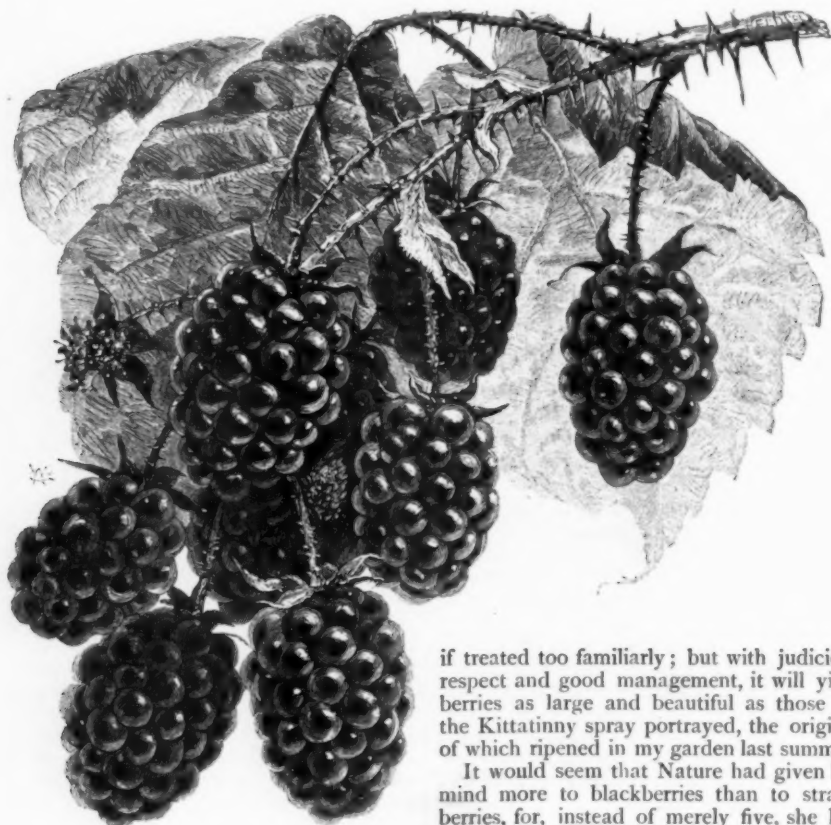
have seen the latter badly winter-killed, but it had stood eight years on the same ground without injury before. Then, because of a rank growth late in the season, that especial patch was hit hard, while other fields but a few miles away were unharmed. If planted on well-drained soil, where the wood could ripen well, I think it would be injured very rarely, if ever. I have no faith in the talk about "perfectly hardy raspberries." Those who observe closely will often find our hardy native species killed to the ground, and I think many varieties suffer more from the mild, variable winters of the Middle States than from the steadily cold and snowy winters of the North. Moreover, any variety that has not the power of maintaining a healthful foliage through the hot season will usually be too feeble to resist the winter following, and the question of hardiness can often be settled better in August than in January. One of the most hopeful features of the Cuthbert, therefore, is its tough, sun-enduring foliage, which enables the wood to ripen perfectly. It has never received winter protection thus far, either in this region or in Michigan, where it is largely raised, but it may be found necessary to shield it somewhat in some localities. It is both absurd and dishonest to claim perfection for a fruit, and the Cuthbert, especially as it grows older and loses something of its pristine vigor, will, probably, like all other varieties, develop faults and weaknesses. We cannot too much deprecate the arrogant spirit often manifested in introducing new fruits. Interested persons insist on boundless praise, and, if their advice were followed, the fine old standards would be plowed out to make room for a new-comer that often proves, on trial, little better than a weed. The Cuthbert is not exactly a novelty. Through the gifts of the originator and sales continuing through several years, it has become widely scattered, and has proved a success in every instance, as far as I can learn. I show my faith in it by my works, for I am setting it out more largely than all other kinds together, even going so far as to rent land for the purpose. I am satisfied, from frequent inquiries in Washington Market, that it will take the lead of all others, and it is so firm that it can be shipped by rail, like a Wilson strawberry.

In Delaware and Southern New Jersey a variety named Queen of the Market is being largely set out. I have this variety in my specimen bed, side by side with



plants that came from Thomas Cuthbert's garden, and am almost satisfied that they are identical, and that Queen of the Market is but a synonym of the Cuthbert. Plants of this variety were sent to Delaware some

hard, disagreeable core when the berry is black but often only half-ripe. The bush is, in truth, what the ancients called it,—a bramble, and one of our Highland wild-cats could scarcely scratch more viciously than it



KITTATINNY BLACKBERRY.

years since, as they were to Michigan and California, and, wherever tested, they seem to win strong and immediate favor. Its chief fault in this locality is its lateness.

#### BLACKBERRIES.

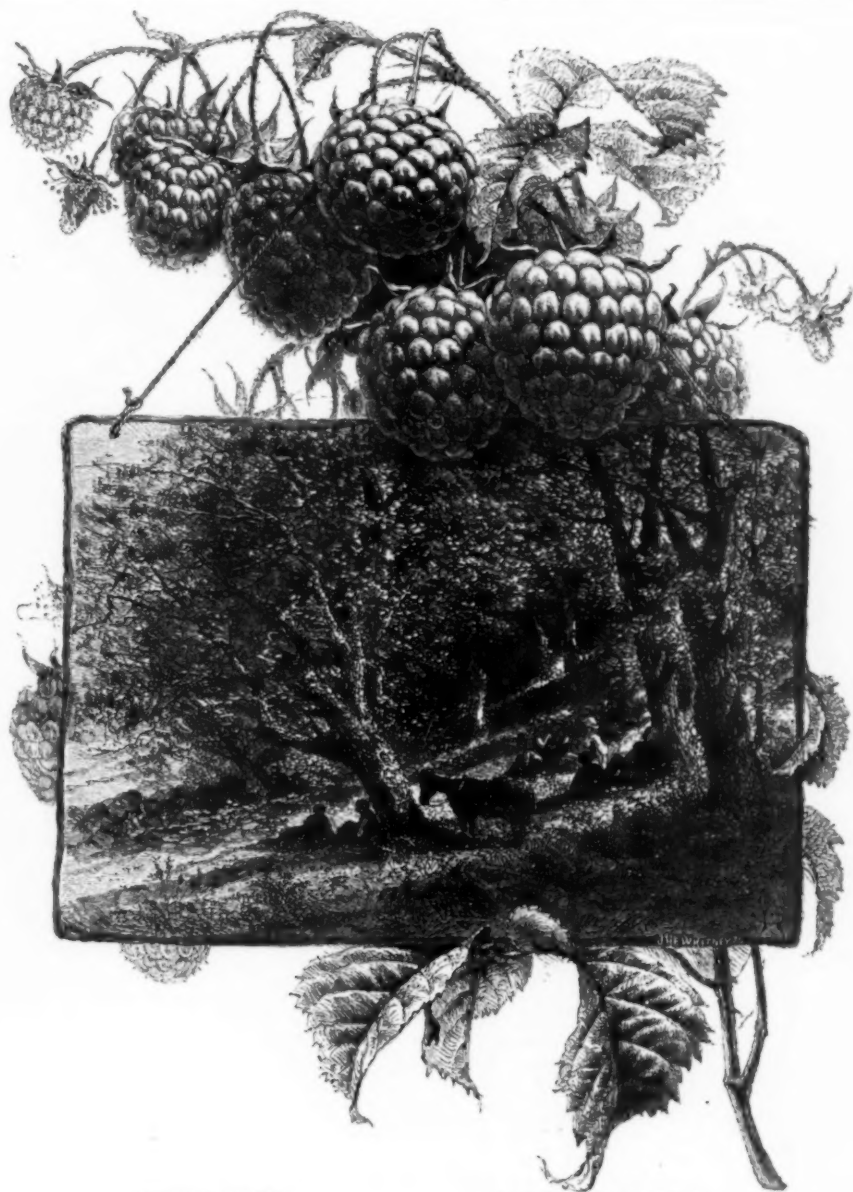
THE small-fruit branch of the rose family is assuredly entitled to respect when it is remembered that the Blackberry is the blackest sheep in it. Unlike the raspberry, the drupes cling to the receptacle, which falls off with them when mature, and forms the

if treated too familiarly; but with judicious respect and good management, it will yield berries as large and beautiful as those on the Kittatinny spray portrayed, the original of which ripened in my garden last summer.

It would seem that Nature had given her mind more to blackberries than to strawberries, for, instead of merely five, she has scattered about 150 species up and down the globe. To describe all these would be a thorny experience indeed, robbing the reader of his patience as completely as he would be bereft of his clothing, should he literally attempt to go through them all. Therefore, I shall merely give Professor Gray's description of the two species which have furnished our few really good varieties:

"*Rubus Villosus*, High Blackberry. Everywhere along thickets, fence-rows, etc., and several varieties cultivated; stems one to six feet high, furrowed; prickles strong and hooked; leaflets three to five, ovate or lance-ovate, pointed, their lower surface and stalks hairy and glandular, the middle one long-stalked and sometimes heart-shaped; flowers racemed, rather large, with short bracts; fruit oblong or cylindrical,





CUTHBERT RASPBERRY.

"*R. Canadensis*, Low Blackberry or Dewberry. Rocky and sandy soil; long trailing, slightly prickly, smooth or smoothish, and with three to seven smaller leaflets than in the foregoing, the racemes of flowers with more leaf-like bracts, the fruit of fewer grains and ripening earlier."

MOONING UNDER THE TREES.

In America there are innumerable varieties, since nature produces wild seedlings on every hill-side, and not a few seeds have been planted by horticulturists in the hope of originating a prize berry. Nature appears to have had the better fortune thus

far, for our best kinds are chance seedlings found growing wild.

It is not so many years since the blackberry was regarded as merely a bramble in this country, as it now is abroad, and people were content with such fruit as the woods and fields furnished. Even yet, in some localities, this supply is so abundant as to make the culture of the blackberry unprofitable. But a number of years since, Mr. Lewis A. Seacor led to better things by observing on the roadside, in the town of New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, a bush flourishing where nature had planted it. This variety took kindly to civilization, and has done more to introduce this fruit to the garden than all kinds together. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, in his breezy out-of-door book, "My Farm at Edgewood," gives its characteristics so admirably that I am tempted to quote him:

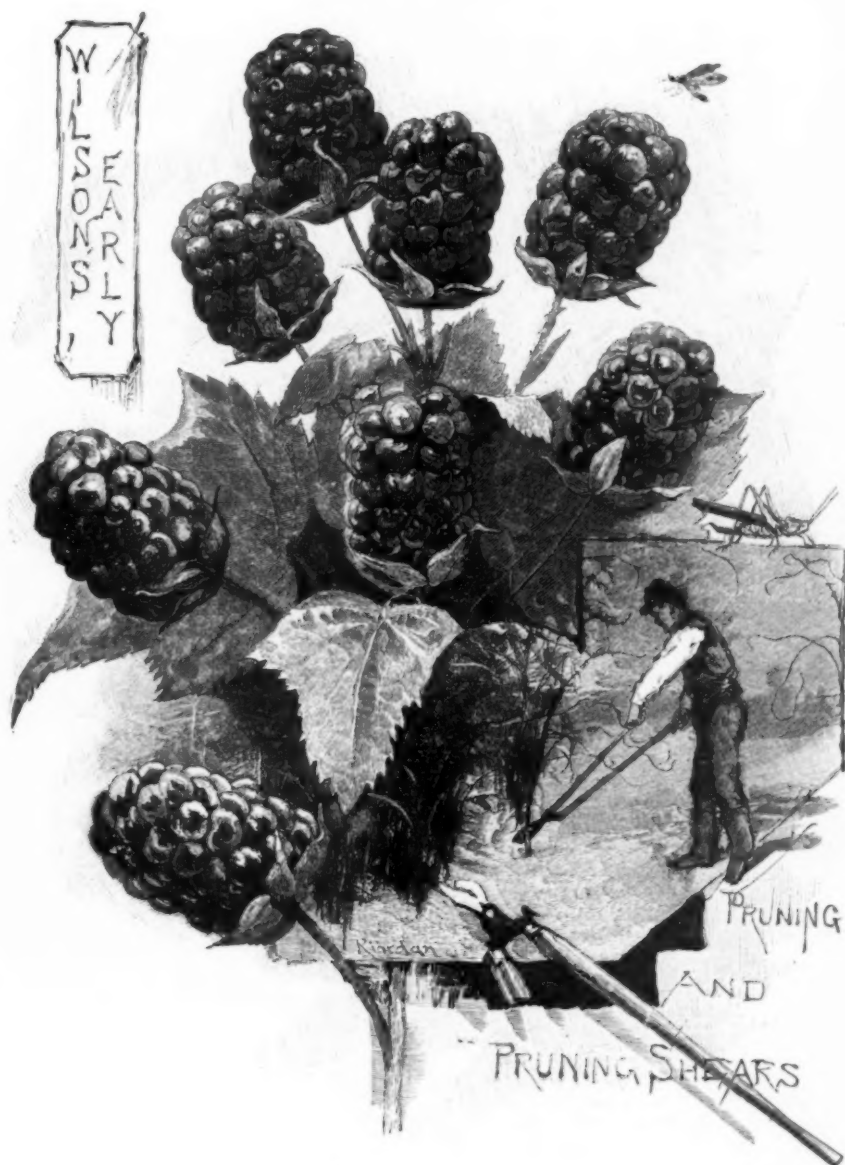
"The New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberry, has been despitefully spoken of by many; first, because the market fruit is generally bad, being plucked before it is fully ripened; and next, because in rich, clayey grounds, the briars, unless severely cut back, grow into a tangled, unapproachable forest, with all the juices exhausted in wood. But upon a soil moderately rich, a little gravelly and warm, protected from winds, served with occasional top-dressings and good hoeings, the Lawton bears magnificent burdens. Even then, if you wish to enjoy the richness of the fruit, you must not be hasty to pluck it. When the children say, with a shout, 'The blackberries are ripe!' I know they are black only, and I can wait. When the children report, 'The birds are eating the berries!' I know I can wait. But when they say, 'The bees are on the berries,' I know they are at their ripest. Then with baskets we sally out; I taking the middle rank, and the children the outer spray of boughs. Even now we gather those only which drop at the touch; these in a brimming saucer, with golden Alderney cream and a *soupçon* of powdered sugar, are Olympian nectar; they melt before the tongue can measure their full roundness, and seem to be mere bloated bubbles of forest honey."

Notwithstanding this eloquent plea and truthful statement, the Lawton is decidedly on the wane. It is so liable to be winter-killed even with the best of care, and its fruit is so unpalatable in its half-ripe condition, that it has given place to a more successful rival, the Kittatinny, discovered in the forest near the mountains in Warren County, N. J., whose Indian name has become a household word from association with this most delicious fruit. In finding it Mr. Wolverton has done more for the world than if he had opened a gold mine. Under good culture the fruit is very large, as shown in the engraving, sweet, rich and melting when fully ripe, but rather sour and hard when imma-

ture. It reaches its best condition if allowed to ripen fully on the vines, but the majority of pickers use their hands only, and no more think of making nice discriminations than of questioning nature according to the Baconian method: they gather all that are black or nearly so; still if this half-ripe fruit is allowed to stand in some cool, dry place for about twelve hours, Kittatinny berries may be had possessing nearly all their luscious qualities. The plant is an upright and very vigorous grower, exceedingly productive if soil and culture are suitable. Its leaves are long-pointed, "finely and unevenly serrate." The season of fruiting is medium, continuing from four to six weeks if moisture is maintained. Both of these varieties are derived from the *Rubus Villosus* species.

In contrast is the next best known sort, Wilson's Early, having many of the characteristics of the dewberry, or running blackberry, and therefore representing the second species described, *R. Canadensis*. Whether it is merely a sport from this species or a hybrid between it and the first-named or high blackberry cannot be accurately known, I imagine, for it also was found growing wild by Mr. John Wilson, of Burlington, N. J. Under high culture and with increasing age the plants become quite erect and stocky growers, but the ends of the cane are drooping. Frequently, however, they will trail along the ground and root at the tips like the common dewberry, and they rarely grow so stocky but that they can be bent over and covered with earth as the tender raspberries. It is well that this is possible, for it has so little power of resisting frost that, in the latitude of New York, a winter of ordinary severity kills the canes. I have always covered mine and thus secured, at slight expense, a sure and abundant crop. The fruit is earlier than the Kittatinny and tends to ripen altogether in about ten days. These advantages, with its large size and firmness, make it a valuable market berry in New Jersey, where hundreds of acres of it have been planted and where it is still very popular. Throughout the North and West it has been found too tender for cultivation unless protected. In flavor it is inferior to the Kittatinny or Snyder.

For many years the great desideratum has been a perfectly hardy blackberry, and this want has at last been met in part by the Snyder, a Western variety that seems able to endure without the slight-



est injury the extremes of temperature common in the North-western States. I have followed its history from Nebraska eastward, and I have never heard of its being injured by frost. It originated on Mr.

Snyder's farm, near La Porte, Ind., about 1851, and is an upright, exceedingly vigorous and stocky grower, a true child of the *R. Villosus*. The engraving well suggests its wonderful productiveness, and the single



SNYDER BLACKBERRY.

berry given outlines the average size of the fruit under fair culture. Its one fault is thus seen at a glance—it is not quite large enough to compete with those already described. On moist land, with judicious pruning it could, however, be made to approach them very nearly, while its earliness, hardiness, fine flavor and ability to grow and yield abundantly almost anywhere will lead to an increasing popularity. For home use size is not so important as flavor and certainty of crop. It is also more nearly ripe when first black than any other kind that I have seen; its thorns are straight, and therefore less vicious. I find that it is grow-

ing steadily in favor, and where the Kittatinny is winter-killed this hardy new variety leaves little cause for repining.

There are several kinds that are passing out of cultivation and not a few new candidates for favor, but their claims of superiority are as yet too doubtful to be recognized. Mr. James Wilson, of West Point, N. Y.,

found some magnificent wild berries growing on Crow Nest Mountain. The bush that bore them is now in my garden, and if it should produce fruit having a flavor equal to Rodman Drake's poem, Mr. Wilson has then found something more real than a "Culprit Fay."

#### PROPAGATION, CULTURE, ETC.

In most instances, I think more difficulty would be found in making a blackberry die than live. A plant set out in fall or early spring will thrive, if given the ghost of a chance; those set out late in spring, however,

often fail if subjected to heat and drouth while in the green, succulent condition of early growth. Like the raspberry, the blackberry should be set, if possible, while in a dormant condition. If planted late, shade should be given and moisture maintained until the danger of wilting and shriveling is past. I advise decidedly against late spring plantings on a large scale, but in early spring planting I have rarely lost a plant. Almost all that has been said concerning the planting and propagation of raspberries applies to this fruit. Set the plants two or three inches deeper than they were before. With the exception of the Early Wilson all speedily propagate themselves by suckers, and this variety can be in-

The treatment of the blackberry can best be indicated by merely noting wherein its requirements differ from the last-named and kindred fruit. For instance, it does best on light soils and in sunny exposures. The partial shade and moist, heavy land in which the raspberry luxuriates would produce a rank growth of canes that winter would generally find unripened and unable to endure the frost. Warm, well-drained, but not dry land, therefore, is the best. On hard, dry ground the fruit often never matures, but becomes mere collections of seeds; hence the need in the preparation of the soil of deep plowing and the thorough loosening, if possible, of the sub-soil with the lifting-plow. Any one who has traced blackberry roots in light



WHITE GRAPE CURRANTS.

creased readily by root cuttings. Indeed, better plants are usually obtained from all varieties by sowing slips of the root, as has already been explained in the paper on raspberries.

soils will seek to give them foraging-room. Neither does this fruit require the fertility needed in most instances by the raspberry. It inclines to grow too rankly at best, and demands mellowness rather than richness of soil.





IN THE CURRANT FIELD.

More room, also, should be given to the blackberry than to the raspberry. The rows should be six feet apart in the garden and eight feet in field culture, and the plants set three feet apart in the rows. At this distance 1,815 are required for an acre if one plant only is placed in a hill. Since these plants are usually cheap, if one is small or unprovided with good roots, it is well to plant two. If the ground is not very fertile, it is well to give the young plants a good start by scattering a liberal quantity of muck compost down the furrow in which they are planted. This insures the most vigorous growth of young canes in the rows rather than in the intervening spaces. As generally grown they require support, and may be staked as raspberries. Very often cheap post and wire trellises are employed and answer excellently. Under this system they can be grown in a continuous and bushy row, with care against overcrowding.

The ideal treatment of the blackberry is management rather than culture. More can be done with the thumb and finger at the right time than with the most savage pruning-shears after a year of neglect. In May and June the perennial roots send up vigorous shoots that grow with amazing rapidity until from five to ten feet high. Very often this summer growth is so brittle and heavy with foliage, that thunder-gusts break them off from the parent stem just beneath the ground, and the bearing cane of the coming year is lost. These and the following considerations show the need of summer pruning. Tall overgrown canes are much more liable to be injured by frost. They need high and expensive supports. Such branchless canes are by no means so productive as those which are made to throw out low and lateral shoots. They can always be made to do this by a timely pinch that takes off the terminal bud of the cane. This stops its upward



growth, and the buds beneath it, which otherwise might remain dormant, are immediately forced to become side branches near the ground where the snow may cover them, and over which, in the garden, straw or other light litter may be thrown on the approach of winter. It thus is seen that by early summer pinching the blackberry may be compelled to become as low and bushy a shrub as we desire and is made stocky and self-supporting at the same time. Usually it is not well to let the bushes grow over four feet high, and in regions where they are badly winter-killed I would keep them under three feet, so that the snow might be a protection. It should be remembered that the Kittatinny is so nearly hardy that in almost all instances a very slight covering saves it. The suckers that come up thickly between the rows can be cut away while small with the least possible trouble, but leave the patch or field to its own wild impulses for a year or so, and you will find a "slip of wilderness" in the midst of your garden that will require not a little strength and patience to subdue. By far the best weapon for such a battle and the best implement also for cutting out the old wood is the powerful and long-handled shears suggested in the engraving of the Early Wilson variety.

## CURRANTS.

THEY were "curns" in our early boyhood, and "curns" they are still in the rural vernacular of many regions. In old English they were "corrans," because the people associated them with the raisins of the small Zante grape, once imported so exclusively from Corinth as to acquire the name of that city.

Under the tribe *Grossularia* of the Saxifrage family we find the *Ribes*, containing many species of currants and gooseberries; but in accordance with the scope of these papers we shall quote from Professor Gray (whose arrangement we follow) only those that furnish the currants of cultivation.

"*Ribes Rubrum*, red currant, cultivated, from Europe, also wild on our northern border, with straggling or reclining stems, somewhat heart-shaped, moderately three to five-lobed leaves, the lobes roundish and drooping racemes from lateral buds distinct from the leaf buds; edible berries red, or a white variety."

This is the parent of our cultivated red and white varieties. Currants are comparatively new-comers in the garden. When the Greek and Roman writers were carefully noting and naming the fruits of their time, the *ribes* tribe was as wild as any of



WEIGHING CURRANTS.

the hordes of the far north, in whose dim, cold, damp woods and bogs it then flourished; but like other northern tribes, it is making great improvement under the genial influences of civilization and culture.

Until within a century or two gardeners who cultivated currants at all were content with wild specimens from the woods. The exceedingly small acid fruit of these wildings was not calculated to inspire enthu-



LATE EMERALD GOOSEBERRY.

siasm, but a people possessing the surer qualities of patience and perseverance determined to develop them, and as a result we have the old Red and White Dutch varieties, as yet unsurpassed for the table. In the Victoria, Cherry and White Grape we have decided advances in size, but not in flavor.

#### CHOICE AND PREPARATION OF SOIL.

THE secret of success in the culture of currants is suggested by the fact that nature

has planted nearly every species of the *Ribes* in cold, damp, northern exposures. Throughout the woods and bogs of the Northern Hemisphere is found the scraggy, untamed, hardy stock from which has been developed the superb White Grape whose translucent beauty is scarcely reproduced even by the foregoing fine engraving. As with peoples so with plants; development does not eradicate constitutional traits and tendencies: so beneath all is the craving for the primeval conditions of life; and so the best success with the currant and gooseberry will assuredly be obtained by those who can give them a reasonable approach to the soil, climate and culture suggested by their damp, cold native haunts. As with the strawberry, then, the first requisite is, not wetness, but abundant and continuous moisture. Soil naturally deficient in this, and which cannot be made drouth-resisting by deep plowing and cultivation, is not adapted to the currant. Because the currant is found wild in bogs it does not follow that it can be grown successfully in undrained swamps. It will do better in such places than on dry, gravelly knolls, or on thin, light soils, but our fine civilized varieties need civilized conditions. The well-drained swamp may become the very best of currant fields; and damp, heavy land that is capable of deep, thorough cultivation should be selected if possible. When such is not to be had, then by deep plowing, subsoiling, by abundant mulch around the plants throughout the summer, and by occasional waterings in the garden, counteracting the effects of lightness and dryness of soil, skill can go far in making good nature's deficiencies.

Next to depth of soil and moisture the currant requires fertility. It is justly called one of the "gross feeders," and is not particular as to the quality of its food so that it is abundant. I would still suggest, however, that it be fed according to its nature with heavy composts in which muck, leaf-mold, and the cleanings of the cow-stable are largely present. Wood-ashes and bone-meal are also most excellent. If stable or other light manures must be used, I would suggest that they be scattered liberally on the surface in the fall or early spring, and gradually worked in by cultivation. Thus used, their light heating qualities will do no harm, and they will keep the surface mellow and, therefore, moist.

The shadowy northern haunts of the wild currant also suggest that it will falter and



"THE JELLY WONT JELL."

fail under the southern sun, and this is true. As we pass down through the Middle States we find it difficult to make even the hardy White and Red Dutch varieties thrive, and a point is at last reached where the bushes lose their leaves in the hot season and die. From the latitude of New York south, therefore, increasing effort should be made to supply the currants' constitutional need by giving partial shade among pear or widely set apple trees, or, better still, by plant-

ing on the northern side of fences, buildings, etc. By giving cool, half-shady exposures in

moist land, the culture of the currant can be extended far to the South, especially in the high mountain regions. Even well to the North it is unprofitable when grown on light, thin, poor land, unless it receives liberal and skillful culture.

#### PLANTING, CULTIVATION AND PRUNING.

I REGARD autumn as the best season for planting currants, but have succeeded nearly as well in early spring. If kept moist, there is little danger of the plants dying at any time, but those set in the fall or early spring make, the first year, a much larger growth than those planted when the buds are swelling into leaves. Since they start so early, they should be set in spring as soon as the ground is dry enough to work, and in the autumn, any time after the leaves fall or the wood is ripe. The plants of commerce are one, two, and three years old, though not very many of the last are sold. I would as soon have one-year plants, if well rooted, as any, since they are cheaper and more certain to make strong, vigorous bushes if given generous treatment in the open field, than if left crowded too long in nursery rows. For the garden where fruit is desired as soon as possible, two and three year old plants may be preferable. After planting, cut the young bushes back one-half or two-thirds, so as to insure new and vigorous growth.

In field culture, I recommend that the rows be five feet apart, and the plants four feet from each other in the row. In this case 2,178 plants are required for an acre. If it is designed to cultivate them both ways, let the plants be set at right angles five feet apart, an acre now requiring 1,742 plants. Sink them two or three inches deeper than they stood in the nursery rows; even though in preparation, the ground has been well enriched, a shovel of compost around the young plant gives it a fine send-off, and hastens the development of a profitable bush.

In the field and for market, I would urge that currants be grown invariably in bush rather than in tree form. English writers, and some here who follow them, recommend the latter method; but it is not adapted to our climate and to such limited attention as we can afford to give. The borers, moreover, having but a single stem to work upon, would soon cause many vacancies in the rows.

Currants are grown for market with large and increasing profits—indeed, there is scarcely

a fruit that now pays better. The graphic pencil of Miss Curtis has well suggested the July scenes on Mr. Connel's place, near Newburgh,—one of the largest currant farms in the country.

In the garden and for home use there is the widest latitude. We may content ourselves, as many do, with a few old Red Dutch bushes that, for a generation, have struggled with grass and burdocks. We may do a little better, and set out plants in ordinary garden soil, but forget for years to give a particle of food to the starving bushes, remarking annually, with increasing emphasis, that they must be "running out." Few plants of the garden need high feeding more, and no others are more generally starved. I will guarantee that there are successful farmers who no more think of manuring a currant-bush than of feeding crows. This fruit will live, no matter how we abuse it, but there is scarcely any that responds more quickly to generous treatment, and in the garden, where it is not necessary to keep such a single eye to the margin of profit, many beautiful, interesting things can be done with the currant. The majority will be satisfied with large, vigorous bushes, well enriched, mulched, and skillfully pruned. If we choose, however, we may train them into pretty little trees, in the form of an umbrella, a globe, or a pyramid, according to our fancy, and, by watchfulness and the use of ashes, we may keep away the borers. The beautiful cluster of Cherry currants seen in the engraving was taken from a little tree about three feet high, grown in the following simple manner. I found a few vigorous shoots that had made a growth of nearly three feet in a single season. With the exception of the terminal bud and three or four just below it, I disbudded these shoots carefully, embedded the lower ends six inches in moist soil as one would an ordinary cutting, and they speedily took root and developed into little trees. Much taller and more ornamental currant and gooseberry trees can be obtained by grafting any variety we wish on the Missouri species (*Ribes Aureum*). These, as the artist has suggested, can be made pretty and useful ornaments of the lawn, as well as of the garden. Instead, therefore, of weed-choked, sprawling, unsightly objects, currant-bushes can be made things of beauty, as well as of sterling worth.

The cultivation of the currant is very simple. As early in the spring as the ground is dry enough it should be thoroughly

stirred by plow or cultivator, and all perennial weeds and grasses just around the bushes taken out with pronged hoes or forks. If a liberal top-dressing of compost or some other fertilizer was not given in the autumn, which is the best time to apply it, let it be spread over the roots (not up



CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES IN TREE FORM.

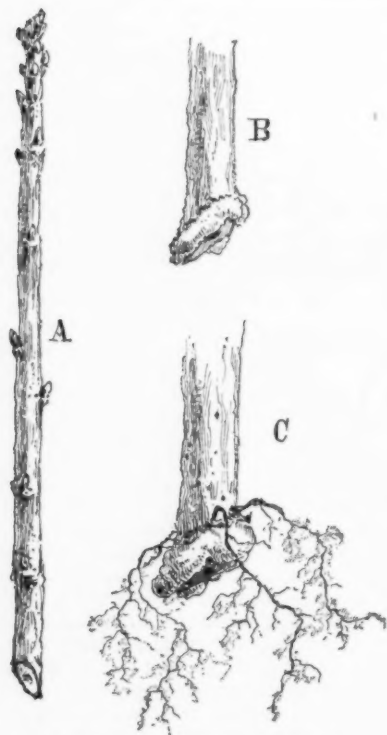
against the stems) before the first spring cultivation. While the bushes are still young they can be cultivated and kept clean, like any hoed crop, but after they come into bearing—say the third summer—a different course must be adopted. If the ground is kept mellow and bare under the bushes, the fruit will be so splashed with earth as to be unsalable, and washed fruit

is scarcely fit for the table. We very properly wish it with just the bloom and coloring which nature is a month or more in elaborating. Muddy or rinsed fruit suggests the sty, not a dining-room. A mulch of leaves, straw, evergreen boughs—anything that will keep the ground clean—applied immediately after the early spring culture, is the best and most obvious way of preserving the fruit, and this method also secures all the good results which have been shown to follow mulching. Where it is not convenient to mulch, I would suggest that the ground be left undisturbed after the first thorough culture until the fruit is gathered. The weeds that grow in the interval may be mowed and allowed to fall under the bushes. By the end of June the soil will have become so fixed that, with a partial sod of weeds, the fruit may hang over, or even rest upon it, without being splashed by the heavy rains then prevalent. This course is not so neat as clean cultivation or mulching. Few fruit-growers, however, can afford to make appearances the first consideration. I have heard of oats being sown among the bushes to keep the fruit clean, but their growth must check the best development of the fruit quite as much as the natural crops of weeds. It would be better to give clean culture and grow rye, or any early maturing green crop, somewhere else, and when the fruit began to turn spread it under the bushes. On many places the mowings of weedy, swampy places would be found sufficient for the purpose. After the fruit is gathered, start the cultivator and hoe at once, so as to secure vigorous foliage and healthful growth throughout the entire summer.

Pruning may be done any time after the leaves fall, and success depends upon its judicious and rigorous performance. The English gardeners have recognized this fact and they have as minute and careful a system as we apply to the grape. But these formal and rather arbitrary methods can scarcely be followed practically in our hurried American life. It seems to me that I can do no better than to lay down some sound and general principles and leave their working out to the judgment of the grower. In most instances, I imagine, our best gardeners rarely trim two bushes exactly alike, but deal with each according to its vigor and natural tendencies, for a currant-bush has not a little individuality.

A young bush needs cutting back like a young grape-vine and for the same reason.





A, B, C, CURRANT-CUTTINGS AND CALLUS.

A grape-vine left to itself would soon become a mass of tangled wood yielding but little fruit, and that of inferior quality. In like manner, Nature, uncurbed, gives us a great, straggling bush that is choked and rendered barren by its own luxuriance. Air and light are essential, and the knife must make spaces for them. Cutting back and shortening branches develop fruit-buds. Otherwise we have long, unproductive reaches of wood. This is especially true of the Cherry and other varieties resembling it. The judicious use of the knife, kept up from year to year, will almost double their productiveness. Again, too much very young and too much old wood are causes of unfruitfulness. The skillful cultivator seeks to produce and preserve many points of branching and short spurs, for it is here that the little fruit-buds cluster thickly. When a branch is becoming black and feeble from age, cut it back to the root that space may be given for younger growth. From six to twelve bearing stems, from three to five feet high with their shortened branches and fruit-

spurs, may be allowed to grow from the roots, according to the vigor of the plant and the space allotted to it. Usually, too many suckers start in the spring. Unless the crop of young wood is valuable for propagation, all except such as are needed to renew the bush should be cut out as early as possible, before they have injured the forming crop. In England, much attention is paid to summer pruning, and here much might be accomplished by it if we had, or would take, the time.

#### PROPAGATION.

PRUNING naturally leads to the subject of propagation, for much of that which is cut away, so far from being useless, is often of great value to the nurseryman, and there are few who grow this fruit for market who



THE IDEAL VERSAILLES CLUSTER.



might not turn many an honest penny if they would take the refuse young wood of the previous summer's growth and develop it into salable bushes. In most instances a market would be found in their own neighborhood. Nothing is easier than success

soon become dry sticks. The very best course is to make and plant our cuttings in September or very early in October—just as soon as the leaves fall or will rub off readily. The wood cutting like the root-slip, must make a callus at its base be-



CHERRY CURRANTS.

in raising young currant-bushes except failure. If cuttings are treated in accordance with their demand for moisture and coolness they grow with almost certainty. If subjected to heat and drouth they usually

fore there can be growth. From this the roots start out. Therefore, the earlier in the fall that cuttings are made, the more time for the formation of this callus. Often autumn-planted cuttings are well rooted

before winter and have just that much start over those that must begin life in the spring. (See cut, page 820.) Six inches is the average length. Let them be sunk in deep, rich, moist, but thoroughly well-drained, soil so deeply as to leave but two or three buds above-ground. In the garden, where the design is to raise a few fine bushes for home use merely, let the rows be two feet apart and the cuttings six inches apart in the row. In raising them by the thousand for market we must economize space and labor and therefore one of the best methods, after rendering the ground mellow and smooth, is to stretch a line across the plat or field; then beginning on one side of the line to strike a spade its full depth into the soil, press it forward and draw it out. This leaves a slight opening of the width and depth of the spade, and a boy, following, inserts in this three cuttings, one in the middle and one at each end. The man then steps back and drives the spade down again about three inches in the rear of the first opening, and as he presses his spade forward to make a second, he closes up the first opening, pressing—indeed almost pinching—the earth around the three slips that have just been thrust down, until but two or three buds are above the surface. We thus have a row of cuttings, three abreast and about three inches apart, across the entire field. A space of three feet is left for cultivation and then we plant as before another triple row. These thick rows should be taken up the following fall when the largest may be sold or planted where they are to fruit, and the smaller ones replanted in nursery rows. When land is abundant the cuttings may be sunk in single rows with sufficient space between for horse cultivation, and allowed to mature into two-year-old plants without removal. If these are not planted or sold they should be cut back rigorously before making the third year's growth.

In moist land, cuttings can be made to grow if set out even late in the spring, especially if top-dressed and mulched; but if they are to be started on high, dry land, they should be out sufficiently early in the autumn to become rooted before winter. If our land is of a nature that tends to throw roots out of the ground—and moist, heavy land has this tendency—it may be best to bury cuttings in bundles tied up with fine wire, on a dry knoll below the action of frost, and set them out early—as early as possible—in the spring. At any

season, the rows of cuttings should be well top-dressed with fine manure, and, if planted in autumn, they should be so well covered with straw, leaves, or some litter, as not to suffer or be thrown out in freezing and thawing weather. I manage to get half my cuttings out in the fall, and half in early spring.

In the green-house, and even out-of-doors under very favorable circumstances, plants may be grown from single buds, and green wood also propagates readily under glass.

A vigorous young plant, with roots attached, may often be obtained by breaking off the suckers that start beneath the surface around the stems; new plants are also readily made by layering or bending bushes over and throwing earth upon them; but more shapely, and usually more vigorous, bushes are obtained by simple cuttings, as I have described.

When it is designed to grow a cutting in a tree form, all the buds but two or three at the top should be carefully removed.

#### INSECT ENEMIES.

WE have not only imported our best currants from Europe, but also their worst enemies. The most formidable of these is popularly known as the currant-worm. Robert Thompson, the English authority, thus describes it: "The magpie-moth (*abraxas grossulariata*) deposits its eggs upon the foliage, and from them is hatched a slightly hairy cream-colored caterpillar, spotted with black and marked with orange along the sides, and which forms a loop in walking. It feeds upon the leaves, devouring all but the petiole, and often entirely defoliating both gooseberry and currant bushes. It changes into a pupa in May or June, and in about three weeks afterward the perfect insect makes its appearance."

The chief remedy has been thus far dusting the foliage and worms with powdered white hellebore. A writer in the "Rural New-Yorker" recommends the following: "To one pailful of wood ashes add one quart each of white hellebore and flour of sulphur; mix thoroughly; apply by sifting on the bushes while the dew is on them. I used nothing else on my plantation of over two acres last season, and want nothing better." I have heard that, if applied in a liquid form, a heaping table-spoonful of hellebore to a gallon of water is a good proportion.

At the meeting of the New Jersey Hor-

ticultural Society, it was stated by good authorities, as the result of actual experience, that tobacco dust would kill the worms as readily as hellebore. I hope this is true, since the latter is expensive when applied on a large scale, and the tobacco dust can be bought at from two dollars to three dollars per barrel. I shall try it next year. For the past two years, the worm has attacked my bushes savagely; but, as I am very fond of currants, and relish white powdered sugar more than hellebore, I fought the pests successfully by hand-picking. I kept a boy, at moderate wages, whose business it was to kill insects and worms. He had a lively time of it occasionally, for Nature sometimes indulges in a vixenish mood, and takes sides with the pests.

Black currants form quite a distinct class in appearance and flavor, and are not as popular with us as in England. They are stronger plants and of coarser growth than the red and white species, and do not require as high culture. They can be grown to advantage in tree form, as they are quite exempt from insect enemies. The tent caterpillar is the only one that I have seen injuring them. They also require much less pruning, since the best fruit is borne on the young wood of the previous year's growth. If they are grown as bushes, they need more room,—six feet apart each way,—and the knife need be used only to secure good form and space for air and light.

Of red currants the old Red Dutch is the most prominent. It is the currant of memory. From it was made the wine which our mothers and grandmothers felt that they could offer with perfect propriety to the minister, and there are rural homes to-day in which the impression still lingers that it is a kind of temperance drink. From it is usually made the currant jelly without which no lady would think of keeping house in the country. Mrs. Foote's charming drawing suggests one of the gravest questions in the domestic economy,—whether the jelly will "jell." Often it does not and cannot be made to. The secret that lies behind this perplexing fact is this: The currants have been left until over-ripe before picking, or they have been picked wet just after rain. Gather them when dry, and as soon as possible after they have turned red, and I am informed by the highest domestic authority that there will be no difficulty.

In flavor the Red Dutch is unequaled by any other red currant. It is also a variety that can scarcely be killed by abuse and

neglect, and it responds so generously to high culture and rigorous pruning, that it is an open question whether it cannot be made, after all, the most profitable for market, since it is so much more productive than the larger varieties, and can be made to approach them so nearly in size. Indeed, not a few are annually sold for Cherry currants.

The White Dutch is similar to the Red in the growth and character of the bush. The clusters, however, are a little shorter and the fruit is a little larger, and of a fine yellowish-white color, with a veined, translucent skin.

The White Grape is an advance in size upon the last-named, and its marvelous productiveness and beauty are well portrayed in the engraving. It is not so vigorous as the White Dutch, and is more spreading in its mode of growth, requiring careful pruning to make a shapely bush. The fruit, also, is not spread so evenly over the wood, but is produced more in bunches.

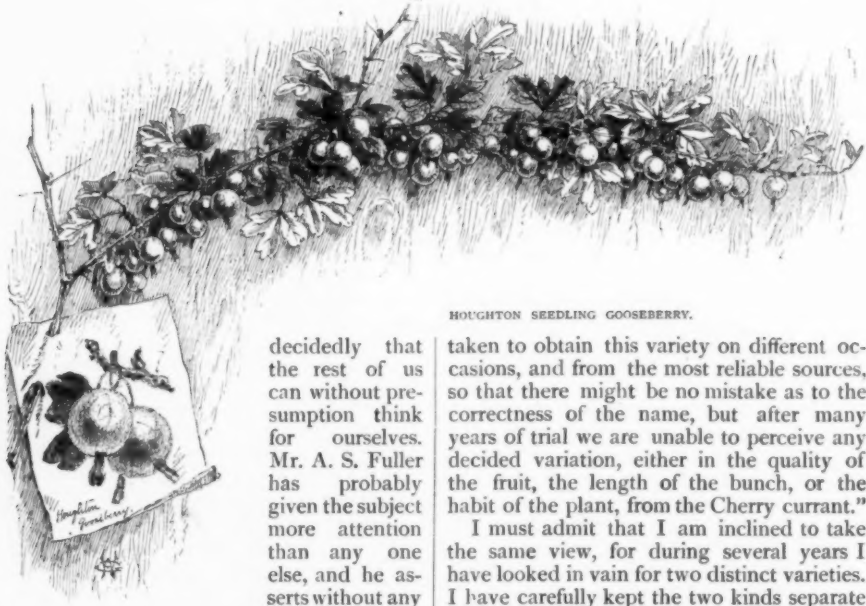
Dana's Transparent and other white varieties do not vary materially from either the White Grape or Dutch.

The great market currant is the Cherry. In the "Canadian Horticulturist," for September, 1878, I find the following:

"The history of this handsome currant is not without interest. Monsieur Adrienne Seneclaus, a distinguished horticulturist of Bourgoental, Loire, France, received it from Italy among a lot of other currants. He noticed the extraordinary size of the fruit, and gave it, in consequence, the name it yet bears. In the year 1843 it was fruited in the nursery of the Museum of Natural History, and figured from these samples in the *Annales de Flore et de Pomone*, for February, 1848. Dr. William W. Valk, of Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., introduced it to the notice of American fruit-growers in 1846, having imported some of the plants in the spring of that year."

This variety is now very widely disseminated, and its culture is apparently becoming increasingly profitable every year. Two essentials are requisite to success with it—high manuring and skillful pruning. It has the tendency to produce long branches, on which there are few or no buds. Rigorous cutting back so as to cause branching joints and fruit-spurs should be practiced annually. The foliage is strong and coarse, and the fruit much more acid than that of the Dutch family, but size and beauty carry the market, and the Cherry can be made, by high culture, very large and beautiful, as the engraving suggests.

Concerning the Versailles, or *La Versailles*, the horticultural doctors disagree so



HOUGHTON SEEDLING GOOSEBERRY.

decidedly that the rest of us can without presumption think for ourselves. Mr. A. S. Fuller has probably given the subject more attention than any one else, and he asserts without any hesitation that

this so-called variety is identical with the Cherry. Mr. Fuller is certainly entitled to his opinion, for he imported Cherry and Versailles from all the leading nurserymen both here and abroad, not only once, but repeatedly, and could never obtain two distinct varieties. The writer in the "Canadian Horticulturist" also says in regard to the Versailles: "Some pains were

taken to obtain this variety on different occasions, and from the most reliable sources, so that there might be no mistake as to the correctness of the name, but after many years of trial we are unable to perceive any decided variation, either in the quality of the fruit, the length of the bunch, or the habit of the plant, from the Cherry currant."

I must admit that I am inclined to take the same view, for during several years I have looked in vain for two distinct varieties. I have carefully kept the two kinds separate but find in each case the same stout, stocky, short-jointed, erect shoots that are often devoid of buds and tend to become naked with age, and the same dark green, thick, bluntly and coarsely serrated foliage. Mr. Downing thinks the difference lies in the fact that while the Versailles strain produces many short bunches like the Cherry it also frequently bears clusters of which the cut on page 820 is a type, and that such long,



DOWNING GOOSEBERRY.



TAKING THE CRATES TO THE EVENING TRAIN.

WHITE DUTCH CURRANT.

tapering clusters are never formed on the Cherry. This is the only difference, if any exists, but in no instance have I been able to find this distinction well defined and sustained by the bearing plantations that I have seen. Mr. Downing, however, has had tenfold more experience than I have and his opinion is entitled to corresponding weight.

That this class is much inclined to "sport" I think all will admit. One bush in a row may be loaded with fruit year after year

and the next one be comparatively barren. The clusters on one bush may be short and characteristic of the Cherry while a neighboring bush in the same patch may show a tendency to mingle some long clusters with the short ones. I am satisfied that distinct and much-improved strains could be developed by propagating from bushes producing the best and most abundant fruit, and that a variety having characteristics of the ideal Versailles could be developed. The importance of this careful selection in prop-



agation can scarcely be overestimated, and the fruit-grower who should follow it up for a few years might almost double the productiveness and quality of many of his varieties.

Victoria (known also as May's Victoria and having a half dozen other synonyms) is a distinct variety whose great value consists in its lengthening out the currant season two or three weeks after the above-named kinds have matured. The fruit is also large—between the Red Dutch and Cherry in size—exceedingly abundant and, although rather acid, of good flavor when fully ripe. The clusters are very long,—from five to seven inches,—tapering, and the berries are bright red. If it is grown in some moist, cool, half-shady location the bunches will hang on the bushes very late in the season. In many localities it is found very profitable since it need not be sold until the others are out of the market. The young branches are rather slender, but the plant itself is very vigorous and can be grown at less expense than the Cherry.

There are many other named varieties, but in many instances the distinctions between them are slight; and as they are wanting before the finer varieties that I have described, I shall not attempt to lighten the shadows that are gathering around them. The future promises more than the past, and I think that before many years elapse some fine new kinds will be introduced.

#### GOOSEBERRIES.

I HAVE treated the currant more fully than the gooseberry, not only because it is more popular in this country, but also because the greater part of my suggestions under that heading applies equally to this branch of the *Ribes* tribe. Possessing the same general characteristics, it should be treated on the same principles that were seen to be applicable to the currant. It flourishes best in the same cool exposures, and is the better for partial shade. Even in the south of England the more tender-skinned varieties often scald in the sun. However, I would recommend the shade of a fence or a northern hill-side, rather than overhanging branches of trees. A rich soil, especially one that is deep and moist, but not wet, is equally requisite, and the rigorous annual pruning is even more essential. As the wood becomes old and black, it should be cut out altogether. Fruit buds and spurs are produced on wood two or more years old, and cutting back

causes these, but they must not be allowed to become too crowded. To no fruit are air and light more essential.

We have in this country two very distinct classes of gooseberries—the first of foreign origin, and the second consisting of our native species. Gray thus describes *Ribes Grossularia*, the garden or English gooseberry: "Cultivated from Europe for the well-known fruit; thorny and prickly, with small obtuse, three to five lobed leaves, green flowers one to three on short pedicels, bell-shaped calyx, and large berry."

This native of northern Europe and the forests of the British Islands has been developed into the superb varieties which have been famous so long in England, but which we are able to grow with only partial success. It remembers its birthplace even more strongly than the currant, and the almost invariable mildew of our gardens is the sign of its homesickness. The cool, moist climate of England just suits it, and it is the pride of the gardeners of Lancashire to surpass the world in the development of large specimens. Mr. Downing writes: "We are indebted to the Lancashire weavers, who seem to have taken it up as a hobby, for nearly all the surprisingly large sorts of modern date. Their annual shows exhibit this fruit in its greatest perfection, and a gooseberry book is published in Manchester every year giving a list of all the prize sorts, etc." The extraordinary pains taken is suggested by the following quotation from the "Encyclopædia of Gardening": "To effect this increased size, every stimulant is applied that their ingenuity can suggest. They not only annually manure the soil richly, but also surround the plants with trenches of manure for the extremities of the roots to strike into, and form round the stem of each plant a basin, to be mulched, or manured, or watered, as may become necessary. When a root has extended too far from the stem it is uncovered, and all the strongest leaders are shortened back nearly one-half of their length, and covered with fresh marly loam, well manured. The effect of this pruning is to increase the number of fibers and spongioles, which form rapidly on the shortened roots, and strike out in all directions among the fresh, newly stirred loam, in search of nutriment." This is carrying culture to an extreme rarely, if ever, seen in America.

The Annual referred to above recorded one hundred and fifty-five gooseberry exhibitions in 1863. The number of varieties



is almost endless, and more than seven hundred prize sorts are named in Lindley's "Guide to the Orchard," and not one of them can be grown in this country, except under favorable conditions and with extra care. Even after supplying such conditions, they will often mildew in spite of our best efforts. Again, in some localities, and for obscure causes, they will thrive and continue for years quite free from this chief enemy of the foreign gooseberry. Repeated applications of flowers of sulphur over the bushes, from the time the fruit sets until it is ripe, is probably the best preventive. Thorough mulching, rigorous pruning, and high culture are also to be recommended. Those who garden for pleasure would do well to try some of these fine foreigners, and I would recommend Crown Bob, Roaring Lion and Whitesmith.

I am sorry to say that seedlings of these foreign varieties have the same tendency to mildew shown by their parents. The Late Emerald, suggested in the cut on page 816, and originated in an old garden at Newburgh, is a sad example of this fact. For many years it thrived in its birthplace without a trace of mildew, but on my own place it has behaved so badly that I do not recommend it. Were it not for this fault, I should grow no other variety.

In view of this inveterate evil, mildew, which is so seldom escaped and so difficult to overcome, we must turn to the second great class, our native species, since they are adapted to our climate. Of these there are several, but space permits the mention of but one, the *Ribes Hirtellum*, "commonest in our Eastern States, seldom downy, with very short thorns or none, very short peduncles, stamens and two-cleft style scarcely longer than the bell-shaped calyx; and the smooth berry is purple, small and sweet."—(Gray.) This is the parent of the most widely known of our native varieties, the Houghton Seedling, named from its originator, Abel Houghton, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The bush is a vigorous grower, that will thrive, with decent culture, on any moderately good soil, and is very rarely injured by mildew. At the same time, it improves greatly under high culture and pruning. The bush has a slender and even weeping habit of growth, and can be propagated readily by cuttings. From the Houghton have been grown two seedlings that now are justly the most popular.

The first and best of these is the Downing, originated by Mr. Charles Downing, of

Newburgh. The following is his description: "Upright, vigorous-growing plant, very productive; fruit somewhat larger than Houghton, roundish-oval, whitish-green, with the rib veins distinct; skin smooth; flesh rather soft, juicy." I consider this the best and most profitable variety that can be generally grown in this country. In flavor it is excellent. I have had good success with it whenever I have given it fair culture. It does not propagate readily from cuttings, out-of-doors, and therefore I increase it usually by layering.

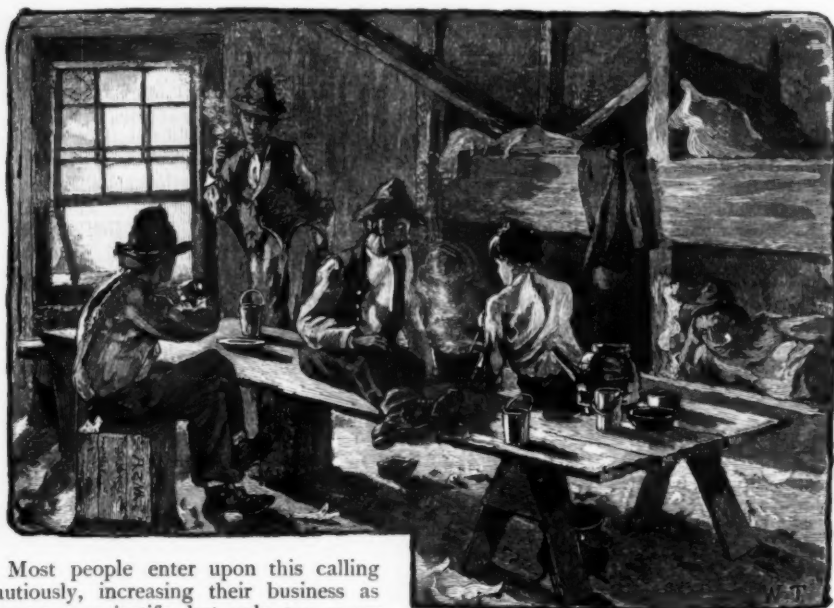
The second seedling is Smith's Improved, a comparatively new variety that is winning favor. In its habit of growth, it more closely resembles the Houghton than the Downing, and yet is more vigorous and upright than its parent. The fruit is considerably larger than the Houghton, oval, light green, with a bloom, moderately firm, sweet and good.

The Mountain Seedling, which originated with the Shakers at Lebanon, New York, is the largest of the American varieties, but for some reason it does not gain in popularity.

Cluster, or American Red, is an old variety of unknown origin. The ancestral bush may have been found in the woods. The fruit is scarcely as large as that of the Houghton, is darker in color when fully ripe, hangs long on the bush, and is sweet and good. Barry says that it never mildews. Therefore it should be made one of the parents of new varieties, for in this direction lies the future of this fruit in America. When we remember that English gardeners started with a native species inferior to ours, we are led to believe that pains and skill like theirs will here result in kinds as superb and as perfectly adapted to our climate.

#### PICKING AND MARKETING FRUITS.

THE question often arises, "After all, do small fruits pay?" They pay some people well, and unless location, soil or climate is hopelessly against you, the degree of profit will depend upon your skill, judgment and industry. The raising of small fruits is like other callings in which some are getting rich, more earning a fair livelihood, and not a few failing. I do not seek to mislead any one by high-colored pictures. It is a business in which there is an abundance of sharp, keen competition, and ignorance, poor judgment, and shiftless, idle ways will be as fatal as in the work-shop, store or office.



PICKERS' HEAD-QUARTERS.

Most people enter upon this calling cautiously, increasing their business as success may justify, but only too many invest largely at once in everything, soon tapering down to nothing. There ought to be considerable capital to start with, and an absence of the crushing burden of interest-money. No fruits yield any return before the second or third year; and there are often unfavorable seasons and glutted markets. Location is very important. The fruit farm must be situated where there is quick and cheap access to good markets. Such markets may be near, and good cultivation may produce an abundance of fruit, and still much loss may arise from not properly placing the fruit before purchasers and consumers. This leads to the question, Which are the best baskets, packages and methods of shipping?

After some years of experience and observation I am led to market my own fruit in square, quart baskets, and round pints for strawberries, and half-pints for raspberries, although pints answer equally well for a firm raspberry like the Cuthbert or Brandywine. If I were shipping from the South or from any distance I should choose baskets of which the round Beecher quarts and pints are the types. I think berries remain in good condition longer in this circular, open basket than in any other. Of the crate, it is sufficient to say that it should be light, strong and so constructed as to per-

mit free circulation of air. Few of the square "quart baskets" hold a quart. Indeed, there are but few honest baskets in the market, and the fact has come to be so well recognized that they are now sold by the "basket," the majority being aware that they are simply packages of fruit. Square quarts fill a crate compactly, requiring the least amount of space; there is no chance for the baskets to upset, and when the crate is opened there is a continuous surface of fruit which is very attractive. Very large, showy strawberries appear best, however, in round baskets. If my market were a near one, I should plan to dispose of the bulk of my crop in round pints, since they could be used for strawberries, the firmer raspberries and blackberries. Thus one stock and style of baskets would last throughout the whole season. Currants are sold by the pound, and it might be well to have two neat trays fitted to our crates, so as to prevent the need of extra packages and storage space. Nice-appearing boxes and baskets would answer equally well, however. Gooseberries are sold by measure, and are shipped in packages varying from quart baskets to barrels.

A little good taste bestowed upon the appearance of a fruit package often adds

several cents per pound or quart to the price received, and thus it comes that the brand of certain growers is sought after in the market.

The old "Marlboro' thirds" (see next page), still largely in use on the Hudson, should be superseded as soon as possible by baskets that permit circulation of air. The artist has suggested a style of packages of which we are in need,—boxes cheap enough to be given away with the fruit. The drawing is of a style called the "Sunnyside fruit-box," and can be obtained for about \$10 per 1,000. The purchaser sees a pretty box of fruit at a shop, buys and takes it with him and is at no trouble to return the box. The present frequent practice of pouring the fruit into brown paper bags is villainous.

Having procured the baskets which suit us best, the next thing is to fill them properly, and get them into market looking fresh and attractive. It is just at this point that very many wrong themselves or permit themselves to be wronged. The time is past when all strawberries will sell as such at so much per quart. Appearance often doubles the price, or makes it difficult to sell the fruit at all. Soiled, muddy berries, even though large, will fetch but wretched prices, therefore the importance of mulching. The fruit may be in beautiful condition upon the vines and yet be spoiled by careless picking. If possible the grower should carefully select his pickers and have them subscribe to a few plain rules like the following:

1. The berries must be picked with the thumb and fore-finger nails, and

not held in the hand but dropped into the basket at once.

2. No green, decayed or muddy berries will be received.

3. There must be no getting down upon all fours in the beds, thus crushing both green and ripe fruit.

4. There must be no "topping off" with large berries, but the fruit must be equally good all through the basket.

In order that the perishable berries may be gathered promptly and properly, fruit-growers are often obliged to erect small rude buildings upon their places, like the one suggested in the illustration, "Pickers' Head-quarters."

In the early pickings of Wilsons when many of the berries are of good size, and of all the large, choice kinds, it is best to make two grades, putting the large and small by themselves, and keeping varieties separate. A small frame with short legs at each cor-



PACKING FOR MARKET.



PICKING RASPBERRIES ON THE HILL-SIDE.

ner and a handle is a convenient appliance to hold six or more baskets while picking. In the engravings, "Picking Raspberries on the Hill-side" and "Packing for Market," these frames are well indicated. Give to each picker two sets of baskets, one for the small and one for the large berries, and pay equally for both, so that there may be no motive to thwart your purpose; two cents per quart is the usual price. Have two styles of tickets, red and blue, for instance,—the red having a higher value and being given to those who bring the berries to the place of packing in good order, according to rule; let the baskets not picked in conformity to the rules be receipted for with the blue tickets. Receiving many of the latter soon becomes a kind of disgrace, and thus you appeal to the principle of self-

respect as well as self-interest. Get rid of those who persist in careless picking as soon as possible. Insist that the baskets be full and rounded up, and the fruit equal in quality down to the bottom. As far as possible let the hulls be down, out of sight, and only the fruit showing. If you have berries that are extra fine it will pay you to pick and pack them yourself, or have some one do it who can be depended upon. Do not pick the fruit, if you can help it, when it is wet with dew or rain; still there are times when this must be done to save it. Never let the baskets or crates stand long in the sun and wind, as berries so treated soon become dull and faded. As soon as a crate is filled put it under cover in a cool place till shipped to market. As far as possible insist upon careful, gentle handling.



MARLBORO' THIRDS.



SUNNYSIDE FRUIT-BOX.

As these papers have appeared, I have been encouraged by words of approval from the best horticultural authorities. I shall not deny that I have been very glad to receive these favorable opinions, for I have had much and just doubt of my ability to satisfy those who have made these subjects a life-long study, and to whom, in fact, I am largely indebted for the little I do know. Still more am I pleased by assurances that I have turned the thoughts of many toward the garden—a place that is naturally, and, I think, correctly associated with man's primal and happiest condition. We must recognize, however, the sad change in both the gardening and gardeners of our degenerate world. In worm and insect, blight and mildew, in heat, frost, drouth and storm, in weeds so innumerable that we are tempted to believe that nature has a leaning toward total depravity, we have much to contend with; but in the ignorant, careless, and often dishonest, laborer who slashes away with his hap-hazard hoe, we find our chief obstacle to success. In spite of all

these drawbacks, the *work* of the garden is the *play* and *pleasure* that never palls, and which the oldest and wisest never outgrow.



A HAP-HAZARD HOE.

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 MARY'S EASTER.

Easter lilies freshly bloom  
 O'er the open, conquered tomb;  
 Cups of incense, pure and fair,  
 Pour oblations on the air.  
 Easter-glory sudden flows  
 Through the portal none may close;  
 Death and darkness flee away,  
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Shining forms are sitting by  
 Where the folded garments lie;  
 Loving Mary knows no fear  
 While the waiting angels hear  
 "They have taken my Lord away,  
 Know ye where he lies to-day?"  
 Sweet they answer to her cry,  
 As their pinions pass her by.

See the Master stand to greet  
 Her that weepeth at his feet.  
 "Mary!" At the tender word  
 Well she knows her risen Lord!  
 All her love and passion breaks  
 In the single word she speaks:—  
 Hear the sweet "Rabboni!" tell  
 All her woman-heart so well!

"Quickly go, and tell it out  
 Unto others round about.  
 Thou hast been forgiven much;  
 Tell it, Mary, unto such.  
 By thy love within thy heart,  
 This my word to them impart;  
 Death shall touch thy soul no more,  
 Christ thy Lord hath gone before!"



## LOUISIANA.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Surly Tim, and Other Stories," "Haworth's," etc.



"SHE WAITED IN VAIN."

## CHAPTER XI.

## A RUSTY NAIL.

ON Monday, Casey and his men came. Louisiana and her father were at breakfast when they struck their first blow at the end of the house which was to be renovated first.

The old man, hearing it, started violently—so violently that he almost upset the coffee at his elbow.

He laughed a tremulous sort of laugh.

"Why, I'm nervous!" he said. "Now, jest to think o' me a-bein' nervous!"

"I suppose," said Louisiana, "I am nervous as well. It made me start too. It had such a strange sound."

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"Waal, now," he answered, "come to think on it, it hed—sorter. Seems like it wasn't sca'cely nat'ral. P'raps that's it."

Neither of them ate much breakfast, and when the meal was over they went out together to look at the workmen. They were very busy tearing off weather-boarding and wrenching out nails. Louisiana watched them with regretful eyes. In secret she was wishing that the low ceilings and painted walls might remain as they were. She had known them so long.

"I am afraid he is doing it to please me," she thought. "He does not believe me when I say I don't want it altered. He would never have had it done for himself."

Her father had seated himself on a pile of plank. He was rubbing his crossed leg as usual, but his hand trembled slightly.

"I druv them nails in myself," he said. "Ianthy wasn't but nineteen. She'd set yere an' watch me. It was two or three months arter we was married. She was mighty proud on it when it was all done. Little Tom he was born in thet thar room. The rest on 'em was born in the front room, 'n' they all died thar. Ianthy she died thar. I'd useder think I should——"

He stopped and glanced suddenly at Louisiana. He pulled himself up and smiled.

"Ye aint in the notion o' hevin' the cupoly," he said. "We kin hev it as soon as not—'n' seems ter me thar's a heap o' style to 'em."

"Anything that pleases you will please me, father," she said.

He gave her a mild, cheerful look.

"Ye don't take much int'russ in it yet, do ye?" he said. "But ye will when it gits along kinder. Lord! ye'll be as impatient as Ianthy an' me was, when it gits along."

She tried to think she would, but without very much success. She lingered about for a while, and at last went to her own room at the other end of the house and shut herself in.

Her trunk had been carried upstairs and set in its old place behind the door. She opened it and began to drag out the dresses and other adornments she had taken with her to the Springs. There was the blue muslin. She threw it on the floor and dropped beside it, half sitting, half kneeling. She laughed quite savagely.

"I thought it was very nice when I made it," she said. "I wonder how *she* would like to wear it?" She pulled out one thing after another until the floor around her was

strewn. Then she got up and left them, and ran to the bed and threw herself into a chair beside it, hiding her face in the pillow.

"Oh, how dull it is, and how lonely!" she said. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

And while she sobbed she heard the blows upon the boards below.

Before she went down-stairs she replaced the things she had taken from the trunk. She packed them away neatly, and, having done it, turned the key upon them.

"Father," she said, at dinner, "there are some things upstairs I want to send to Cousin Jenny. I have done with them, and I think she'd like to have them."

"Dresses an' things, Louisianny?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "I shall not need them any more. I—don't care for them."

"Don't——" he began, but stopped short, and, lifting his glass, swallowed the rest of the sentence in a large glass of milk.

"I'll tell Luther to send fer it," he said, afterward. "Jenny'll be real sot up, I reckon. Her pappy bein' so onfort'nit, she don't git much."

He ate scarcely more dinner than breakfast, and spent the afternoon in wandering here and there among the workmen. Sometimes he talked to them, and sometimes sat on his pile of plank and watched them in silence. Once, when no one was looking, he stooped down and picked up a rusty nail which had fallen from its place in a piece of board. After holding it in his hand for a little he furtively thrust it into his pocket, and seemed to experience a sense of relief after he had done it.

"Ye don't do nothin' toward helpin' us, Uncle Elbert," said one of the young men. (Every youngster within ten miles knew him as "Uncle Elbert.") "Ye aint as smart as ye was when last ye built, air ye?"

"No, boys," he answered, "I aint. Thet's so. I aint as smart, an'," he added, rather hurriedly, "it'd sorter go agin me to help ye at what ye're doin' now. . Not as I don't think it's time it was done, but—it'd sorter go ag'in me."

When Louisiana entered the house-room at dusk, she found him sitting by the fire, his body drooping forward, his head resting listlessly on his hand.

"I've got a touch o' dyspepsy, Louisianny," he said, "an' the knockin' hes kinder giv me a headache. I'll go to bed airly."

## CHAPTER XII.

"MEBBE."

SHE had been so full of her own sharp pain and humiliation during the first few days that perhaps she had not been so quick to see as she would otherwise have been, but the time soon came when she awakened to a bewildered sense of new and strange trouble. She scarcely knew when it was that she first began to fancy that some change had taken place in her father. It was a change she could not comprehend when she recognized its presence. It was no alteration of his old, slow, quiet faithfulness to her. He had never been so faithfully tender. The first thing which awakened her thought of change was his redoubled tenderness. She found that he watched her constantly, in a patient, anxious way. When they were together she often discovered that he kept his eyes fixed upon her when he thought she was not aware of his gaze. He seemed reluctant to leave her alone, and continually managed to be near her, and yet it grew upon her at last that the old, homely good-fellowship between them had somehow been broken in upon, and existed no longer. It was not that he loved her any less—she was sure of that; but she had lost something, without knowing when or how she had lost it, or even exactly what it was. But his anxiety to please her grew day by day. He hurried the men who were at work upon the house.

"Louisianny, she'll enjoy it when it's done," he said to them. "Hurry up, boys, an' do yer plum best."

She had been at home about two weeks when he began to drive over to the nearest depot every day at "train time." It was about three miles distant, and he went over for several days in his spring wagon. At first he said nothing of his reason for making the journey, but one morning, as he stood at his horses' heads, he said to Louisiana, without turning to look at her, and affecting to be very busy with some portion of the harness:

"I've ben expectin' of some things fer a day or so, an' they haint come. I wasn't sure when I oughter look fer 'em—mebbe I've ben lookin' too soon—fer they haint come yet."

"Where were they to come from?" she asked.

"From—from New York City."

"From New York?" she echoed, trying to show an interest. "I did not know you sent there, father."

"I haint never done it afore," he answered. "These yere things—mebbe they'll come to-day, an then ye'll see 'em."

She asked no further questions, fancying that he had been buying some adornments for the new rooms which were to be a surprise for her. After he had gone away she thought a little sadly of his kindness to her and her unworthiness of it. At noon he came back and brought his prize with him.

He drove up slowly with it behind him in the wagon—a large, shining, new trunk—quite as big and ponderous as any she had seen at the Springs.

He got down and came up to her as she stood on the porch. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"I'll hev 'em took in an' ye kin look at 'em," he said. "It's some new things ye was a-needin'."

She began to guess dimly at what he meant, but she followed the trunk into the house without speaking. When they set it down she stood near while her father fumbled for the key and found it, turned it in the lock and threw back the lid.

"They're some things ye was a-needin'," he said. "I hope ye'll like 'em, honey."

She did not know what it was in his voice, or his face, or his simple manner that moved her so, but she did not look at what he had brought at all—she ran to him and caught his arm, dropped her face on it, and burst into tears.

"Father—father!" she cried. "Oh, father!"

"Look at 'em, Louisianny," he persisted, gently, "an' see if they suit ye. 'Thar aint no reason to cry, honey."

The words checked her and made her feel uncertain and bewildered again. She stopped crying and looked up at him, wondering if her emotion troubled him, but he did not meet her eye, and only seemed anxious that she should see what he had brought.

"I didn't tell ye all I hed in my mind when I went to the Springs," he said. "I hed a notion I'd like to see fer myself how things was. I knowed ye'd hev an idee thet ye couldn't ask me fer the kind o' things ye wanted, an' I knowed I knowed nothin' about what they was, so I ses to myself, 'I'll go an' stay a day an' watch and find out.' An' I went, an' I found out. 'Thar was a young woman thar as was dressed

purtier than any of 'em. An' she was clever an' friendly, an' I managed it so we got a-talkin'. She hed on a dress that took my fancy. It was mighty black an' thick—ye know it was cold after the rains—an' when we was talkin' I asked her if she mind a-tellin' me the name of it an' whar she'd bought it. An' she laughed some, an' said it was velvet, an' she'd got it to some store in New York City. An' I asked her if she'd write it down; I'd a little gal at home I wanted a dress off'n it fer—an' then, some-ways, we warmed up, an' I ses to her, 'She aint like me. If ye could see her ye'd never guess we was kin.' She hadn't never seen ye. She come the night ye left, but when I told her more about ye, she ses, 'I think I've heern on her. I heern she was very pretty.' An' I told her what I'd hed in my mind, an' it seemed like it took her fancy, an' she told me to get a paper an' pencil an' she'd tell me what to send fer an' whar to send. An' I sent fer 'em, an' thar they air."

She could not tell him that they were things not fit for her to wear. She looked at the rolls of silk and the laces and feminine extras with a bewildered feeling.

"They are beautiful things," she said. "I never thought of having such things for my own."

"Thar's no reason why ye shouldn't hev 'em," he said. "I'd oughter hev thought of 'em afore. Do they suit ye, Louisianny?"

"I should be very hard to please if they didn't," she answered. "They are only too beautiful for—a girl like me."

"They cayn't be that," he said, gravely. "I didn't see none no handsomer than you to the Springs, Louisianny, an' I ses to the lady as writ it all down fer me, I ses, 'What I want is fer her to hev what the best on 'em hev. I don't want nothin' no less than what she'd like to hev if she'd ben raised in New York or Philadelphia City. Thar aint no reason why she shouldn't hev it. Out of eleven she's all that's left, an' she desarnes it all. She's young an' handsome, and she desarnes it all.'"

"What did she say to that?" Louisiana asked.

He hesitated a moment before answering.

"She looked at me kinder queer fer a minnit," he replied at length. "An' then she ses, 'She'd oughter be a very happy gal,' ses she, 'with such a father,' an' I ses, 'I 'low she is—mebbe.'"

"Only maybe?" said the girl, "only maybe, father?"

She dropped the roll of silk she had been holding and went to him. She put her hand on his arm again and shook it a little, laughing in the same feverish fashion as when she had gone out to him on the porch on the day of her return. She had suddenly flushed up, and her eyes shone as he had seen them then.

"Only maybe," she said. "Why should I be unhappy? There's no reason. Look at me, with my fine house and my new things! There isn't any one happier in the world! There is nothing left for me to wish for. I have got too much!"

A new mood seemed to have taken possession of her all at once. She scarcely gave him a chance to speak. She drew him to the trunk's side, and made him stand near while she took the things out one by one. She exclaimed and laughed over them as she drew them forth. She held the dress materials up to her waist and neck to see how the colors became her; she tried on laces and sacques and furbelows and the hats which were said to have come from Paris.

"What will they say when they see me at meeting in them?" she said. "Brother Horner will forget his sermons. There never were such things in Bowersville before. I am almost afraid they will think I am putting on airs."

When she reached a box of long kid gloves at the bottom, she burst into such a shrill laugh that her father was startled. There was a tone of false exhilaration about her which was not what he had expected.

"See!" she cried, holding one of the longest pairs up, "eighteen buttons! And cream color! I can wear them with the cream-colored silk and cashmere at—at a festival!"

When she had looked at everything, the rag carpet was strewn with her riches,—with fashionable dress materials, with rich and delicate colors, with a hundred feminine and pretty whims.

"How could I help but be happy?" she said. "I am like a queen. I don't suppose queens have very much more, though we don't know much about queens, do we?"

She hung round her father's neck and kissed him in a fervent, excited way.

"You good old father!" she said, "you sweet old father!"

He took one of her soft, supple hands and held it between both his brown and horny ones.

"Louisianny," he said, "I 'low to make ye happy; ef the Lord haint nothin' agin it, I 'low to do it!"

He went out after that, and left her alone to set her things to rights; but when he had gone and closed the door, she did not touch them. She threw herself down flat upon the floor in the midst of them, her slender arms flung out, her eyes wide open and wild and dry.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A NEW PLAN.

AT last the day came when the house was finished and stood big and freshly painted and bare in the sun. Late one afternoon in the Indian summer, Casey and his men, having bestowed their last touches, collected their belongings and went away, leaving it a lasting monument to their ability. Inside, instead of the low ceilings, and painted wooden walls, there were high rooms and plaster and modern papering; outside, instead of the variegated piazza, was a substantial portico. The whole had been painted a warm gray, and Casey considered his job a neat one and was proud of it. When they were all gone Louisiana went out into the front yard to look at it. She stood in the grass and leaned against an apple-tree. It was near sunset, and both trees and grass were touched with a yellow glow so deep and mellow that it was almost a golden haze. Now that the long-continued hammering and sawing was at an end and all traces of its accompaniments removed, the stillness seemed intense. There was not a breath of wind stirring, or the piping of a bird to be heard. The girl clasped her slender arms about the tree's trunk and rested her cheek against the rough bark. She looked up piteously.

"I must try to get used to it," she said. "It is very much nicer—and I must try to get used to it."

But the strangeness of it was very hard on her at first. When she looked at it she had a startled feeling—as if when she had expected to see an old friend she had found herself suddenly face to face with a stranger.

Her father had gone to Bowersville early in the day, and she had been expecting his return for an hour or so. She left her place by the tree at length and went to the fence to watch for his coming down the road. But she waited in vain so long that she got

tired again and wandered back to the house and around to the back to where a new barn and stable had been built, painted and ornamented in accordance with the most novel designs. There was no other such barn or stable in the country, and their fame was already wide-spread and of an enviable nature.

As she approached these buildings Louisiana glanced up and uttered an exclamation. Her father was sitting upon the door-sill of the barn, and his horse was turned loose to graze upon the grass before him.

"Father," the girl cried, "I have been waiting for you. I thought you had not come."

"I've been yere 'a right smart while, Louisianny," he answered. "Ye wasn't 'round when I come, an' so ye didn't see me, I reckon."

He was pale, and spoke at first heavily and as if with an effort, but almost instantly he brightened.

"I've jest ben a-settin' yere a-steddyin'," he said. "A man wants to see it a few times an' take it sorter gradual afore he kin do it jestice. A-lookin' at it from yere, now," with a wide sweep of his hand toward the improvements, "ye kin see how much style thar is to it. Seems to me thet the— the mountains now, they look better. It— waal it kinder sets 'em off—it kinder sets 'em off."

"It is very much prettier," she answered. "Lord, yes! Thar aint no comparison. I was jest a-settin' thinkin' thet any one thet'd seed it as it was afore they'd not know it. Ianthy, fer instants—Ianthy *she* wouldn't sca'cely know it was home—thar's so much style to it."

He suddenly stopped and rested against the door-lintel. He was pale again, though he kept up a stout air of good cheer.

"Lord!" he said, after a little pause, "it's a heap stylisher!"

Presently he bent down and picked up a twig which lay on the ground at his feet. He began to strip the leaves from it with careful slowness, and he kept his eyes fixed on it as he went on talking.

"Ye'll never guess who I've ben a-talkin' to to-day, an' what I've ben talkin' to 'em about."

She put her hand on his knee caressingly. "Tell me, father," she said.

He laughed a jerky, high-pitched laugh.

"I've ben talkin' to Jedge Powers," he said. "He's up yere from Howelsville, a-runnin' fer senator. He's sot his mind on



makin' it too, an' he was a-tellin' me what his principles was. He—he's got a heap o' principles. An' he told me his wife an' family was a-goin' to Europe. He was mighty sosh'erble—an' he said they was a-goin' to Europe."

He had stripped the last leaf from the twig and had begun upon the bark. Just at this juncture it slipped from his hand and fell on the ground. He bent down again to pick it up.

"Louisianny," he said, "how—would ye like to go to Europe?"

She started back amazed, but she could not catch even a glimpse of his face, he was so busy with the twig.

"I go to Europe—I!" she said. "I don't—I never thought of it. It is not people like us who go to Europe, father."

"Louisianny," he said, hurriedly, "what's agin it? Thar aint nothin'—nothin'! It come in my mind when Powers was a-tellin' me. I ses to myself, 'Why, here's the very thing fer Louisianny! Travel an' furrin langwidges an' new ways o' doin'. It's what she'd oughter hed long ago.' An' Powers he went on a-talkin' right while I was a-steddyin, an' he ses: 'Whar's that pretty darter o' yourn that we was so took with when we passed through Hamilton last summer? Why,' ses he,—he ses it hisself, Louisianny,—why don't ye send her to Europe? Let her go with my wife. She'll take care of her.' An' I stopped him right thar. 'Do ye mean it, Jedge?' I ses, 'Yes,' ses he. 'Why not? My wife an' daughter hev talked about her many a time, an' said how they'd like to see her agin. Send her,' ses he. 'You're a rich man, an' ye kin afford it, Squire, if ye will.' An' I ses, 'So I kin ef she'd like to go, an' what's more, I'm a-goin' to ask her ef she would—fer thar aint nothin' agin it—nothin'.'"

He paused for a moment and turned to look at her.

"That's what I was steddyin' about mostly, Louisianny," he said, "when I set yere afore ye come."

She had been sitting beside him, and she sprang to her feet and stood before him.

"Father," she cried, "are you tired of me?"

"Tired of ye, Louisianny?" he repeated. "Tired of ye?"

She flung out her hand with a wild gesture and burst into tears.

"Are you tired of me?" she said again. "Don't you love me any more? Don't

you want me as you used to? Could you do without me for months and months and know I was far away and couldn't come to you? No, you couldn't. You couldn't. I know that, though something—I don't know what—has come between us, and I feel it every minute, and most when you are kindest. Is there nothing in the way of my going away—nothing? Think again."

"Louisianny," he answered, "I cayn't think of nothin'—thet's partic'lar."

She slipped down on her knee and threw herself on his breast, clinging to him with all her young strength.

"Are *you* nothing?" she cried. "Is all your love nothing? Are all your beautiful, good thoughts for my happiness 'nothing'? Is your loneliness nothing? Shall I leave you here to live by yourself in the new home which is strange to you—after you have given up the old one you knew and loved for me? Oh! what has made you think I have no heart, and no soul, and nothing to be grateful with? Have I ever been bad and cruel and hard to you that you can think it?"

She poured forth her love and grief and tender reproach on his breast with such innocent fervor that he could scarcely bear it. His eyes were wet too, and his furrowed, sunburnt cheeks, and his breath came short and fast while he held her close in his arms.

"Honey," he said, just as he had often spoken to her when she had been a little child, "Louisianny, honey, no! No, never! I never hed a thought agin ye, not in my bottermost heart. Did ye think it? Lord, no! Thar aint nothin' ye've never done in yer life that was meant to hurt or go agin me. Ye never did go agin me. Ye aint like me, honey; ye're kinder finer. Ye was borned so. I seed it when ye was in yer cradle. I've said it to Ianthy (an' sence ye're growed up I've said it more). Thar's things ye'd oughter hev thet's diff'rent from what most of us wants—it's through you a-bein' so much finer. Ye mustn't be so tender-hearted, honey, ye mustn't."

She clung more closely to him and cried afresh, though more softly.

"Nothing shall take me away from you," she said, "ever again. I went away once, and it would have been better if I had stayed at home. The people did not want me. They meant to be good to me, and they liked me, but—they hurt me without knowing it, and it would have been better if I had stayed here. *You* don't make me

feel ashamed, and sad, and bitter. *You* love me just as I am, and you would love me if I knew even less, and was more simple. Let me stay with you! Let us stay together always—always—always!”

He let her cry her fill, holding her pretty head tenderly and soothing her as best he could. Somehow he looked a little brighter himself, and not quite so pale as he had done when she found him sitting alone trying to do the new house “jestice.”

When at length they went in to supper it was almost dusk, and he had his arm still around her. He did not let her go until they sat down at the table, and then she brought her chair quite close to his, and while she ate looked at him often with her soft, wet eyes.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### CONFESSIONS.

THEY had a long, quiet evening together afterward. They sat before the fire, and Louisiana drew her low seat near him so that she could rest her head upon his knee.

“It’s almost like old times,” she said. “Let us pretend I never went away and that everything is as it used to be.”

“Would ye like it to be thataway, Louisianny?” he asked.

She was going to say “Yes,” but she remembered the changes he had made to please her, and she turned her face and kissed the hand her cheek rested against.

“You mustn’t fancy I don’t think the new house is beautiful,” she said. “It isn’t that I mean. What I would like to bring back is—the feeling I used to have. That is all—nothing but the old feeling. And people can’t always have the same feelings, can they? Things change so as we get older.”

He looked at the crackling fire very hard for a minute.

“Thet’s so,” he said. “Thet’s so. Things changes in gin’ral, an’ feelin’s, now, they’re cur’us. Thar’s things as kin be altered an’ things as cayn’t—an’ feelin’s they cayn’t. They’re cur’us. Ef ye hurt ’em, now, thar’s money; it aint nowhar—it don’t do no good. Thar aint nothin’ ye kin buy as ’ll set ’em straight. Ef—fer instants—money could buy back them feelin’s of yourn—them as ye’d like to hev back—how ready an’ willin’ I’d be to trade fer ’em! Lord! how ready an’ willin’! But it wont do it. Thar’s whar it is. When they’re

gone a body hez to larn to git along without ’em.”

And they sat silent again for some time, listening to the snapping of the dry wood burning in the great fire-place.

When they spoke next it was of a different subject.

“Ef ye aint a-goin’ to Europe—” the old man began.

“And I’m not, father,” Louisiana put in.

“Ef ye aint, we must set to work fixin’ up right away. This mornin’ I was a-layin’ out to myself to let it stay tell ye come back an’ then hev it all ready fer ye—cheers an’ tables—an’ sophias—an’ merrors—an’—ile paintin’s. I laid out to do it slow, Louisianny, and take time, an’ steddly a heap, an’ to take advice from them es knows, afore I traded ary time. I ’lowed it’d be a heap better to take advice from them es knowed. Brown, es owns the Springs, I ’lowed to hev asked him, now,—he’s used to furnishin’ up an’ knows whar to trade an’ what to trade fer. The paintin’s, now—I’ve heern it takes a heap o’ experience to pick ’em, an’ I aint hed no experience. I ’low I shouldn’t know a good un when I seen it. Now, them picters as was in the parlor—ye know more than I do, I dessay,—now, them picters,” he said, a little uncertainly, “was they to say good, or—or only about middlin’?”

She hesitated a second.

“Mother was fond of them,” she broke out, in a burst of simple feeling.

Remembering how she had stood before the simpering, red-cheeked faces and hated them; how she had burned with shame before them, she was stricken with a bitter pang of remorse.

“Mother was fond of them,” she said.

“Thet’s so,” he answered, simply. “Thet’s so, she was; an’ you a-bein’ so soft-hearted an’ tender makes it sorter go agin ye to give in as they wasn’t—what she took ’em fer. But ye see, thet—though it’s nat’ral—it’s nat’ral—don’t make ’em good or bad, Louisianny, an’ Lord! it don’t harm *her*. Taint what folks knows or what they don’t know thet makes the good in ’em. Ianthy she warn’t to say ’complished, but I don’t see how she could hev ben no better than she was—nor more calc’lated to wear well—in the p’int o’ religion. Not hevin’ experience in ile paintin’s aint what’d hurt her, nor make us think no less of her. It wouldn’t hev hurt her when she was livin’, an’ Lord! she’s past it now—she’s past it, Ianthy is.”

He talked a good deal about his plans and of the things he meant to buy. He was quite eager in his questioning her and showed such lavishness as went to her heart.

"I want to leave ye well fixed," he said.

"Leave me?" she echoed.

He made a hurried effort to soften the words.

"I'd oughtn't to said it," he said. "It was kinder keerless. Thet thar—it's a long way off—mebbe—an' I'd oughtn't to hev said it. It's a way old folks hev—but it's a bad way. Things git to seem sorter near to 'em—an' ordinary."

The whole day had been to Louisiana a slow approach to a climax. Sometimes when her father talked she could scarcely bear to look at his face as the firelight shone on it.

So, when she had bidden him good-night at last and walked to the door leaving him standing upon the hearth watching her as she moved away, she turned round suddenly and faced him again, with her hand upon the latch.

"Father," she cried, "I want to tell you—I want to tell you——"

"What?" he said. "What, Louisianny?"

She put her hand to her side and leaned against the door—a slender, piteous figure.

"Don't look at me kindly," she said. "I don't deserve it. I deserve nothing. I have been ashamed——"

He stopped her, putting up his shaking hand and turning pale.

"Don't say nothin' as ye'll be sorry fer when ye feel better, Louisianny," he said. "Don't git carried away by yer feelin's into sayin' nothin' es is hard on yerself. Don't ye do it, Louisianny. Thar aint no need fer it, honey. Yer kinder wrought up, now, an' ye cayn't do yerself jestic."

But she would not be restrained.

"I *must* tell you," she said. "It has been on my heart too long. I ought never to have gone away. Everybody was different from us—and had new ways. I think they laughed at me, and it made me bad. I began to ponder over things until at last I hated myself and everything, and was ashamed that I had been content. When I told you I wanted to play a joke on the people who came here, it was not true. I wanted them to go away without knowing that this was my home. It was only a queer place, to be laughed at, to them, and I was ashamed of it, and bitter and

angry. When they went into the parlor they laughed at it and at the pictures, and everything in it, and I stood by with my cheeks burning. When I saw a strange woman in the kitchen it flashed into my mind that I had no need to tell them that all these things that they laughed at had been round me all my life. They were not sneering at them—it was worse than that—they were only interested and amused and curious, and were not afraid to let me see. The—gentleman had been led by his sister to think I came from some city. He thought I was—was pretty and educated, —his equal, and I knew how amazed he would be and how he would say he could not believe that I had lived here, and wonder at me and talk me over. And I could not bear it. I only wanted him to go away without knowing, and never, never see me again!"

Remembering the pain and fever and humiliation of the past, and of that dreadful day above all, she burst into sobbing.

"You did not think I was that bad, did you?" she said. "But I was! I was!"

"Louisianny," he said, huskily, "come yere. Thar aint no need fer ye to blame yerself thataway. Yer kinder wrought up."

"Don't be kind to me!" she said.

"Don't! I want to tell you all—every word! I was so bad and proud and angry that I meant to carry it out to the end, and tried to—only I was not quite bad enough for one thing, father—I was not bad enough to be ashamed of *you*, or to bear to sit by and see them cast a slight upon you. They didn't mean it for a slight—it was only their clever way of looking at things—but I loved you. You were all I had left, and I knew you were better than they were a thousand times! Did they think I would give your warm, good heart—your kind, faithful heart—for all they had learned, or for all they could ever learn? It killed me to see and hear them! And it seemed as if I was on fire. And I told them the truth—that you were *my* father and that I loved you and was proud of you—that I might be ashamed of myself and all the rest, but not of you—never of you—for I wasn't worthy to kiss your feet!"

For one moment her father watched her, his lips parted and trembling. It seemed as if he meant to try to speak, but could not. Then his eyes fell with an humble, bewildered, questioning glance upon his feet, encased in their large, substantial brogans—the feet she had said she was not worthy to

kiss. What he saw in them to touch him so it would be hard to tell—for he broke down utterly, put out his hand, groping to feel for his chair, fell into it with head bowed on his arm, and burst into sobbing too.

She left her self-imposed exile in an instant, ran to him, and knelt down to lean against him.

"Oh!" she cried, "have I broken your heart? Have I broken your heart? Will God ever forgive me? I don't ask you to forgive me, father, for I don't deserve it."

At first he could not speak, but he put his arm round her and drew her head up to his breast—and, with all the love and tenderness he had lavished upon her all her life, she had never known such love and tenderness as he expressed in this one movement.

"Louisianny," he said, brokenly, when he had found his voice, "it's you as should be a-forgivin' me."

"I!" she exclaimed.

He held her in his trembling arm so close that she felt his heart quivering.

"To think," he almost whispered, "as I should not hev ben doin' ye justice! To think as I didn't know ye well enough to do ye justice! To think yer own father, thet's knowed ye all yer life, could hev give in to its bein' likely as ye wasn't—what he'd allers thought, an' what yer mother 'd thought, an' what ye was, honey."

"I don't——" she began, falteringly.

"It's me as oughter be a-standin' agin the door," he said. "It's me! I knowed every word of the first part of what ye've told me, Louisianny. I've been so sot on ye thet I've got into a kinder noticin' way with ye, an' I guessed it out. I seen it in yer face when ye stood thar tryin' to laugh on the porch while them people was a-waitin'. 'Twa'n't no nat'ral gal's laugh ye laughed, and when ye thought I wasn't a-noticin' I was a-noticin' an' a-thinkin' all the time. But I seen more than was thar, honey, an' I didn't do ye justice—an' I've ben punished fer it. It come agin me like a slung-shot. I ses to myself, 'She's ashamed o' me! It's me she's ashamed of—an' she wants to pass me off fer a stranger!'"

The girl drew off from him a little and looked up into his face wonderingly.

"You thought that!" she said. "And never told me—and humored me, and——"

"I'd oughter knowed ye better," he said; "but I've suffered fer it, Louisianny. I ses to myself, 'All the years that we've ben sot

on each other an' nussed each other through our little sick spells, an' keered fer each other, hes gone fer nothin'. She wants to pass me off fer a stranger.' Not that I blamed ye, honey. Lord! I knowed the difference betwixt us! I'd knowed it long afore you did. But somehow it warn't eggsakly what I looked fer an' it was kinder hard on me right at the start. An' then the folks went away an' ye didn't go with 'em, an' thar was somethin' workin' on ye as I knowed ye wasn't ready to tell me about. An' I sot an' steddied it over an' watched ye, an' I prayed some, an' I laid wake nights a-steddyin'. An' I made up my mind thet es I'd ben the cause o' trouble to ye I'd oughter try an' sorter balance the thing. I allers 'lowed parents hed a duty to their child'en. An' I ses, 'Thar's some things thet kin be altered an' some thet cayn't. Let's alter them es kin!'"

She remembered the words well, and now she saw clearly the dreadful pain they had expressed; they cut her to her soul.

"Oh! father," she cried. "How could you?"

"I'd oughter knowed ye better, Louisianny," he repeated. "But I didn't. I ses, 'What money an' steddyyin' an' watchin'll do fer her to make up, shell be done. I'll try to make up fer the wrong I've did her on-willin'ly—onwillin'ly.' An' I went to the Springs an' I watched an' steddied thar, an' I come home an' I watched an' steddied thar—an' I hed the house fixed, an' I laid out to let ye go to Europe—though what I'd heern o' the habits o' the people, an' the bri-gands an' sich, went powerful agin me makin' up my mind easy. An' I never lost sight nary minnit o' what I'd laid out fer to do—but I wasn't doin' ye justice an' didn't suffer no more than I'd oughter. An' when ye stood up thar agen the door, honey, with yer tears a-streamin' an' yer eyes a-shinin', an' told me what ye'd felt an' what ye'd said about—wa'l," (delicately) "about thet thar as ye thought ye wasn't worthy to do, it set my blood a-tremblin' in my veins—an' my heart a-shakin' in my side, an' me a-goin' all over—an' I was struck all of a heap, an' knowed thet the Lord hed ben better to me than I thought, an—an' even when I was fondest on ye, an' proudest on ye, I hadn't done ye no sort o' justice in world—an' never could!"

There was no danger of their misunderstanding each other again. When they were calmer they talked their trouble over

simply and confidingly, holding nothing back.

"When ye told me, Louisianny," said her father, "that ye wanted nothin' but me, it kinder went agin me more than all the rest, fer I thinks, ses I to myself, 'It aint true, an' she must be a-gettin' sorter hardened to it, or she'd never said it. It seemed like it was kinder onnecessary. Lord! the onjustice I was a-doin' ye!"

They bade each other good-night again, at last.

"Fer ye're a-lookin' pale," he said. "An' I've been kinder out o' sorts myself these

last two or three weeks. My dyspepsy's bin back on me agin an' thet thar pain in my side's bin a-workin' on me. We must take keer o' ourselves, bein' es thar's on'y us two, an' we're so sot on each other."

He went to the door with her and said his last words to her there.

"I'm glad it come to-night," he said, in a grateful tone. "Lord! how glad I am it come to-night! S'posin' somethin' hed happened to ary one of us an' the other hed ben left not a-knowin' how it was. I'm glad it didn't last no longer, Louisianny."

And so they parted for the night.

(To be concluded.)

## THE GRANDISSIMES.\*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE FÊTE DE GRANDPÈRE.

SOJOURNERS in New Orleans who take their afternoon drive down Esplanade street will notice, across on the right, between it and that sorry streak once fondly known as Champs Elysées, two or three large, old houses, rising above the general surroundings and displaying architectural features which identify them with an irrevocable past—a past when the faithful and true Creole could, without fear of contradiction, express his religious belief that the antipathy he felt for the *Américain* invader was an inborn horror laid lengthwise in his ante-natal bones by a discriminating and appreciative Providence. There is, for instance, or was until lately, one house which some hundred and fifteen years ago was the suburban residence of the old sea-captain governor, Kerlerec. It stands up among the oranges as silent and gray as a pelican, and, so far as we know, has never had one cypress plank added or subtracted since its master was called to France and thrown into the Bastille. Another has two dormer windows looking out to westward, and, when the setting sun strikes the panes, reminds one of a

man with spectacles standing up in an audience, searching for a friend who is not there and will never come back. These houses are the last remaining—if, indeed, they were not pulled down yesterday—of a group that once marked from afar the direction of the old highway between the city's walls and the suburb St. Jean. Here clustered the earlier aristocracy of the colony; all that pretty crew of counts, chevaliers, marquises, colonels, dons, etc., who loved their kings, and especially their kings' monies, with an *abandon* which affected the accuracy of nearly all their accounts.

Among these stood the great mother-mansion of the Grandissimes. Do not look for it now; it is quite gone. The round, white-plastered brick pillars which held the house fifteen feet up from the reeking ground and rose on loftily to sustain the great overspreading roof, or clustered in the cool, paved basement; the lofty halls, with their multitudinous glitter of gilded brass and twinkle of sweet-smelling wax-candles; the immense encircling veranda, where twenty Creole girls might walk abreast; the great front stairs, descending from the veranda to the garden, with a lofty palm on either side, on whose broad steps forty Grandissimes could gather on a

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birthday afternoon; and the belvidere, whence you could see the cathedral, the Ursulines', the governor's mansion, and the river, far away, shining between the villas of Tchoupitoulas Coast—all have disappeared as entirely beyond recall as the flowers that bloomed in the gardens on the day of this *fête de grandpère*.

Odd to say, it was not the grandpère's birthday; that had passed. For weeks the happy children of the many Grandissime branches—the Mandarins, the St. Blancards, the Brahmins—had been standing with their uplifted arms apart, awaiting the signal to clap hands and jump, and still, from week to week, the appointed day had been made to fall back, and fall back before—what think you?—an inability to understand Honoré.

It was a sad paradox in the history of this majestic old house that her best child gave her the most annoyance; but it had long been so. Even in his early youth, a scant two years after she had watched him over the tops of her green myrtles and white and crimson oleanders, go away, a lad of fifteen, supposing he would of course come back a Grandissime of the Grandissimes—an inflexible of the inflexibles, he was found "inciting" (so the stately dames and officials who graced her front veranda called it) a Grandissime-De Grapion reconciliation by means of transatlantic letters, and reducing the flames of the old feud, rekindled by the Fusilier-Nancanou duel, to a little foul smoke. The main difficulty seemed to be that Honoré could not be satisfied with a clean conscience as to his own deeds and the peace and fellowships of single households; his longing was, and had ever been—he had inherited it from his father—to see one unbroken and harmonious Grandissime family gathering yearly under this venerated roof without reproach before all persons, classes, and races with whom they had ever had to do. It was not hard for the old mansion to forgive him once or twice; but she had had to do it often. It seems no overstretch of fancy to say she sometimes gazed down upon his erring ways with a look of patient sadness in her large and beautiful windows.

And how had that forbearance been rewarded? Take one short instance: when, seven years before this present *fête de grandpère*, he came back from Europe, and she (this old home which we cannot help but personify), though in trouble then—a trouble that sent up the old feud flames again—

opened her halls to rejoice in him with the joy of all her gathered families, he presently said such strange things in favor of indiscriminate human freedom that for very shame's sake she hushed them up, in the fond hope that he would outgrow such heresies. But he? On top of all the rest, he declined a military commission and engaged in commerce—"shop-keeping, *parableu!*"

However, therein was developed a grain of consolation. Honoré became—as he chose to call it—more prudent. With much tact, Agricola was amiably crowded off the dictator's chair, to become, instead, a sort of seneschal. For a time the family peace was perfect, and Honoré, by a touch here to-day and a word there to-morrow, was ever lifting the name, and all who bore it, a little and a little higher; when suddenly, as in his father's day—that dear Numa who knew how to sacrifice his very soul as a sort of Iphigenia for the propitiation of the family gods—as in Numa's day came the cession to Spain, so now fell this other cession, like an unexpected tornado, threatening the wreck of her children's slave-schooners and the prostration alike of their slave-made crops and their Spanish liberties; and just in the fateful moment where Numa would have stood by her, Honoré had let go. Ah, it was bitter!

"See what foreign education does!" cried a Mandarin de Grandissime of the Baton Rouge Coast. "I am sorry now"—derisively—"that I never sent *my* boy to France, am I not? No! No-o-o! I would rather my son should never know how to read, than that he should come back from Paris repudiating the sentiments and prejudices of his own father. Is education better than family peace? Ah, bah! My son make friends with Américains and tell me they—that call a negro 'monsieur'—are as good as his father? But that is what we get for letting Honoré become a merchant. Ha! the degradation! Shaking hands with men who do not believe in the slave trade! Shake hands? Yes; associate—fraternize!—with apothecaries and negrophiles. And now we are invited to meet at the *fête de grandpère*, in the house where he is really the chief—the *caïque!*"

No! The family would not come together on the first appointment; no, nor on the second; no, not if the grandpapa did express his wish; no, nor on the third—nor on the fourth.

"Non, Messieurs!" cried both youth and

reckless age; and, sometimes, also, the stronger heads of the family, the men of means, of force and of influence, urged on from behind by their proud and beautiful wives and daughters.

Arms, generally, rather than heads, ruled there in those days, and sentiments (which are the real laws) took shape in accordance with the poetry, rather than the reason, of things, and the community recognized the supreme domination of the "gentleman" in questions of right and of "the ladies" in matters of sentiment. Under such conditions strength establishes over weakness a showy protection which is the subtlest of tyrannies, yet which, in the very moment of extending its arm over woman, confers upon her a power which a truer freedom would only diminish; constitutes her in a large degree an autocrat of public sentiment and thus accepts her narrowest prejudices and most belated errors as the very need-be's of social life.

The clans classified easily into three groups: there were those who boiled, those who stewed, and those who merely steamed under a close cover. The men in the first two groups were, for the most part, those who were holding office under old Spanish commissions, and were daily expecting themselves to be displaced and Louisiana thereby ruined. The steaming ones were a goodly fraction of the family—the timid, the apathetic, the "conservative." The conservatives found ease better than exactitude, the trouble of thinking great, the agony of deciding harrowing, and the alternative of smiling cynically and being liberal so much easier—and the warm weather coming on with a rapidity wearying to contemplate.

"The Yankee was an inferior animal."

"Certainly."

"But Honoré had a right to his convictions."

"Yes, that was so, too."

"It looked very traitorous, however."

"Yes, so it did."

"Nevertheless, it might turn out that Honoré was advancing the true interests of his people."

"Very likely."

"It would not do to accept office under the Yankee government."

"Of course not."

"Yet it would never do to let the Yankees get the offices, either."

"That was true; nobody could deny that."

"If Spain or France got the country back, they would certainly remember and reward those who had held out faithfully."

"Certainly! That was an old habit with France and Spain."

"But if they did not get the country back——"

"Yes, that is so; Honoré is a very good fellow, and——"

And, one after another, under the mild coolness of Honoré's amiable disregard, their indignation trickled back from steam to water, and they went on drawing their stipends, some in Honoré's counting-room, where they held positions, some from the provisional government, which had as yet made but few changes, and some, secretly, from the cunning Casa-Calvo; for, blow the wind east or blow the wind west, the affinity of the average Grandissime for a salary abideth forever.

Then, at the right moment, Honoré made a single happy stroke, and even the hot Grandissimes, they of the interior parishes and they of Agricola's squadron, slaked and crumbled when he wrote each a letter saying that the governor was about to send them appointments, and that it would be well, if they wished to *evade* them, to write the governor at once, surrendering their present commissions. Well! Evade? They would evade nothing! Do you think they would so belittle themselves as to write to the usurper? They would submit to keep the positions first.

But the next move was Honoré's making the whole town aware of his apostasy. The great mansion, with the old grandpère sitting out in front, shivered. As we have seen, he had ridden through the Place d'Armes with the arch-usurper himself. Yet, after all, a Grandissime would be a Grandissime still; whatever he did he did openly. And wasn't that glorious—never to be ashamed of anything, no matter how bad? It was not every one who could ride with the governor.

And blood was so much thicker than vinegar that the family that would not meet either in January or February, met in the first week of March, every constituent one of them.

The feast has been eaten. The garden now is joyous with children and the veranda resplendent with ladies. From among the latter the eye quickly selects one. She is perceptibly taller than the others; she sits in their midst near the great hall entrance; and as you look at her there is no claim of

ancestry the Grandissimes can make which you would not allow. Her hair, once black, now lifted up into a glistening snow-drift, augments the majesty of a still beautiful face, while her full stature and stately bearing suggest the finer parts of Agricola, her brother. It is Madame Grandissime, the mother of Honoré.

One who sits at her left, and is very small, is a favorite cousin. On her right is her daughter, the widowed señora of José Martinez; she has wonderful black hair and a white brow as wonderful. The commanding carriage of the mother is tempered in her to a gentle dignity and calm, contrasting pointedly with the animated manners of the courtly matrons among whom she sits, and whose continuous conversation takes this direction or that at the pleasure of Madame Grandissime.

But if you can command your powers of attention, despite those children who are shouting Creole French and sliding down the rails of the front stair, turn the eye to the laughing squadron of beautiful girls, which every few minutes, at an end of the veranda, appears, wheels and disappears, and you note, as it were by flashes, the characteristics of face and figure that mark the Louisianaises in the perfection of the new-blown flower. You see that blondes are not impossible; there, indeed, are two sisters who might be undistinguishable twins but that one has blue eyes and golden hair. You note the exquisite penciling of their eyebrows, here and there some heavier and more velvety, where a less vivacious expression betrays a share of Spanish blood. As Grandissimes, you mark their tendency to exceed the medium Creole stature, an appearance heightened by the fashion of their robes. There is scarcely a rose in all their cheeks and a full red-ripeness of the lips would hardly be in keeping; but there is plenty of life in their eyes, which glance out between the curtains of their long lashes with a merry dancing that keeps time to the prattle of tongues. You are not able to get a straight look into them, and if you could you would see only your own image cast back in pitiful miniature; but you turn away and feel, as you fortify yourself with an inward smile, that they know you, you man, through and through, like a little song. And in turning, your sight is glad to rest again on the face of Honoré's mother. You see, this time, that she *is* his mother, by a charm you had overlooked, a candid, serene and lovable

smile. It is the wonder of those who see that smile that she can ever be harsh.

The playful, mock-martial tread of the delicate Creole feet is all at once swallowed up by the sound of many heavier steps in the hall, and the fathers, grandfathers, sons, brothers, uncles and nephews of the great family come out, not a man of them that cannot, with a little care, keep on his feet. Their descendants of the present day sip from shallower glasses and with less marked results.

The matrons, rising, offer the chief seat to the first comer, the great-grandsire—the oldest living Grandissime—Alcibiade, a shaken but unfallen monument of early colonial days, a browned and corrugated souvenir of De Vaudreuil's pomps, of O'Reilly's iron rule, of Galvez' brilliant wars—a man who had seen Bienville and Zephyr Grandissime. With what splendor of manner Madame Fusilier de Grandissime offers, and he accepts, the place of honor! Before he sits down he pauses a moment to hear out the companion on whose arm he has been leaning. But Théophile, a dark, graceful youth of eighteen, though he is recounting something with all the oblivious ardor of his kind, becomes instantly silent, bows with grave deference to the ladies, hands the aged forefather gracefully to his seat, and turning, recommences the recital to one who listens with the same perfect courtesy to all—his beloved cousin Honoré.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen throng out. Gallant crew! These are they who have been pausing proudly week after week in an endeavor (?) to understand the opaque motives of Numa's son.

In the middle of the veranda pauses a tall, muscular man of fifty, with the usual smooth face and an iron-gray queue. That is Colonel Agamemnon Brahmin de Grandissime, purveyor to the family's military pride, conservator of its military glory, and, after Honoré, the most admired of the name. Achille Grandissime, he that took Agricola away from Frowensfeld's shop in the carriage, essays to engage Agamemnon in conversation, and the colonel, with a glance at his kinsman's nether limbs and another at his own, and, with that placid facility with which the graver sort of Creoles take up the trivial topics of the lighter, grapples the subject of boots. A tall, bronzed, slender young man, who prefixes to Grandissime the maternal St. Blancard, asks where his wife is, is answered from a distance, throws her a kiss and sits down on a step, with Jean Baptiste

de Grandissime, a piratical-looking black-beard, above him, and Alphonse Mandarin, an olive-skinned boy, below. Valentine Grandissime, of Tchoupitoulas, goes quite down to the bottom of the steps and leans against the balustrade. He is a large, broad-shouldered, well-built man, and, as he stands smoking a cigar, with his black-stockinged legs crossed, he glances at the sky with the eye of a hunter—or, it may be, of a sailor.

"Valentine will not marry," says one of two ladies who lean over the rail of the veranda above. "I wonder why."

The other fixes on her a meaning look, and she twitches her shoulders and pouts, seeing she has asked a foolish question, the answer to which would only put Valentine in a numerous class and do him no credit.

Such were the choice spirits of the family. Agricola had retired. Raoul was there; his pretty auburn head might have been seen about half-way up the steps, close to one well sprinkled with premature gray.

"No such thing!" exclaimed his companion.

(The conversation was entirely in Creole French.)

"I give you my sacred word of honor!" cried Raoul.

"That Honoré is having all his business carried on in English?" asked the incredulous Sylvestre. (Such was his name.)

"I swear—" replied Raoul, resorting to his favorite pledge—"on a stack of bibles that high!"

"Ah-h-h-h, pf-f-f-f-f-f!"

This polite expression of unbelief was further emphasized by a spasmodic flirt of one hand, with the thumb pointed outward.

"Ask him! ask him!" cried Raoul.

"Honoré!" called Sylvestre, rising up. Two or three persons passed the call around the corner of the veranda.

Honoré came with a chain of six girls on either arm. By the time he arrived, there was a Babel of discussion.

"Raoul says you have ordered all your books and accounts to be written in English," said Sylvestre.

"Well?"

"It is not true, is it?"

"Yes."

The entire veranda of ladies raised one long-drawn, deprecatory "Ah!" except Honoré's mother. She turned upon him a look of silent but intense and indignant disappointment.

"Honoré!" cried Sylvestre, desirous of repairing his defeat, "Honoré!"

But Honoré was receiving the clamorous abuse of the two half dozens of girls.

"Honoré!" cried Sylvestre again, holding up a torn scrap of writing-paper which bore the marks of the floor and a boot-heel, "how do you spell 'la-dee'?"

There was a moment's hush to hear the answer.

"Ask Valentine," said Honoré.

Everybody laughed aloud. That taciturn man's only retort was to survey the company above him with an unmoved countenance, and to push the ashes slowly from his cigar with his little finger. M. Valentine Grandissime, of Tchoupitoulas, could not read.

"Show it to Agricola," cried two or three, as that great man came out upon the veranda, heavy-eyed, and with tumbled hair.

Sylvestre, spying Agricola's head beyond the ladies, put the question.

"How is it spelled on that paper?" retorted the king of beasts.

"L-a-y——"

"Ignoramus!" growled the old man.

"I did not spell it," cried Raoul, and attempted to seize the paper. But Sylvestre throwing his hand behind him, a lady snatched the paper, two or three cried "Give it to Agricola!" and a pretty boy, whom the laughter and excitement had lured from the garden, scampered up the steps and handed it to the old man.

"Honoré!" cried Raoul, "it must not be read. It is one of your private matters."

But Raoul's insinuation that anybody would entrust him with a private matter brought another laugh.

Honoré nodded to his uncle to read it out, and those who could not understand English, as well as those who could, listened. It was the paper Sylvestre had picked out of the waste-basket. Agricola read:

"What is that layde want in thare with Honoré?"

"Honoré is goin giv her bac that property—that is Aurore DeGrapien what Agricola kill the husband."

That was the whole writing, but Agricola never finished. He was reading aloud—"that is Aurore DeGrap——"

At that he dropped the paper and blackened with wrath; a sharp flash of astonishment ran through the company; an instant

of silence followed and Agricola's thundering voice rolled down upon Sylvestre in a succession of terrible imprecations.

It was painful to see the young man's face as speechless he received this abuse. He stood pale and frightened, with a smile playing about his mouth, half of distress and half of defiance, that said as plain as a smile could say, "Uncle Agricola, you will have to pay for this mistake."

As the old man ceased, Sylvestre turned and cast a look downward to Valentine Grandissime; then walked up the steps and passing with a courteous bow through the group that surrounded Agricola, went into the house. Valentine looked at the zenith, then at his shoe-buckles, tossed his cigar quietly into the grass and passed around a corner of the house to meet Sylvestre in the rear.

Honoré had already nodded to his uncle to come aside with him, and Agricola had done so. The rest of the company, save a few male figures down in the garden, after some feeble efforts to keep up their spirits on the veranda, remarked the growing coolness or the waning daylight, and singly or in pairs withdrew. It was not long before Raoul, who had come up upon the veranda, was left alone. He seemed to wait for something, as, leaning over the rail while the stars came out, he sang to himself, in a soft undertone, a snatch of a Creole song:

"La pluie—la pluie tombait,  
Crapaud criait,  
Moustique chantait——"

The moon shone so brightly that the children in the garden did not break off their hide-and-seek, and now and then Raoul suspended the murmur of his song, absorbed in the fate of some little elf gliding from one black shadow to crouch in another. He was himself in the deep shade of a magnolia, over whose outer boughs the moonlight was trickling, as if the whole tree had been dipped in quicksilver.

In the broad walk running down to the garden gate some six or seven dark forms sat in chairs, not too far away for the light of their cigars to be occasionally seen and their voices to reach his ear; but he did not listen. In a little while there came a light footstep and a soft, mock-startled "Who is that?" and one of that same sparkling group of girls that had lately hung upon Honoré came so close to Raoul, in her attempt to discern his lineaments, that their lips accidentally met. They had but a

moment of hand-in-hand converse before they were hustled forth by a feminine scouting party and thrust along into one of the great rooms of the house, where the youth and beauty of the Grandissimes were gathered in an expansive semicircle around a languishing fire, waiting to hear a story, or a song, or both, or half a dozen of each, from that master of narrative and melody, Raoul Innerarity.

"But mark," they cried unitedly, "you have got to wind up with the story of Bras-Coupé!"

"A song! A song!"

"Une chanson Créole! Une chanson des nègres!"

"Sing 'Yé tolé dancé la doung y doung doung!'" cried a black-eyed girl.

Raoul explained that it had too many objectionable phrases.

"Oh, just hum the objectionable phrases and go right on."

But instead he sang them this:



"La premier' fois mo té 'oir li,  
Li té 'posé au bord so lit;  
Mo di, Bouzon, bel n'amourèse!  
L'aut' fois li té 'si' so la saise  
Comme vié Madam dans so fauteil,  
Quand li vivé côté soleil.  
So grié yé té plus noir passé la nouitte,  
So dé la lev' plus doux passe la quitte!  
Tou' mo la vie, zamein mo oir  
Ein n'amourèse zoli comme ça!  
Mo' blié manzé—mo' blié boir—  
Mo' blié tout di pi ç' temps-là—  
Mo' blié parlé—mo' blié dormi,  
Quand mo pensé après zami!"

"And you have heard Bras-Coupé sing that, yourself?"

"Once upon a time," said Raoul, warming with his subject, "we were coming down from Pointe Macarty in three pirogues. We had been three days fishing and hunting in Lake Salvador. Bras-Coupé had one pirogue with six paddles——"



"Oh, yes!" cried a youth named Baltazar; "sing that, Raoul!"

And he sang that.

"But oh, Raoul, sing that song the negroes sing when they go out in the bayous at night, stealing pigs and chickens!"

"That boat song, do you mean, which they sing as a signal to those on shore?" He hummed:

"Dé zabs, dé zabs, dé counou ouaie ouaie,  
Dé zabs, dé zabs, dé counou ouaie ouaie,  
Counou ouaie ouaie ouaie ouaie,  
Counou ouaie ouaie ouaie ouaie,  
Counou ouaie ouaie ouaie, momza.  
Momza, momza, momza, momza,  
Roza, roza, roza-et—momza."

This was followed by another and still another, until the hour began to grow late. And then they gathered closer round him and heard the promised story. At the same hour, Honoré Grandissime, wrapping himself in a great-coat and giving himself up to sad and somewhat bitter reflections, had wandered from the paternal house, and by and by from the grounds, not knowing why or whither, but after a time soliciting, at Frowensfeld's closing door, the favor of his company. He had been feeling a kind of suffocation. This it was that made him seek and prize the presence and hand-grasp of the inexperienced apothecary. He led him out to the edge of the river. Here they sat down, and with a laborious attempt at a hard and jesting mood, Honoré told the same dark story.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### THE STORY OF BRAS-COUPÉ.

"A VERY little more than eight years ago," began Honoré—but not only Honoré, but Raoul also; and not only they, but another, earlier on the same day,—Honoré, the f. m. c. But we shall not exactly follow the words of any one of these.

Bras-Coupé, they said, had been, in Africa and under another name, a prince among his people. In a certain war of conquest, to which he had been driven by *ennui*, he was captured, stripped of his royalty, marched down upon the beach of the Atlantic, and, attired as a true son of Adam, with two goodly arms intact, became a commodity. Passing out of first hands in barter for a looking-glass, he was shipped in good order and condition on board the good schooner *Egalité*, whereof Blank was master, to be delivered without delay at the port of Nou-

velle Orleans (the dangers of fire and navigation excepted), unto Blank Blank. In witness whereof, He that made men's skins of different colors, but all blood of one, hath entered the same upon His book, and sealed it to the day of judgment.

Of the voyage little is recorded—here below; the less the better. Part of the living merchandise failed to keep; the weather was rough, the cargo large, the vessel small. However, the captain discovered there was room over the side, and there—all flesh is grass—from time to time during the voyage he jettisoned the unmerchantable.

Yet, when the re-opened hatches let in the sweet smell of the land, Bras-Coupé had come to the upper—the favored—the buttered side of the world; the anchor slid with a rumble of relief down through the muddy fathoms of the Mississippi, and the prince could hear through the schooner's side the savage current of the river, leaping and licking about the bows, and whimpering low welcomes home. A splendid picture to the eyes of the royal captive, as his head came up out of the hatchway, was the little Franco-Spanish-American city that lay on the low, brimming bank. There were little forts that showed their white-washed teeth; there was a green parade-ground, and yellow barracks, and cabildo, and hospital, and cavalry stables, and custom-house, and a most inviting jail, convenient to the cathedral—all of dazzling white and yellow, with a black stripe marking the track of the conflagration of 1794, and here and there among the low roofs a lofty one with round-topped dormer windows and a breezy belvidere looking out upon the plantations of coffee and indigo beyond the town.

When Bras-Coupé staggered ashore, he stood but a moment among a drove of "likely boys," before Agricola Fusilier, managing the business adventures of the Grandissime estate, as well as the residents therein, and struck with admiration for the physical beauties of the chieftain (a man may even fancy a negro—as a negro), bought the lot, and loth to resell him with the rest to some unappreciative 'Cadian, induced Don José Martinez' overseer to become his purchaser.

Down in the rich parish of St. Bernard (whose boundary line now touches that of the distended city) lay the plantation, known before Bras-Coupé passed away, as La Renaissance. Here it was that he entered at once upon a chapter of agreeable sur-

prises. He was humanely met, presented with a clean garment, lifted into a cart drawn by oxen, taken to a whitewashed cabin of logs, finer than his palace at home, and made to comprehend that it was a free gift. He was also given some clean food, whereupon he fell sick. At home it would have been the part of piety for the magnate next the throne to launch him heavenward at once; but now, healing doses were administered, and to his amazement he recovered. It reminded him that he was no longer king.

His name, he replied to an inquiry touching that subject, was ———, something in the Jalloff tongue, which he by and by condescended to render into Congo: Mioko-Koanga, in French Bras-Coupé, The Arm Cut Off. Truly it would have been easy to admit, had this been his meaning, that his tribe, in losing him, had lost its strong right arm close off at the shoulder; not so easy for his high-paying purchaser to allow, if this other was his intent; that the arm which might no longer shake the spear or swing the wooden sword, was no better than a useless stump never to be lifted for aught else. But whether easy to allow or not, that was his meaning. He made himself a type of all Slavery, turning into flesh and blood the truth that all Slavery is maiming.

He beheld more luxury in a week than all his subjects had seen in a century. Here Congo girls were dressed in cottons and flannels worth, where he came from, an elephant's tusk apiece. Everybody wore clothes—children and lads alone excepted. Not a lion had invaded the settlement since his immigration. The serpents were as nothing; an occasional one coming up through the floor—that was all. True, there was more emaciation than unassisted conjecture could explain—a profusion of enlarged joints and diminished muscles, which, thank God, was even then confined to a narrow section and disappeared with Spanish rule. He had no experimental knowledge of it; nay, regular meals, on the contrary, gave him anxious concern, yet had the effect—spite of his apprehension that he was being fattened for a purpose—of restoring the herculean puissance which formerly in Africa had made him the terror of the battle.

When one day he had come to be quite himself, he was invited out into the sunshine, and escorted by the driver (a sort of foreman to the overseer), went forth dimly wondering. They reached a field where

some men and women were hoeing. He had seen men and women—subjects of his—labor—a little—in Africa. The driver handed him a hoe; he examined it with silent interest—until by signs he was requested to join the pastime.

"What?"

He spoke, not with his lips, but with the recoil of his splendid frame and the ferocious expansion of his eyes. This invitation was a cataract of lightning leaping down an ink-black sky. In one instant of all-pervading clearness he read his sentence—*WORK*.

Bras-Coupé was six feet five. With a sweep as quick as instinct the back of the hoe smote the driver full in the head. Next, the prince lifted the nearest Congo cross-wise, brought thirty-two teeth together in his wildly-kicking leg and cast him away as a bad morsel; then, throwing another into the branches of a willow, and a woman over his head into a draining-ditch, he made one bound for freedom, and fell to his knees, rocking from side to side under the effect of a pistol-ball from the overseer. It had struck him in the forehead, and running around the skull in search of a penetrable spot, tradition—which sometimes jests—says came out despairingly, exactly where it had entered.

It so happened that, except the overseer, the whole company were black. Why should the trivial scandal be blabbed? A plaster or two made everything even in a short time, except in the driver's case—for the driver died. The woman whom Bras-Coupé had thrown over his head lived to sell calas to Joseph Frowenfeld.

Don José, young and austere, knew nothing about agriculture and cared as much about human nature. The overseer often thought this, but never said it; he would not trust even himself with the dangerous criticism. When he ventured to reveal the foregoing incidents to the señor he laid all the blame possible upon the man whom death had removed beyond the reach of correction, and brought his account to a climax by hazarding the assertion that Bras-Coupé was an animal that could not be whipped.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the master, with gentle emphasis, "how so?"

"Perhaps señor had better ride down to the quarters," replied the overseer.

It was a great sacrifice of dignity, but the master made it.

"Bring him out."

They brought him out—chains on his feet, chains on his wrists, an iron yoke on his

neck. The Spanish-Creole master had often seen the bull, with his long, keen horns and blazing eye, standing in the arena; but this was as though he had come face to face with a rhinoceros.

"This man is not a Congo," he said.

"He is a Jaloff," replied the encouraged overseer. "See his fine, straight nose; moreover, he is a *candio*—a prince. If I whip him he will die."

The dauntless captive and fearless master stood looking into each other's eyes until each recognized in the other his peer in physical courage, and each was struck with an admiration for the other which no after difference was sufficient entirely to destroy. Had Bras-Coupé's eye quailed but once—just for one little instant—he would have got the lash; but, as it was —

"Get an interpreter," said Don José; then, more privately, "and come to an understanding. I shall require it of you."

Where might one find an interpreter—one not merely able to render a Jaloff's meaning into Creole French or Spanish, but with such a turn for diplomatic correspondence as would bring about an "understanding" with this African buffalo? The overseer was left standing and thinking, and Clemence, who had not forgotten who threw her into the draining-ditch, cunningly passed by.

"Ah, Clemence —"

"*Mo pas capabe! Mo pas capabe!* (I cannot, I cannot!) *Ya, ya, ya!* 'oir Miché Agricola' Fusilier! *ouala yune bon monture, oui!*"—which was to signify that Agricola could interpret the very Papa Lébat.

"Agricola Fusilier! The last man on earth to make peace."

But there seemed to be no choice, and to Agricola the overseer went. It was but a little ride to the Grandissime place.

"I, Agricola Fusilier, stand as interpreter to a negro? H-sir!"

"But I thought you might know of some person," said the weakening applicant, rubbing his ear with his hand.

"Ah!" replied Agricola, addressing the surrounding scenery, "if I did not—who would? You may take Palmyre."

The overseer softly smote his hands together at the happy thought.

"Yes," said Agricola, "take Palmyre; she has picked up as many negro dialects as I know European languages."

And she went to the don's plantation as interpreters, followed by Agricola's prayer to Fate that she might in some way be over-

taken by disaster. The two hated each other with all the strength they had. He knew not only her pride, but her passion for the absent Honoré. He hated her, also, for her intelligence, for the high favor in which she stood with her mistress, and for her invincible spirit, which was more offensively patent to him than to others, since he was himself the chief object of her silent detestation.

It was Palmyre's habit to do nothing without painstaking. "When Mademoiselle comes to be Señora," thought she—she knew that her mistress and the don were affianced—"it will be well to have Señor's esteem. I shall endeavor to succeed." It was from this motive, then, that with the aid of her mistress she attired herself in a resplendence of scarlet and beads and feathers that could not fail the double purpose of connecting her with the children of Ethiopia and commanding the captive's instant admiration.

Alas for those who succeed too well! No sooner did the African turn his tiger glance upon her than the fire of his eyes died out; and when she spoke to him in the dear accents of his native tongue, the matter of strife vanished from his mind. He loved.

He sat down tamely in his irons and listened to Palmyre's argument as a wrecked mariner would listen to ghostly church-bells. He would give a short assent, feast his eyes, again assent, and feast his ears; but when at length she made bold to approach the actual issue, and finally uttered the loathed word, *Work*, he rose up, six feet five, a statue of indignation in black marble.

And then Palmyre, too, rose up, glorying in him, and went to explain to master and overseer. Bras-Coupé understood, she said, that he was a slave—it was the fortune of war, and he was a warrior; but, according to a generally recognized principle in African international law, he could not reasonably be expected to work.

"As señor will remember I told him," remarked the overseer; "how can a man expect to plow with a zebra?"

Here he recalled a fact in his early experience. An African of this stripe had been found to answer admirably as a "driver" to make others work. A second and third parley, extending through two or three days, were held with the prince, looking to his appointment to the vacant office of driver; yet what was the master's amazement to learn at length that his Highness declined the proffered honor.

"Stop!" spoke the overseer again, detecting a look of alarm in Palmyre's face as she turned away, "he doesn't do any such thing. If Señor will let me take the man to Agricola——"

"No!" cried Palmyre, with an agonized look, "I will tell. He will take the place and fill it if you will give me to him for his own—but oh, messieurs, for the love of God—I do not want to be his wife!"

The overseer looked at the Señor, ready to approve whatever he should decide. Bras-Coupé's intrepid audacity took the Spaniard's heart by irresistible assault.

"I leave it entirely with Señor Fusilier," he said.

"But he is not my master; he has no right——"

"Silence!"

And she was silent; and so, sometimes, is fire in the wall.

Agricola's consent was given with malicious promptness, and as Bras-Coupé's fetters fell off it was decreed that, should he fill his office efficiently, there should be a wedding on the rear veranda of the Grandissime mansion simultaneously with the one already appointed to take place in the grand hall of the same house six months from that present day. In the meanwhile Palmyre should remain with Mademoiselle, who had promptly but quietly made up her mind that Palmyre should not be wed unless she wished to be. Bras-Coupé made no objection, was royally worthless for a time, but learned fast, mastered the "gumbo" dialect in a few weeks, and in six months was the most valuable man ever bought for gourde dollars. Nevertheless, there were but three persons within as many square miles who were not most vividly afraid of him.

The first was Palmyre. His bearing in her presence was ever one of solemn, exalted respect, which, whether from pure magnanimity in himself, or by reason of her magnetic eye, was something worth being there to see. "It was royal!" said the overseer.

The second was not that official. When Bras-Coupé said—as, at stated intervals, he did say—"Mo courri c'ez Agricola Fusilier 'pou' oir' n amoureuse (I go to Agricola Fusilier to see my betrothed)," the overseer would sooner have intercepted a score of painted Chickasaws than that one lover. He would look after him and shake a prophetic head. "Trouble coming; better not deceive that fellow;" yet that was the very

thing Palmyre dared do. Her admiration for Bras-Coupé was almost boundless. She rejoiced in his stature; she reveled in the contemplation of his untamable spirit; he seemed to her the gigantic embodiment of her own dark, fierce will, the expanded realization of her life-time longing for terrible strength. But the single deficiency in all this impassioned regard was—what so many fairer loves have found impossible to explain to so many gentler lovers—an entire absence of preference; her heart she could not give him—she did not have it. Yet after her first prayer to the Spaniard and his overseer for deliverance, to the secret surprise and chagrin of her young mistress, she simulated content. It was artifice; she knew Agricola's power, and to seem to consent was her one chance with him. He might thus be beguiled into withdrawing his own consent. That failing, she had Mademoiselle's promise to come to the rescue, which she could use at the last moment; and that failing, there was a dirk in her bosom, for which a certain hard breast was not too hard. Another element of safety, of which she knew nothing, was a letter from the Cannes Brûlée. The word had reached there that love had conquered—that, despite all hard words, and rancor, and positive injury, the Grandissime hand—the fairest of Grandissime hands—was about to be laid into that of one who without much stretch might be called a De Grapion; that there was, moreover, positive effort being made to induce a restitution of old gaming-table spoils. Honoré and Mademoiselle, his sister, one on each side of the Atlantic, were striving for this end. Don José sent this intelligence to his kinsman as glad tidings (a lover never imagines there are two sides to that which makes him happy) and, to add a touch of humor, told how Palmyre, also, was given to the chieftain. The letter that came back to the young Spaniard did not blame him so much: he was ignorant of all the facts; but a very formal one to Agricola begged to notify him that if Palmyre's union with Bras-Coupé should be completed, as sure as there was a God in heaven, the writer would have the life of the man who knowingly had thus endeavored to dishonor one who shared the blood of the De Grapions. Thereupon Agricola, contrary to his general character, began to drop hints to Don José that the engagement of Bras-Coupé and Palmyre need not be considered irreversible; but the don was not desirous of disap-

pointing his terrible pet. Palmyre, unluckily, played her game a little too deeply. She thought the moment had come for herself to insist on the match, and thus provoke Agricola to forbid it. To her incalculable dismay she saw him a second time reconsider and become silent.

The second person who did not fear Bras-Coupé was Mademoiselle. On one of the giant's earliest visits to see Palmyre he obeyed the summons which she brought him, to appear before the lady. A more artificial man might have objected on the score of dress, his attire being a single gaudy garment tightly enveloping the waist and thighs. As his eyes fell upon the beautiful white lady he prostrated himself upon the ground, his arms outstretched before him. He would not move till she was gone. Then he rose like a hermit who has seen a vision. "*Bras-Coupé n' pas oulé oir zombis* (Bras-Coupé dares not look upon a spirit)." From that hour he worshiped. He saw her often; every time, after one glance at her countenance, he would prostrate his gigantic length with his face in the dust.

The third person who did not fear him was—Agricola? Nay, it was the Spaniard—a man whose capability to fear anything in nature or beyond had never been discovered.

Long before the end of his probation Bras-Coupé would have slipped the entanglements of bondage, though as yet he felt them only as one feels a spider's web across the face, had not the master, according to a little affectation of the times, promoted him to be his game-keeper. Many a day did these two living magazines of wrath spend together in the dismal swamps and on the meager intersecting ridges, making war upon deer and bear and wildcat; or on the Mississippi after wild goose and pelican; when even a word misplaced would have made either the slayer of the other. Yet the months ran smoothly round and the wedding night drew nigh.\* A goodly company had assembled. All things were ready. The bride was dressed, the bridegroom had come. On the great back piazza, which had been inclosed with sail-cloth and lighted

with lanterns, was Palmyre, full of a new and deep design and playing her deceit to the last, robed in costly garments to whose beauty was added the charm of their having been worn once, and once only, by her beloved Mademoiselle.

But where was Bras-Coupé?

The question was asked of Palmyre by Agricola with a gaze that meant in English, "No tricks, girl!"

Among the servants who huddled at the windows and doors to see the inner magnificence a frightened whisper was already going round.

"We have made a sad discovery, Miché Fusilier," said the overseer. "Bras-Coupé is here; we have him in a room just yonder. But—the truth is, sir, Bras-Coupé is a voodoo."

"Well, and suppose he is; what of it? Only hush; do not let his master know it. It is nothing; all the blacks are voodooes, more or less."

"But he declines to dress himself—has painted himself all rings and stripes, antelope fashion."

"Tell him Agricola Fusilier says, 'dress immediately!'"

"Oh, Miché, we have said that five times already, and his answer—you will pardon me—his answer is—spitting on the ground—that you are a contemptible *dotchian* (white trash)."

There is nothing to do but privily to call the very bride—the lady herself. She comes forth in all her glory, small, but oh, so beautiful! Slam! Bras-Coupé is upon his face, his finger-tips touching the tips of her snowy slippers. She gently bids him go and dress, and at once he goes.

Ah! now the question may be answered without whispering. There is Bras-Coupé, towering above all heads, in ridiculous red and blue regimentals, but with a look of savage dignity upon him that keeps every one from laughing. The murmur of admiration that passed along the thronged gallery leaped up into a shout in the bosom of Palmyre. Oh, Bras-Coupé—heroic soul! She would not falter. She would let the silly priest say his say—then her cunning should help her *not to be* his wife, yet to show his mighty arm how and when to strike.

"He is looking for Palmyre," said some, and at that moment he saw her.

"Ho-o-o-o-o!"

Agricola's best roar was a penny trumpet to Bras-Coupé's note of joy. The whole

\* An over-zealous Franciscan once complained bitterly to the bishop of Havana, that people were being married in Louisiana in their own houses after dark and thinking nothing of it. It is not certain that he had reference to the Grandissime mansion; at any rate he was tittered down by the whole community.



masculine half of the in-door company flocked out to see what the matter was. Bras-Coupé was taking her hand in one of his and laying his other upon her head; and as some one made an unnecessary gesture for silence, he sang, beating slow and solemn time with his naked foot and with the hand that dropped hers to smite his breast:

"*En haut la montagne, zami,  
Mo pé coupé canne, zami,  
Pou' fé l'a'zen' zami,  
Pou' mo baïlle Palmyre.  
Ah! Palmyre, Palmyre mo c'ere,  
Mo l'aimé 'ou'—mo l'aimé 'ou'.*"

"*Montagne?*" asked one slave of another, "*qui ci ça, montagne? gnia pas quic' ose comme ça dans la Louisiana?*" (What's a mountain? We haven't such things in Louisiana.)

"*Mein ye gagnein plein montagnes dans l'Afrique,* listen!"

"*Ah! Palmyre, Palmyre, mo' piti zozo,  
Mo l'aimé 'ou'—mo l'aimé l'aimé 'ou'.*"

"Bravissimo!" but just then a counter-attraction drew the white company back into the house. An old French priest with sandaled feet and a dirty face had arrived. There was a moment of hand-shaking with the good father, then a moment of palpitation and holding of the breath, and then—you would have known it by the turning away of two or three feminine heads in tears—the lily hand became the don's, to have and to hold, by authority of the Church and the Spanish king. And all was merry, save that outside there was coming up as villainous a night as ever cast black looks in through snug windows.

It was just as the newly wed Spaniard, with Agricola and all the guests, were concluding the by-play of marrying the darker couple, that the hurricane struck the dwelling. The holy and jovial father had made faint pretense of kissing this second bride; the ladies, colonels, dons, etc.,—though the joke struck them as a trifle coarse—were beginning to laugh and clap hands again and the gowned jester to bow to right and left, when Bras-Coupé, tardily realizing the consummation of his hopes, stepped forward to embrace his wife.

"Bras-Coupé!"

The voice was that of Palmyre's mistress. She had not been able to comprehend her maid's behavior, but now Palmyre had darted upon her an appealing look.

The warrior stopped as if a javelin had flashed over his head and stuck in the wall.

"Bras-Coupé must wait till I give him his wife."

He sank, with hidden face, slowly to the floor.

"Bras-Coupé hears the voice of zombis; the voice is sweet, but the words are very strong; from the same sugar-cane comes *sirop* and *tafia*; Bras-Coupé says to zombis, 'Bras-Coupé will wait; but if the *dotchians* deceive Bras-Coupé—" he rose to his feet with his eyes closed and his great black fist lifted over his head—"Bras-Coupé will call Voudou-Magnan!"

The crowd retreated and the storm fell like a burst of infernal applause. A whiff like fifty witches flouted up the canvas curtain of the gallery and a fierce black cloud, drawing the moon under its cloak, belched forth a stream of fire that seemed to flood the ground; a peal of thunder followed as if the sky had fallen in, the house quivered, the great oaks groaned, and every lesser thing bowed down before the awful blast. Every lip held its breath for a minute—or an hour, no one knew—there was a sudden lull of the wind, and the floods came down. Have you heard it thunder and rain in those Louisiana lowlands? Every clap seems to crack the world. It has rained a moment; you peer through the black pane—your house is an island, all the land is sea.

However, the supper was spread in the hall and in due time the guests were filled. Then a supper was spread in the big hall in the basement, below stairs, the sons and daughters of Ham came down like the fowls of the air upon a rice-field, and Bras-Coupé, throwing his heels about with the joyous carelessness of a smutted Mercury, for the first time in his life tasted the blood of the grape. A second, a fifth, a tenth time he tasted it, drinking more deeply each time, and would have taken it ten times more had not his bride cunningly concealed it. It was like stealing a tiger's kittens.

The moment quickly came when he wanted his eleventh bumper. As he presented his request a silent shiver of consternation ran through the dark company; and when, in what the prince meant as a remonstrative tone, he repeated the petition—splitting the table with his fist by way of punctuation—there ensued a hustling up staircases and a cramming into dim corners that left him alone at the banquet.

Leaving the table, he strode upstairs and into the chattering and dancing of the grand salon. There was a halt in the cotillion

and a hush of amazement like the shutting off of steam. Bras-Coupé strode straight to his master, laid his paw upon his fellow-bridegroom's shoulder and in a thunder-tone demanded :

"More!"

The master swore a Spanish oath, lifted his hand and—fell, beneath the terrific fist of his slave, with a bang that jingled the candelabras. Dolorous stroke!—for the dealer of it. Given, apparently to him—poor, tipsy savage—in self-defense, punishable, in a white offender, by a small fine or a few days' imprisonment, it assured Bras-Coupé the death of a felon; such was the old *Code Noir*. (We have a *Code Noir* now, but the new one is a mental reservation, not an enactment.)

The guests stood for an instant as if frozen, smitten stiff with the instant expectation of insurrection, conflagration and rapine (just as we do to-day whenever some poor swaggering Pompey rolls up his fist and gets a ball through his body), while, single-handed and naked-fisted in a roomful of swords, the giant stood over his master, making strange signs and passes and rolling out in wrathful words of his mother tongue what it needed no interpreter to tell his swarming enemies was a voodoo malediction.

"*Nous sommes grigris!*" screamed two or three ladies, "we are bewitched!"

"Look to your wives and daughters!" shouted a Brahmin-Mandarin.

"Shoot the black devils without mercy!" cried a Mandarin-Fusilier, unconsciously putting into a single outflash of words the whole Creole treatment of race troubles.

With a single bound Bras-Coupé reached the drawing-room door; his gaudy regimentals made a red and blue streak down the hall; there was a rush of frilled and powdered gentlemen to the rear veranda, an avalanche of lightning with Bras-Coupé in the midst making for the swamp, and then all without was blackness of darkness and all within was a wild commingled chatter of Creole, French and Spanish tongues,—in the midst of which the reluctant Agricola returned his dress-sword to its scabbard.

While the wet lanterns swung on crazily in the trees along the way by which the bridegroom was to have borne his bride; while Madame Grandissime prepared an impromptu bridal-chamber; while the Spaniard bathed his eye and the blue gash on his cheek-bone; while Palmyre paced her

room in a fever and wild tremor of conflicting emotions throughout the night and the guests splashed home after the storm as best they could, Bras-Coupé was practically declaring his independence on a slight rise of ground hardly sixty feet in circumference and lifted scarce above the water in the inmost depths of the swamp.

And what surroundings! Endless colonnades of cypresses; long, motionless drapings of gray moss; broad sheets of noisome waters, pitchy black, resting on bottomless ooze; cypress knees studding the surface; patches of floating green, gleaming brilliantly here and there; yonder where the sunbeams wedge themselves in, constellations of water-lilies, the many-hued iris, and a multitude of flowers that no man had named; here, too, serpents great and small, of wonderful colorings, and the dull and loathsome moccasin sliding warily off the dead tree; in dimmer recesses the cow alligator, with her nest hard by; turtles a century old; owls and bats, raccoons, opossums, rats, centipedes and creatures of like vileness; great vines of beautiful leaf and scarlet fruit in deadly clusters; maddening mosquitoes, parasitic insects, gorgeous dragon-flies and pretty water-lizards; the blue heron, the snowy crane, the red-bird, the moss-bird, the night-hawk and the chuck-will's-widow; a solemn stillness and stifled air only now and then disturbed by the call or whir of the summer-duck, the dismal ventriloquous note of the rain-crow, or the splash of a dead branch falling into the clear but lifeless bayou.

The pack of Cuban hounds that howl from Don José's kennels cannot snuff the trail of the stolen canoe that glides through the somber blue vapors of the African's fastnesses. His arrows send no tell-tale reverberations to the distant clearing. Many a wretch in his native wilderness has Bras-Coupé himself, in palmier days, driven to just such an existence, to escape the chains and horrors of the barracoons; therefore not a whit broods he over man's inhumanity, but, taking the affair as a matter of course, casts about him for a future.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### THE STORY OF BRAS-COUPÉ, CONTINUED.

BRAS-COUPÉ let the autumn pass, and wintered in his den.

Don José, in a majestic way, endeavored

to be happy. He took his señora to his hall, and under her rule it took on for a while a look and feeling which turned it from a hunting-lodge into a home. Wherever the lady's steps turned—or it is as correct to say wherever the proud tread of Palmyre turned—the features of bachelor's hall disappeared; guns, dogs, oars, saddles, nets, went their way into proper banishment, and the broad halls and lofty chambers—the floors now muffled with mats of palmetto-leaf—no longer re-echoed the tread of a lonely master, but breathed a redolence of flowers and a rippling murmur of well-contented song.

But the song was not from the throat of Bras-Coupé's "*piti zozo*." Silent and severe by day, she moaned away whole nights heaping reproaches upon herself for the impulse—now to her, because it had failed, inexplicable in its folly—which had permitted her hand to lie in Bras-Coupé's and the priest to bind them together.

For in the audacity of her pride, or, as Agricola would have said, in the immensity of her impudence, she had held herself consecrate to a hopeless love. But now she was a black man's wife! and even he unable to sit at her feet and learn the lesson she had hoped to teach him. She had heard of San Domingo, and for months the fierce heart within her silent bosom had been leaping and shouting and seeing visions of fire and blood, and when she brooded over the nearness of Agricola and the remoteness of Honoré these visions got from her a sort of mad consent. The lesson she would have taught the giant was Insurrection. But it was too late. Letting her dagger sleep in her bosom, and with an undefined belief in imaginary resources, she had consented to join hands with her giant hero before the priest; and when the wedding had come and gone, like a white sail, she was seized with a lasting, fierce despair. A wild aggressiveness that had formerly characterized her glance in moments of anger—moments which had grown more and more infrequent under the softening influence of her Mademoiselle's nature—now came back intensified and blazed in her eye perpetually. Whatever her secret love may have been in kind, its sinking beyond hope below the horizon had left her fifty times the mutineer she had been before—the mutineer who has nothing to lose.

"She loves her *candio*," said the negroes.

"Simple creatures!" said the overseer, who prided himself on his discernment,

"she loves nothing; she hates Agricola; it's a case of hate at first sight—the strongest kind."

Both were right; her feelings were wonderfully knit to the African; and she now dedicated herself to Agricola's ruin.

The señor, it has been said, endeavored to be happy; but now his heart conceived and brought forth its first-born fear, sired by superstition—the fear that he was bewitched. The negroes said that Bras-Coupé had cursed the land. Morning after morning the master looked out with apprehension toward his fields, until one night the worm came upon the indigo and between sunset and sunrise every green leaf had been eaten up, and there was nothing left for either insect or apprehension to feed upon.

And then he said—and the echo came back from the Cannes Brulées—that the very bottom culpability of this thing rested on the Grandissimes, and specifically on their fuleman Agricola, through his putting the hellish African upon him. Moreover, fever and death, to a degree unknown before, fell upon his slaves. Those to whom life was spared—but to whom strength did not return—wandered about the place like scarecrows, looking for shelter, and made the very air dismal with the reiteration, "*No' ouanga* (we are bewitched), *Bras-Coupé fe moi des grisgris* (the voodoo's spells are on me)." The ripple of song was hushed and the flowers fell upon the floor.

"I have heard an English maxim," wrote Colonel De Grapion to his kinsman, "which I would recommend you to put into practice—'Fight the devil with fire.'"

No, he would not recognize devils as beligerents.

But if Rome commissioned exorcists, could not he employ one?

No, he would not! If his hounds could not catch Bras-Coupé, why, let him go. The overseer tried the hounds once more and came home with the best one across his saddle-bow, an arrow run half through its side.

Once the blacks attempted by certain familiar rum-pourings and nocturnal charm-singing to lift the curse; but the moment the master heard the wild monotone of their infernal worship, he stopped it with a word.

Early in February came the spring, and with it some resurrection of hope and courage. It may have been—it certainly was, in part—because young Honoré Grandissime had returned. He was like the sun's warmth wherever he went; and the other Honoré was like his shadow. The fairer one

quickly saw the meaning of these things, hastened to cheer the young don with hopes of a better future, and to effect, if he could, the restoration of Bras-Coupé to his master's favor. But this latter effort was an idle one. He had long sittings with his uncle Agricola to the same end, but they always ended fruitless and often angrily.

His dark half-brother had seen Palmyre and loved her. Honoré would gladly have solved one or two riddles by effecting their honorable union in marriage. The previous ceremony on the Grandissime back piazza need be no impediment; all slave-owners understood those things. Following Honoré's advice, the f. m. c., who had come into possession of his paternal portion, sent to Cannes Brulée a written offer to buy Palmyre at any price that her master might name, stating his intention to free her and make her his wife. Colonel De Grapion could hardly hope to settle Palmyre's fate more satisfactorily, yet he could not forego an opportunity to indulge his pride by following up the threat he had hung over Agricola to kill whosoever should give Palmyre to a black man. He referred the subject and the would-be purchaser to him. It would open up to the old braggart a line of retreat, thought the planter of the Cannes Brulée.

But the idea of retreat had left Citizen Fusilier.

"She is already married," said he to M. Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c. "She is the lawful wife of Bras-Coupé; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder. You know it, sirrah. You did this for impudence, to make a show of your wealth. You intended it as an insinuation of equality. I overlook the impertinence for the sake of the man whose white blood you carry; but h-mark you, if ever you bring your Parisian airs and self-sufficient face on a level with mine again, h-I will slap it."

The quadroom, three nights after, was so indiscreet as to give him the opportunity, and he did it—at that quadroom ball.

But Don José, we say, plucked up new spirit.

"Last year's disasters were but fortune's freaks," he said. "See, the crops have failed all about us."

The overseer shook his head.

"*C'est ce maudit cocodri' là bas* (It is that accursed alligator, Bras-Coupé, down yonder in the swamp)."

And by and by the master was again smitten with the same belief. He and his

neighbors put in their crops afresh. The spring waned, summer passed, the fevers returned, the year wore round, but no harvest smiled. "Alas!" cried the planters, "we are all poor men!" The worst among the worst were the fields of Bras-Coupé's master—parched and shriveled. "He does not understand planting," said his neighbors; "neither does his overseer. Maybe, too, it is true as he says, that he is voodooed."

One day at high noon the master was taken sick with fever.

The third noon after—the sad wife sitting by the bedside—suddenly, right in the center of the room, with the open door behind him, stood the magnificent, half-nude form of Bras-Coupé. He did not fall down as the mistress's eyes met his, though all his flesh quivered. The master was lying with his eyes closed. The fever had done a fearful three days' work.

"*Mioko-koanga oulé so' femme* (Bras-Coupé wants his wife)."

The master started wildly and stared upon his slave.

"*Bras-Coupé oulé so' femme!*" repeated the black.

"Seize him!" cried the sick man, trying to rise.

But, though several servants had ventured in with frightened faces, none dared molest him. The master turned his entreating eyes upon his wife, but she seemed stunned, and only covered her face with her hands and sat as if paralyzed by a foreknowledge of what was coming.

Bras-Coupé lifted his great, black palm and commenced:

"*Mo cé voudrai que la maison ci là et tout ça qui pas femme' ici s'raient encore maudits!* (May this house and all in it who are not women be accursed)."

The master fell back upon his pillow with a groan of helpless wrath.

The African pointed his finger through the open window.

"May its fields not know the plow nor nourish the cattle that overrun it."

The domestics, who had thus far stood their ground, suddenly rushed from the room like stampeded cattle, and at that moment appeared Palmyre.

"Speak to him," faintly cried the panting invalid.

She went firmly up to her husband and lifted her hand. With an easy motion, but quick as lightning, as a lion sets foot on a dog, he caught her by the arm.

"*Bras-Coupé oulé so' femme,*" he said, and

just then Palmyre would have gone with him to the equator.

"You shall not have her!" gasped the master.

The African seemed to rise in height, and still holding his wife at arm's length, resumed his malediction:

"May weeds cover the ground until the air is full of their odor and the wild beasts of the forest come and lie down under their cover."

With a frantic effort the master lifted himself upon his elbow and extended his clenched fist in speechless defiance; but his brain reeled, his sight went out, and when again he saw, Palmyre and her mistress were bending over him, the overseer stood awkwardly by and Bras-Coupé was gone.

The plantation became an invalid camp. The words of the voodoo found fulfillment on every side. The plow went not out; the herds wandered through broken hedges from field to field and came up with staring bones and shrunken sides; a frenzied mob of weeds and thorns wrestled and throttled each other in a struggle for standing-room—rag-weed, smart-weed, sneeze-weed, bind-weed, iron-weed—until the burning skies of midsummer checked their growth and crowned their unshorn tops with rank and dingy flowers.

"Why, in the name of—St. Francis," asked the priest of the overseer, "didn't the señora use her power over the black scoundrel when he stood and cursed, that day?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, father," said the overseer, in a discreet whisper, "I can only suppose she thought Bras-Coupé had half a right to do it."

"Ah, ah, I see; like her brother Honoré—looks at both sides of a question—a miserable practice; but why couldn't Palmyre use her eyes? They would have stopped him."

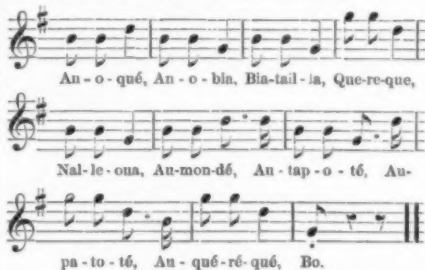
"Palmyre? Why, Palmyre has become the best *mouture* (Plutonian medium) in the parish. Agricola Fusilier himself is afraid of her. Sir, I think sometimes Bras-Coupé is dead and his spirit has gone into Palmyre. She would rather add to his curse than take from it."

"Ah!" said the jovial divine, with a fat smile, "castigation would help her case; the whip is a great sanctifier. I venture it would even make a Christian of the inexpugnable Bras-Coupé."

But Bras-Coupé kept beyond the reach alike of the lash and of the Latin Bible.

By and by came a man with a rumor,

whom the overseer brought to the master's sick-room, to tell that an enterprising Frenchman was attempting to produce a new staple in Louisiana, one that worms would not annihilate. It was that year of history when the despairing planters saw ruin hovering so close over them that they cried to heaven for succor. Providence raised up Etienne de Boré. "And if Etienne is successful," cried the news-bearer, "and gets the juice of the sugar-cane to crystallize, so shall all of us, after him, and shall yet save our lands and homes. Oh, Señor, it will make you strong again to see these fields all cane and the long rows of negroes and negresses cutting it, while they sing their song of those droll African numerals, counting the canes they cut," and the bearer of good tidings sang them for very joy:



"And Honoré Grandissime is going to introduce it on his lands," said Don José.

"That is true," said Agricola Fusilier, coming in. Honoré, the indefatigable peace-maker, had brought his uncle and his brother-in-law for the moment not only to speaking but to friendly terms.

The señor smiled.

"I have some good tidings, too," he said; "my beloved lady has born me a son."

"Another scion of the house of Grand—I mean Martinez!" exclaimed Agricola. "And now, Don José, let me say that I have an item of rare intelligence!"

The don lifted his feeble head and opened his inquiring eyes with a sudden, savage light in them.

"No," said Agricola, "he is not exactly taken yet, but they are on his track."

"Who?"

"The police. We may say he is virtually in our grasp."

It was on a Sabbath afternoon that, a band of Choctaws having just played a game of racquette behind the city and a similar game being about to end between



the white champions of two rival faubourgs, the beating of tom-toms, rattling of mules' jaw-bones and sounding of wooden horns drew the populace across the fields to a spot whose present name of Congo Square still preserves a reminder of its old barbaric pastimes. On a grassy plain under the ramparts, the performers of these hideous discords sat upon the ground facing each other, and in their midst the dancers danced. They gyrated in couples, a few at a time, throwing their bodies into the most startling attitudes and the wildest contortions, while the whole company of black lookers-on, incited by the tones of the weird music and the violent posturing of the dancers, swayed and writhed in passionate sympathy, beating their breasts, palms and thighs in time with the bones and drums, and at frequent intervals lifting, in that wild African unison no more to be described than forgotten, the unutterable songs of the Babouille and Counjaille dances, with their ejaculatory burdens of "*Aie ! Aie ! Voudou Magnan !*" and "*Aie Calinda ! Dance Calinda !*" The volume of sound rose and fell with the augmentation or diminution of the dancers' extravagances. Now a fresh man, young and supple, bounding into the ring, revived the flagging rattlers, drummers and trumpeters ; now a wearied dancer, finding his strength going, gathered all his force at the cry of "*Dance zisqu'a mort !*" rallied to a grand finale and with one magnificent antic, fell, foaming at the mouth.

The amusement had reached its height. Many participants had been lugged out by the neck to avoid their being danced on, and the enthusiasm of the crowd had risen to a frenzy, when there bounded into the ring the blackest of black men, an athlete of superb figure, in breeches of "*Indienne*"—the stuff used for slave women's best dresses—jingling with bells, his feet in moccasins, his tight, crisp hair decked out with feathers, a necklace of alligators' teeth rattling on his breast and a living serpent twined about his neck.

It chanced that but one couple was dancing. Whether they had been sent there to dance by advice of Agricola is not certain. Snatching a tambourine from a by-stander as he entered, the stranger thrust the male dancer aside, faced the woman and began a series of saturnalian antics, compared with which, all that had gone before was tame and sluggish ; and as he finally leaped, with tinkling heels, clean over his bewildered partner's head, the multitude howled with rapture.

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Ill-starred Bras-Coupé ! He was in that extra-hazardous and irresponsible condition of mind and body known in the undignified present as "drunk again."

By the strangest fortune, if not, as we have just hinted, by some design, the man whom he had once deposited in the willow bushes, and the woman Clemence, were the very two dancers, and no other, whom he had interrupted. The man first stupidly regarded, next admiringly gazed upon, and then distinctly recognized, his whilom driver. Five minutes later the Spanish police were putting their heads together to devise a quick and permanent capture ; and in the midst of the sixth minute, as the wonderful fellow was rising in a yet more astounding leap than his last, a lasso fell about his neck and brought him, crashing like a burnt tree, face upward upon the turf.

"The runaway slave," said the old French code, continued in force by the Spaniards, "the runaway slave who shall continue to be so for one month from the day of his being denounced to the officers of justice, shall have his ears cut off and shall be branded with the flower de luce on the shoulder ; and on a second offense of the same nature, persisted in during one month from the day of his being denounced, he shall be hamstrung, and be marked with the flower de luce on the other shoulder. On the third offense he shall die." Bras-Coupé had run away only twice. "But," said Agricola, "these 'bossals' must be taught their place. Besides, there is Article 27 of the same code : 'The slave who, having struck his master, shall have produced a bruise, shall suffer capital punishment'—a very necessary law !" He concluded with a scowl upon Palmyre, who shot back a glance which he never forgot.

The Spaniard showed himself very merciful—for a Spaniard ; he spared the captive's life. He might have been more merciful still ; but Honoré Grandissime said some indignant things in the African's favor, and as much to teach the Grandissimes a lesson as to punish the runaway, he would have repented his clemency, as he repented the momentary truce with Agricola, but for the tearful pleading of the señora and the hot, dry eyes of her maid. Because of these he overlooked the offense against his person and estate, and delivered Bras-Coupé to the law to suffer only the penalties of the crime he had committed against society by attempting to be a free man.

We repeat it for the credit of Palmyre,

that she pleaded for Bras-Coupé. But what it cost her to make that intercession, knowing that his death would leave her free and that if he lived she must be his wife, let us not attempt to say.

In the midst of the ancient town, in a part which is now crumbling away, stood the Calaboza, with its humid vaults, grated cells, iron cages, and its whips; and there, soon enough, they strapped Bras-Coupé face downward and laid on the lash. And yet not a sound came from the mutilated but unconquered African to annoy the ear of the sleeping city.

("And you suffered this thing to take place?" asked Joseph Frowenfeld of Honoré Grandissime.

"My-de-seh!" exclaimed the Creole, "they lied to me—said they would not harm him!")

He was brought at sunrise to the plantation. The air was sweet with the smell of the weed-grown fields. The long-horned oxen that drew him and the naked boy that drove the team stopped before his cabin.

"You cannot put that creature in there," said the thoughtful overseer. "He would suffocate under a roof—he has been too long out-of-doors for that. Put him on my cottage porch." There, at last, Palmyre burst into tears and sank down, while before her on a soft bed of dry grass, rested the helpless form of the captive giant, a cloth thrown over his galled back, his ears shorn from his head, and the tendons behind his knees severed. His eyes were dry, but there was in them that unspeakable despair that fills the eye of the charger when, fallen in battle, he gazes with sidewise-bended neck upon the ruin wrought upon him. His eye turned sometimes slowly to his wife. He need not demand her now—she was always by him.

There was much talk over him—much idle talk; no power or circumstance has ever been found that will keep a Creole from talking. He merely lay still under it with a fixed frown; but once some incautious tongue dropped the name of Agricola. The black man's eyes came so quickly round to Palmyre that she thought he would speak; but no; his words were all in his eyes. She answered their gleam with a fierce affirmative glance; whereupon he slowly bent his head and spat upon the floor.

There was yet one more trial of his wild nature. The mandate came from his master's sick-bed that he must lift the curse.

Bras-Coupé merely smiled. God keep thy enemy from such a smile!

The overseer, with a policy less Spanish than his master's, endeavored to use persuasion. But the fallen prince would not so much as turn one glance from his parted hamstrings. Palmyre was then besought to intercede. She made one poor attempt, but her husband was nearer doing her an unkindness than ever he had been before; he made a slow sign for silence—with his fist; and every mouth was stopped.

At midnight following, there came, on the breeze that blew from the mansion, a sound of running here and there, of wailing and sobbing—another Bridegroom was coming, and the Spaniard, with much such a lamp in hand as most of us shall be found with, neither burning brightly nor wholly gone out, went forth to meet Him.

"Bras-Coupé," said Palmyre, next evening, speaking low in his mangled ear, "the master is dead; he is just buried. As he was dying, Bras-Coupé, he asked that you would forgive him."

The maimed man looked steadfastly at his wife. He had not spoken since the lash struck him, and he spoke not now; but in those large, clear eyes, where his remaining strength seemed to have taken refuge as in a citadel, the old fierceness flared up for a moment, and then, like an expiring beacon, went out.

"Is your mistress well enough by this time to venture here?" whispered the overseer to Palmyre. "Let her come. Tell her not to fear, but to bring the babe—in her own arms, tell her—quickly!"

The lady came, her infant boy in her arms, knelt down beside the bed of sweet grass and set the child within the hollow of the African's arm. Bras-Coupé turned his gaze upon it; it smiled, its mother's smile, and put its hand upon the runaway's face, and the first tears of Bras-Coupé's life, the dying testimony of his humanity, gushed from his eyes and rolled down his cheek upon the infant's hand. He laid his own tenderly upon the babe's forehead, then, removing it, waved it abroad, inaudibly moved his lips, dropped his arm and closed his eyes. The curse was lifted.

"*Le pauvre dgiab'!*" said the overseer, wiping his eyes and looking fieldward. "Palmyre, you must get the priest."

The priest came, in the identical gown in which he had appeared the night of the two weddings. To the good father's many tender questions Bras-Coupé turned a failing eye that gave no answers; until, at length:

"Do you know where you are going?" asked the holy man.

"Yes," answered his eyes, brightening.  
 "Where?"

He did not reply; he was lost in contemplation, and seemed looking far away.

So the question was repeated.

"Do you know where you are going?"

And again the answer of the eyes. He knew.

"Where?"

The overseer at the edge of the porch, the widow with her babe, and Palmyre and the priest bending over the dying bed, turned an eager ear to catch the answer.

"To—" the voice failed a moment; the departing hero essayed again; again it failed; he tried once more, lifted his hand, and with an ecstatic, upward smile, whispered, "To—Africa"—and was gone.

(To be continued.)

### THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

WITHIN the village church again,  
 To which my boyish steps were led,  
 With keenest pleasure, keenest pain,  
 I sat, communing with the dead.

Too sad had seemed the busy street,  
 Too strange the once familiar roof;  
 Nor was there any voice to greet  
 The wanderer with its sweet reproof.

Fain would my feet have turned and fled;  
 But with a sudden sense of shame  
 To leave the dead unvisited,  
 On to the churchyard gate I came.

The autumn rain was falling fast;  
 The leaves were strewn above the graves;  
 And in the pauses of the blast  
 There came the sound of moaning waves.

Their voice seemed crying unto me,  
 "Why is it thou couldst not forget?  
 Why hast thou come o'er land and sea,  
 To find no guerdon but regret?"

Then from the church the songs of praise  
 Broke on my mood of doubt and sin;  
 So strong the spell of other days,  
 I could not choose but enter in.

And in the holy house I found  
 My spirit's early home once more;  
 And vexing chains that years had bound  
 Dropped from me at the open door.

What though in the familiar place  
 I sat a stranger and a guest?  
 I turned from every unknown face  
 To those my heart made manifest.

I scarcely heard the preacher's voice,  
 Such thronging memories o'er me swept;  
 I only know I did rejoice,  
 I only know I grieved and wept.

For I was praying as of old,  
 And clasped a mother's gentle hand;  
 And felt the ties of love enfold  
 A long-divided household band.

From the old pulpit, high and quaint,  
 I heard with Sinai's thunders blend,  
 The raptures of a suffering saint,  
 The pity of a human friend.

That gracious voice, now touched with pain,  
 Now thrilling with celestial cheer,  
 Joined long ago the angels' strain,  
 But left its hopeful echoes here.

And now the joyous anthem rang  
 The same unchanging notes of praise;  
 But other lips they were that sang  
 With me in unforgotten days.

Those lips are dumb; and underneath  
 The waves of Indian seas she lies  
 Who sang victorious over death,  
 And in my heart who never dies.

This was her home, and here her vows  
 Of trembling faith to God were paid;  
 And now within His heavenly house,  
 She serves Him, pure and unafraid.

The short November day grew dim,—  
 No ray of sunlight cheered its close;  
 And as we sang our parting hymn,  
 Loud, and more loud the tempest rose.

Yet ere I passed the church-yard gate,  
 The answer to my prayer was given;  
 For strength to suffer and to wait  
 Was the best boon I asked of heaven.



ENGRAVED INITIAL LETTER AND MOVABLE TYPES OF  
THE MENTZ PSALTER.

TO STAMP paper upon inked types seems the simplest of mechanical operations. Done in a primitive way, it is simple. By turning the crank of his toy printing-press, the twelve-year-old amateur can produce a print which he and admiring friends say is good enough for anybody. They are sure that there is no mystery and but little science in press-work. It is as easy as Hamlet's lesson in flute-playing: "Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." Nearly every meddler with a press thinks that he understands the theory of wood-cut press-work. For that, too, is so simple: you have but to put more ink on this black portion of the cut, and less on that lighter portion; more impression on this dark shadow and less on that light sky; and the thing is done. No truism can be plainer; but it does not help the amateur any more than another truism—that the de-

## THE GROWTH OF WOOD-CUT PRINTING. I.

EARLY METHODS ON THE HAND-PRESS. 1450—1850.

sign from which the wood-cut will be made is, mechanically, nothing more than india-ink dabbed over the block. Knowing where ink should be put does not qualify one where to put it—neither on paper nor on the wood. The amateur in wood-cut printing will soon find that he cannot put ink and impression where he purposes.

That it is difficult to print wood-cuts is fairly enough shown by the general dissatisfaction of engravers with the printer's handling of their blocks. Not one cut in a dozen is printed as well as the engraver expected it would be, not even when it has been printed by an expert. Printers are equally dissatisfied. As a rule, they do not covet the work; most of them say it is vexatious and unprofitable; some say they never want to see a wood-cut in their press-rooms.

This dislike is of long standing. Gutenberg, inventor of typography, during a period when the manuscript books made for the rich were full of illustrations, and the block-books of the poor were full of printed and painted pictures, never, so far as we know, made any use of engravings on wood. His pupil, Peter Schoeffer, after an experiment in partly printing, partly painting, the engraved initials of the Psalter,—initials apparently cut on metal,—gave up the process and did the rest of his work on types. Not one of the many great master printers of the sixteenth century showed any favor for wood-cuts. The reputation or profit which may have been gained by the publishers of large engravings like Burgmair's "Triumph of Maximilian," or Dürer's "Apocalypse," never tempted famous typographers into rivalry. All of them, from Aldus Manutius to Daniel Elzevir, slighted engraving on wood. The few book printers who did try preferred cuts of small size. Indeed, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, publishers and the reading public had reached the conclusion that engraving on wood was a low branch of art, and that illustrations of merit could be had only through the copper-plate process.

The preference of artists for copper-plate hastened, but did not entirely cause, this degradation of an art which was older than typography. Wood-cuts were not neglected because publishers were stupid, for they knew quite as well as publishers know now,

the superior utility of illustrations that may be printed with the types of the text. Nor did wood-cuts go out of fashion for lack of able artists or engravers. But one plausible explanation may be hazarded: the wood-cuts that readers and publishers wanted could not be properly printed with types. The arts of designing and engraving had outgrown the art of printing. Why?

The wood-cuts of the block-books which preceded and introduced typography were mainly in bold outline—not pictures, only the skeletons of pictures, guides to the colorists by hand or stencil, who filled the boundary lines with flat color and completed the work by painting. For prints like these, engraved tints of gray were unnecessary. Light and shade, nearness and distance, were fairly enough suggested by

on the stringy fibers of the flat planks of pear or apple wood then in regular use. Nor could these tints and lines have been printed, if they had been cut. Fine lines, cut parallel with the fiber, would have frayed or flattened out after a few impressions had been taken.

The outline style, maintained for nearly fifty years after typography had been invented, was preferred because it was easy to print. It did not require so much ink nor so much impression as the closely fitting, black-faced Gothic types then in fashion. But these little merits did not make the wood-cut unobjectionable to the typographer. The flat block was more liable than ever to crack or warp when wedged in with types that had to be washed or cleaned, and this warping or cracking was



A SECTION FROM ONE OF BURGMAYER'S PRINTS OF "THE TRIUMPH OF MAXIMILIAN."  
Reduced fac-simile. From original in collection of Mr. Russell Sturgis.

contrasts of painted colors. These wood-cuts were easily made, for the artist clearly laid down every line on the block, and were easily printed, for the bold outlines called for little care in inking and no nicety of impression. Coarseness and simplicity were not altogether of choice. The outline style was the only style suited to the wood and to the press. Delicate sky and cloud tints and close shading lines could not have been cut

a hindrance to the pressman. To evade this difficulty, some printers printed the types and cuts that appeared on the same sheet by separate impressions. The four editions of the "*Speculum Salutis*," erroneously attributed to Coster of Haarlem, but probably printed by an unknown typographer after 1463, give plain evidence of this double labor. A book of Colard Mansion, once the associate of Caxton, also





THE APOCALYPSE, DRAWN BY ALBERT DÜRER.

Reduced fac-simile. From original in collection of Mr. Russell Sturgis.

shows cuts printed separately. That it was done by other printers so neatly that it cannot now be detected is more than probable.

But even when neatly done, the wood-cuts furnished by most printers at the beginning of the sixteenth century were not satisfac-

Jonas ghinc vte walsluch na hi daghe  
 vernach Des sone daghe des midermaches  
 die lelle ghebroke ofte verdorue is hi tot si  
 ne lichem ghegaet Christus heeft sin verrise

TYPES OF THE "SPECULUM SALUTIS."

tory. Readers wanted something more than skeleton illustrations. Great changes had then been made in many features of book-making; octavos had taken the place of quartos and folios; the light-faced Roman and Italic letters were supplanting the somber Gothic; the stencil painting of wood-cuts and initials was going out of fashion. Printers were asked to furnish cheaper books—books that should be perfect when published, not requiring the added labor of illumination—books with engraved initials and more attractive illustrations.

Earnest efforts seem to have been then made for the improvement of engraving on wood. Holbein and Dürer furnished designs which were faithfully reproduced by engravers as zealous in the work as the artists themselves. New textures and styles were introduced; the cross-hatchings of copper-plate and the shadings of brush or pencil were imitated. Attempts were made to print illustrations in many tints of the same color from different blocks. Unsuccessful in this experiment, engravers tried to put color in their blocks by finer engraving and a bolder use of full black. The devotional books of "Hours," printed at Paris by Verard, Vostre, Kerver, and others, with quaint designs in white, on solid or stippled black background borderings, inclosing outline or silvery-gray prints of great delicacy, show a worthy attempt to imitate the beauties of illuminated missals, as well as an artistic

appreciation of the true field of engraving in relief in its ability to show strong contrasts of black and white. It is by no means certain that all these illustrations were



OLD ENGRAVING IN OUTLINE.

A page from a block-book of the fifteenth century, known as the "Eight Rogues." Reduced fac-simile.

cut in wood. They show a sharpness of line, a freedom from gaps or cracks, and an absence of the crookedness made by warping, that suggest the use of brass or type-



A poi che la Gallia fu acquetata: & Cesare  
 uenne in Italia a far noue compagnie: se in/  
 tese della morte di Clodio: della deliberatio  
 del Senato: & si come tutti li giouani della  
 Italia haueano congiurato: si che Cesare de  
 libero scriuer genti per tutta la prouincia.  
 puene anchora questa nouella subito nel/

EARLY ROMAN TYPES OF LIGHT FACE.

From a book printed at Venice, 1517.



PAGE FROM A BOOK OF "HOURS," PRINTED ON VELLUM, BY SIMON VOSTRE, 1512.

metal. This probability is strengthened by the squareness and close fitting of detached pieces, and the occasional appearance of dents or bruises of a peculiar character entirely unlike those produced by mishaps on wood.

These improvements in engraving called for improved skill in printing, to which the printer could not respond. The sharp outline cut and the thin, silvery-gray cut were too fine to be printed by the side of types. The light lines were too often choked with ink or crushed by pressure; the cribbled black backgrounds could rarely ever be fairly inked without an over-inking of the types, and they demanded more impression than the pressman could give. The press of the sixteenth century was too weak for the work. Jodocus Badius, an eminent printer of Paris, has put in the title-page of one of his books an engraving on wood which shows us the construction of the printing-press of 1520. From this and other sources we learn that the frame-work of this press was made of heavy beams of wood; the great screw was of wood; the platen, or pressing surface, was of wood; the bed, or surface on which types and wood-cuts were fixed to receive impression, was sometimes of stone, but oftener of wood. No doubt the wood selected was hard, well seasoned, neatly jointed and fitted, but the strain of continued pressure, working from the inside outward, as well as the tendency of the wood to shrink, warp and crack, soon made the best constructed press shakily. It was with reason that Moxon, who wrote in 1683, denounced the presses of his predecessors as "make-shift, slovenly contrivances."

The press was large and strongly built, but it took all of a man's strength to work it. In the cut before us, the pressman, with fairly-braced feet, is pulling at the bar with both arms. The screw has a large thread which presses directly on the platen, relieved a little by the collar and rods, but not steadied in its descent by any counterpoise or spring. Nor is there any combination of levers to ease the pull at the bar,

which was a "dead pull," harder at the end than at the beginning. Much of the force exerted was lost. The stout braces over the cross-beam at the top of the press show us that this beam would spring and lose the pressure if it were not strongly braced. The surface covered by the downward pressure of the platen was very small—but little larger than that of two pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Presses were made to suit the sizes of paper in common use, and these



THE HAND-PRESS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

sizes ranged from 14 by 20 to 16 by 21 inches. It was commercially impracticable to make paper of larger size by the old methods of paper-making. Although the early papers were about only one-fourth the dimensions of the papers now used in book printing, they were too large to be printed on one side by one impression. Four distinct impressions had to be given to the printing on both sides of a sheet 16 by 21 inches. The method was as follows. The pressman pulled down the bar when one-half of a



white sheet was under the platen; then, releasing the pressure, he drew the other half under the platen and pulled again. To print the reverse side, the operation just described had to be repeated. It was a tedious method, but the only one known to printers. The resistance offered by a printing surface of about ten by fourteen inches was all the press would bear. A larger surface would overtax the pressman and break the press. The printer had to be content with the printing of one folio page, or of two octavo pages, at one impression. It was important, too, that the printing surface



Inking. Work at Press. Type-casting.

OLD ENGLISH PRINTING OFFICE.

From an undated book, about 1560.

should not contain types or cuts of unusual blackness or resistance. A wood-cut with solid black background, of the full size of the platen, little as that size was, could not have been properly printed. The press was not strong enough. There was, then, a good mechanical reason why engravers and printers preferred small cuts and outline cuts, and disliked those that had black backgrounds or dark shadows.

The difficulty of inking the cuts by the methods then in use should also be considered. The above illustration shows that two men were needed to work the press—one to pull or print, and one to ink. The pressman who does the inking holds in each hand an inking-ball—a stuffed cushion of leather on which glutinous printing-ink was evenly distributed by rocking the curved sides against each other in every direction. This done, with these balls he beat the face of the types or cuts on the press, until they were properly covered with a thin film of ink. When the cuts were in coarse outline, and the surrounding types were of black Gothic face, the task of inking was light, for types and cuts required about the same amount of ink. When the types were of a light Roman or Italic face, and the cuts were

black, or blackish gray in tone, it was then necessary to put more ink on the cuts and less on the types. This was not easy. It called for a discriminating eye; on one part of the form a dainty touch; on another, vigorous and persistent beating. For a very fine cut, the inking of the form took almost as much time as the inking and wiping of a copper-plate.

There was another difficulty. Much of the paper made in the sixteenth century was unsuitable for wood-cuts. By far the larger portion was made of linen stock, hard and rough as to surface; laid, or showing the marks of the wires upon which the pulp had been crushed; of ragged edges, unsized, and very sensitive to dampness; uneven in thickness, usually thin in the center and thick at the edges. The method of making wove paper, or paper entirely free from ridges, had not then been discovered. These ridges did not seriously interfere with the getting of fair impressions from types; but they must have been a great annoyance to the pressman who tried to get a sharp impression from the more delicate lines of a fine wood-cut. If he adjusted his impression so that the engraved lines just touched the tops of the ridges, then the paper in the hollows would not meet the line; the print would show broken or ragged lines. If he forced impression, making the engraved lines touch every part of the paper, then these lines would be jammed in the paper, and would consequently appear thick and muddy in the print. To avoid this fault, some of the Italian and French printers of this period had paper made for them on closer fitting wires of great fineness—so close that the laid marks can be seen only when the leaf is held against the light. This improvement made the true Venetian paper "light, slender and subtil," as Fuller describes it; but at its best it could not take as clean an impression as modern wove and calendered paper. Vellum was sometimes used by the eminent printers of Paris, especially for choice copies of the books of "Hours." When the vellum was in proper condition, it would receive impression admirably; but it was then, as it is now, the most treacherous of printing surfaces. Of two skins that looked alike and seemed equal in every particular, one would take a fine impression, while the other, imperfectly cleansed of lime or grease, would reject the ink in spots, making a cloudy, grimy print.

The paper selected was, in most cases, too rough and hard to be forcibly impressed





ENGRAVING ON WOOD.  
From a Print by Jost Amman, 1564.

against the delicate lines of fine wood-cuts. It was the usage everywhere to soften the paper by a careful dampening. When the paper was sized it was not weakened by this dampening, which really lightened the labor of the pressman. But unsized paper was only about half the price of the sized, and the inducement to use it was great. The unsized paper was dampened with difficulty; it greedily sucked up water, and, when fully wet, became flabby and unmanageable. Under the searching pressure of the woolen blanket, which was always put between the paper to be printed and the pressing surface, this flabby paper was forced around the finer lines of the cut, making them much thicker than was intended.

In spite of these imperfections good press-work was done. Books were printed at Paris, Lyons and Venice containing wood-cuts which show that they had been made ready by pressmen expert in overlaying (or the art of varying the pressure upon the light and dark portions of cuts, by means of properly affixed bits of paper, so that each portion gets what pressure it needs and no more) and in other refinements of press-work erroneously rated as new inventions. But this fair rendering of wood-cuts was exceptional. It was a fight against odds, which could not be long kept up. The press was too weak for vig-

orous blacks and the paper too rough for fine lines. To give the full measure of blackness to one part of the cut and proper delicacy to another, could be done only by a pressman who had unusual skill and patience, and, above all, an intelligent sympathy with the purpose of the artist. Pressmen of this character were never abundant. It is not to be wondered at that early master printers tired of wood-cuts. The chances of failure or loss were many; the reputation or profit to be gained by an occasional success was slight.

The difficulties encountered by the printers must have been understood by the engravers, for we see—at least among the engravers of Paris—that they altered their style to suit the weakness of the press. Strong contrasts of black and white like those of the borders of the books of "Hours" and the trade-marks of some publishers, were rarely attempted after 1550. In giving up the style of white lines on a black background, engravers gave up the style which was easiest to them—the style which many art critics say is the most natural and the most effective. Engravers did not give it up willingly. They tried to conceal the damages done to their cuts from badly distributed ink, and the dinginess made through too weak impression, by dotting the black



DEVICE OF THIEMAN RERVER.

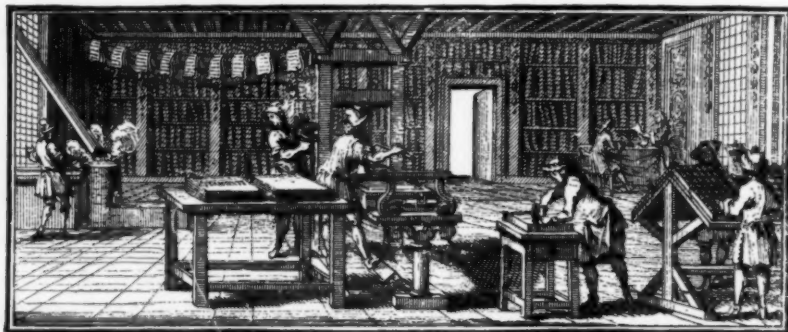


DEVICE OF CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN, "KING OF PRINTERS."

From a book of 1588.

backgrounds with little pin-holes of white after the *manière criblée* of the copper-plate engravers. The attempt was not successful; the dotted groundwork soon went out of fashion. Engravers everywhere fell back on the older style of cutting, in which the design was shown by outlines, by coarse shadings and monotonous tints. This made the cut easy for the printer. The cut that had few exposed light lines, and no full blacks, and few blackish grays, was as easily inked and printed as types. But this full surrender to the weakness of the early press of that strong contrast of light and shade which is the greatest merit of engraving on wood, nearly ruined the art. The print in flat

and monotonous gray made so ineffective an illustration that designers of good reputation refused to draw for engraving on wood. Compared with a print from copper, the print from wood was a travesty of the artist's design. It is difficult to imagine meaner illustrations than the spiritless, grimy, gray wood-cuts of the books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The device of Plantin is a fair illustration of this debased style. This meanly engraved cut was the device of the "first printer to the king and the king of printers," as is tersely stated in his epitaph. Truly a sorry performance for a printing-house that made types in silver matrices,—a house that

Type  
Foundry.Inking  
Ball.Work  
at Press.Correcting  
Errors.Proof  
Reading.

Composing.

OLD FRENCH PRINTING OFFICE.

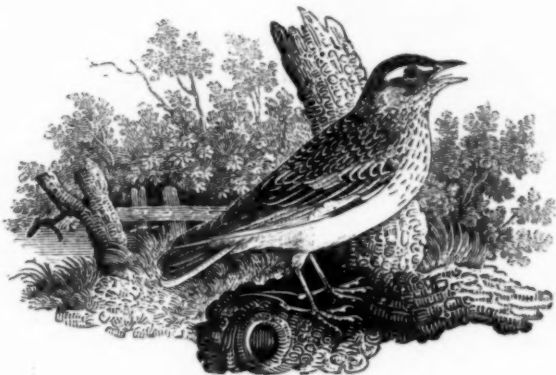
Fac-simile of a copper-plate head-band in La Caille's "Histoire de l'imprimerie," Paris, 1849. (A cut too fine to be engraved on wood at the close of the seventeenth century.)

printed the great "Antwerp Polyglot," and that afterward enlisted the services of the great designers Rubens and Teniers, Van Dyck and Jordaens, and the most famous Flemish engravers on copper. The art had sunk so low that typographic printers refused to use it in their own books, even in instances where its use seemed imperative. Copper-plate fac-similes of early types, as well as copper-plate vignettes, head-bands and tail-pieces are common in books on typography published during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The honor of restoring the neglected art to its rightful position is conceded without question to Thomas Bewick of Newcastle, England. The wood-cuts of his first important work, Gay's "Fables," 1779, were inferior to those that followed—"Select Fa-

make his own tools and learn from his own blunders. When he became a man he worked for himself more than for others. He planned the books that made him famous, choosing his subjects, making most of his drawings with his own hand, and working on them in his own time and way. In every important matter he struck out his own path. Paying little regard to usage, he made lines, textures and tints to suit his own notions of art or propriety.

All these notions were governed by the lessons he had learned from the mechanical drudgeries of his apprenticeship—that good art is based on good mechanics; that a good print does not depend on good engraving only; that careful attention to every contributing aid, from the selection of the wood to the printing of the block, is of



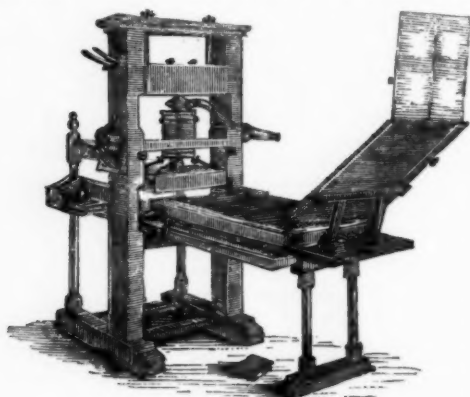
THE WOODLARK.

Fac-simile. From Bewick's "British Birds."

bles" (1784), "Quadrupeds" (1790), and "British Birds" (1797 and 1804)—but they showed the hand of a master, and their merits were recognized by educated artists as well as by the inartistic public for whose benefit they had been designed. Bewick's success was largely due to his hard, narrow education. Apprenticed to the "general engraver" of a small town, he was taught more of mechanics than of art—taught to engrave on copper, to polish and cut door-plates and seals, to ornament gun-locks, brass and silver-ware. He was not taught engraving in relief by a professional engraver on wood, and, consequently, escaped the mortification in later years of having to unlearn the false style of engraving then in fashion. While a boy he took to engraving on wood of his own inclination, having to

importance. Much of this attention to detail was of choice, and some of necessity. Working at a distance from the haunts of artists and skillful craftsmen, he had to do with his own hands what in a larger city he might have had done for him. Doing all his own work, it was thoroughly done. How much he discovered and how much he learned from other engravers during his brief residence in London in 1776 cannot be stated. Some have said that Bewick was the first engraver who cut on the end or upright fiber of the wood, instead of on the flat side of the plank, as had been the custom for three centuries. This is not credible, for the advantages of cutting on columnar fibers had been described in 1766 by Papillon, an eminent French engraver. Others say Bewick was the first to lower the

surface of his blocks on those parts where great grayness or delicacy was desired. This claim cannot be allowed, for traces of lowering the surface are noticeable in many of the wood-cuts of the first Lyons edition of Holbein's "Dance of Death." This valuable improvement did not really originate with Bewick, but with his fellow apprentice, Bulmer, the printer, who afterward became equally famous as the founder of the Shak-



WOOD-FRAME HAND-PRESS OF 1800.  
Bewick's cuts were printed on a press like this.

spere press. Equally untenable is the assertion that Bewick was the first who used overlays in printing, for the marks of the unequal pressure made by overlays are to be found in many prints of the sixteenth century. It is possible that Bewick rediscovered these processes, for all of them are simple, and would have been suggested to an engraver who studied the theory of his art, and liked the work for the work's sake. It may be admitted, however, that Bewick was the first engraver of eminence who used these processes thoroughly and persistently, making a success which compelled their adoption by others.

Bewick's good sense is shown in the simplicity of his style. When he began to cut, engravers on wood were imitating as well as they could the mannerisms of copper-plate. They rated that the best wood-cut which had the finest cutting and cross-hatching, and the least of plain black and white. Bewick had the wit to see that the true field of engraving of wood was not in monotonous tints, but in clearness of form and decided contrasts of light and shade. He always made use of the simplest methods, never putting in two lines where one

would serve, never attempting novelties in lines and textures for the purpose of showing his skill. He fairly shows his subject, but never puts himself and his methods offensively before it.

All of Bewick's cuts were printed in the old two-pull wooden hand-press, by means of leather inking-balls. That he had some trouble in getting them properly printed in his town, appears from Hodgson, the printer of his works, sending to London for an expert pressman. He knew the weakness of the press, and made cuts of small size only. He knew the tendency of the press to flatten or dull the contrasts he desired, and he labored to prevent this mischief. The care he took in lowering the surface of blocks where delicacy was needed seems almost incredible. The good printing of his cuts was due more to this careful provision than to the skill of the pressman. He never shuffled off on the printer any work that he could do himself. In this point he deviated widely from established usage. Papillon tells us that the engravers of his time concealed the defects of their cutting by an artful method of taking proofs—a method unhappily not yet obsolete—which

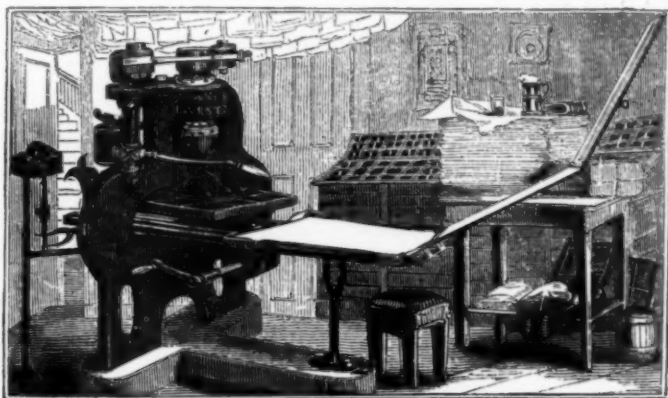
caused the inexpert purchaser of the cut to believe that a line delicately gray in the proof, but really harsh and black in the wood, could be made to appear thin and gray in the print. From this deception Bewick was entirely free. He never required the pressman to smooth over work he had neglected. He did all the work his subject required—did it manfully and resolutely, regardless of time or trouble.

Bewick's success compelled a respect for engraving on wood which it had never received in England. Wood-cuts came in fashion. Bewick's pupils and imitators found abundant employment. Some were his equals in mechanical skill, but not one of them seems to have had his knowledge of the limitations as well as of the capabilities of the revived art. Most of them fell away from his simple style, and tried to imitate copper-plate. Many of them tried to rival the size as well as the style of large line engravings. It is painful to look over many of the large wood-cuts attempted in England during the first quarter of this century—for although the skill shown in these cuts is often of the highest order, the labor given to them was practically labor

lost. Not one in a dozen was ever properly printed. For the press in most general use at the beginning of this century was, in all important features, the press used by Badius in 1520. Blaeu, an assistant to the astronomer, Tycho Brahe, in 1620 had made some improvements in the minor mechanisms, but he left the press as he found it, no stronger than it was before—a press of wood barely equal to the task of printing by one

couragement to those wood-cutters who were trying to imitate copper-plate engravers in delicacy of line, and size and blackness of print.

Here it seems necessary to allude more fully to a common error—to the notion that a fine wood-cut, by reason of the fineness of its lines and the frailty of its wood, can be neatly printed only by a corresponding delicacy and implied weakness of impression.



THE STANHOPE PRESS.

impression a type surface of 150 square inches, and not at all strong enough to print properly a black wood-cut of even smaller dimensions. The popularizing of engraving on wood, of which engravers and publishers were dreaming, was even then waiting for improvements in the press.

The first real improvement in construction came from France. Ambroise Firmin Didot, of Paris, had made for him, during the last ten years of the last century, a press with a platen, or pressing surface, of iron, large enough to print the full side of a sheet by one impression. It was, perhaps, the fame of this iron platen that stimulated Earl Stanhope, an eccentric English inventor, to attempt a press all of iron. In 1798 the Stanhope iron press was presented to the trade—presented in the fullest sense, for the inventor did not patent one of its many valuable features. If this press had not been so soon superseded by the steam printing machine, the value of the gift would be more gratefully remembered. For it was the first press entirely of iron, and the only press, at the beginning of this century, which promised strength enough to warrant the engraving of large and black wood-cuts. It gave en-

The facts really are that an ordinary wood-cut calls for twice as much impression as a similar surface of types; while a wood-cut with black background, or very full of blackish grays, may need ten times as much. An inequality of impression must be made, not only on cuts of different degrees of blackness, but in the different shades of the same cut. For the blacker shades there must be strong, for the lighter tints very little, impression. To do its work properly, the press must have great strength, and with this strength provisions for variations in adjustment which will enable the pressman to put as much or as little pressure as he pleases on any part of a cut. There must be a hand of iron under the glove of velvet.

The Stanhope press was strong, but it was soon overtaxed. Soon after it had been fairly introduced, William Harvey, an eminent engraver of London, sent to this press an engraved block of the "Assassination of Dentatus," a block eleven and one-half by fifteen inches, cut in close imitation of the then admired copper-plate style—probably the largest, certainly the most labored, block that had then been cut in England. Harvey's dismay was great when he learned that



this block, over which he had worked for three years, was too large and too black to be fairly printed on this strong press of iron. Fortunately for the engraver, the printer of the block was induced to try it on the Columbian press, invented a short time before by Clymer, of Philadelphia. The Columbian was a huge iron press with strong leverage, and with the added advantage of a heavy counterpoise; but at the outset it was not more successful than the Stanhope. By lengthening the lever of the new press and getting two men to pull together on the bar, some satisfactory prints were taken. The success was brief. The press proved too strong for the block, which broke under the pressure before the proposed edition had been completed, putting an end, for a time at least, to this invasion in the field of line engraving.

This accident, coupled with the knowledge that wood-cuts of small size often suffered serious damage by wear on press, induced many printers to avail themselves of the advantages promised by the new art of stereotype, which, after much experimentation, had been made practically useful by Earl Stanhope. It was soon found that however useful stereotype might be for types it was not a good process for wood-cuts. Engravers were not satisfied with the want of faithfulness in casts taken from plaster. Printers were not satisfied with the unavoidable softness of stereotype metal—with the quick wearing down of a stereotyped cut, its thickening of lines and confusion of tints under the kindest usage. It was agreed by all parties that, as a rule, stereotype was more of a hindrance than a help in wood-cut press-work. Printers fell back in the old rut, and continued to print wood-cuts from the wood.

They did this unwillingly, for the newly invented art of lithography was encroaching on their own field. Instead of competing successfully with line engravers in the production of large prints, type-printers had to give up to the lithographer the full-page illustrations of many books.

Here is a paradox. Although the wood-cut printers failed for want of a stronger press, the presses of their rivals were not as strongly built as the Stanhope and Columbian. But the lithographers and copper-plate printers had a superior method of doing press-work. Applying impression by means of a scraper or a cylinder gradually passed over the surface of the stone or the copper, they could give strong impression

with comparatively little exertion and little risk of breakage. They had a decided advantage over the wood-cut printer, who, by one sudden blow through a quick pull of the bar, diffused a greater force over a surface a hundred times, sometimes a thousand times, greater than the surface impressed at one instant on stone or copper. The power of the hand-press was weakened by its diffusion over too large a surface.

The strong press which the wood-cut printer needed came in an unexpected shape. On the 28th of November, 1814, the "Times" of London was printed for the first time upon a machine—a rotating cylinder which gradually but quickly impressed the types laid upon a reciprocating bed-plate. This new machine did the impressing part of its work by original mechanism, but in the same way that impression was given by the presses of the plate and stone printers—printing little by little at a time. It was imperfect, but, from the beginning it gave assurance of strength and speed; it foretold a revolution in typography. The new machine was not welcomed by book printers, who, with one accord, denounced it. It was bulky, complex, expensive, destructive to type, deficient in provision for inking. The last charge was too true, for the leather rollers which had to be used instead of leather balls did not fairly ink the types. On this apparently minor feature the fate of the invention depended. Cloth, silk and felt rollers were tried and rejected, and from the failure of all kinds of rollers, the failure of the machine was predicted. Many printers held stoutly to the notion that wood-cuts could be properly inked only by the inking-ball in the hands of an expert pressman, and that mechanical or automatic inking must be a failure. The reasoning was plausible. The inking-ball permitted the pressman to put as much or as little ink as he pleased on any part of the cut or form, while the inking-roller in the machine compelled the pressman to accept an equal distribution and an equal supply of ink over every part of the form, even in forms that called for unequal supply. The builders of the machine were slow to admit the inferiority of the roller, for the use of inking-balls on machines was out of the question. Speed could be had only through the use of the swiftly rotating roller.

At this critical time, somewhere about 1815, while the capability of the machine for doing good book printing was still un-



A SECTION OF HARVEY'S ENGRAVING OF THE "ASSASSINATION OF DENTATUS."

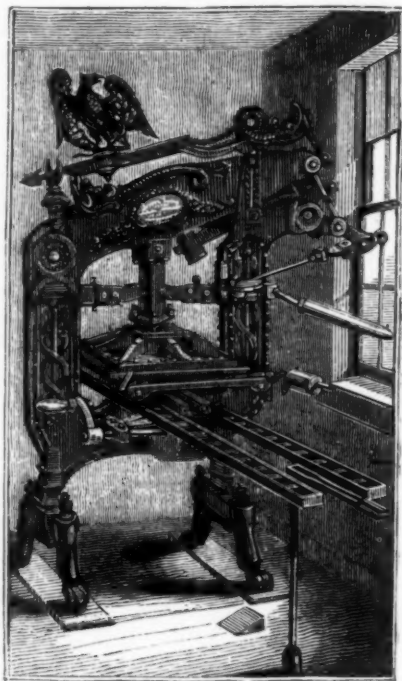
Reduced fac-simile. From the original print in the collection of Mr. N. Orr.

proved, the attention of a printer was accidentally called to the merits of the dabber composition of the Staffordshire potteries. This composition, a mixture of glue and molasses, was smooth, firm, elastic, accepting and imparting oily ink much more freely than the leather inking-ball. It was soon

shown that this was the proper material for the machine roller. More—it was proved beyond cavil, that a fairly managed composition roller on a machine that printed ordinary book-work would ink the types more smoothly than could be done by leather balls on the hand-press.

This was a great gain, but much more was needed. To do fine or even fair wood-cut press-work, paper of uniform thickness and of a reasonable smoothness of surface was of importance. These qualities could not be had in hand-made papers at reasonable price. To meet the demand for finer and cheaper papers in larger sheets, Louis Robert and St. Leger Didot of France, aided by the brothers Fourdrinier and Bryan Donkin of England, patented in England, between 1801 and 1810, a machine for making paper in a continuous web. Although this machine originated with Robert, it has been called the Fourdrinier, in honor of the brothers, who spent sixty thousand pounds on it, and became bankrupt, before it was perfected. It did not meet with much favor from book printers. They condemned, not without reason, the early machine-made paper as weak, spongy, badly sized, and every way unfit for fine books. In spite of these grave defects, some publishers encouraged the inventors to renewed exertion. The publishers of periodicals were especially interested, for they knew that the daily newspaper and monthly magazine of 100,000 copies, and New Testaments, to be read by millions and sold for a sixpence, the possibility of which had even then been foreshadowed, could not be without machines.

For many years the book printers of England and America opposed machines and machinery. It was the almost unanimous opinion of the printing trade, even as late as 1840, that really fine wood-cut press-work must be done on the hand-press and on hand-made paper. This was an unfortunate conclusion, for it confirmed engravers on wood in fashions of making cuts that could be printed only on the hand-press. Publishers of fine books were told that good wood-cut press-work could be had by printing small forms only (never more than eight small octavo pages) on the hand-press, by cutting overlays and by inking the form with hand-rollers or balls. This advice was accepted, but publishers soon found that although hand-press work under these conditions was expensive, it was not always good. Few hand-pressmen could cut a proper overlay.\* How to do it could not be taught by rote and rule. If the pressman did not instinctively see the proper relations



THE COLUMBIAN PRESS.

of light and shade in the cut on which he worked, and did not at once catch the intent of the artist, the overlay he made for it would not help but would spoil the print. Occasionally a pressman of ability produced prints of merit, which increased the amateur's admiration for wood-cuts, but the greater portion of the wood-cut printing done on hand-presses was below mediocrity. Nor did the most successful printing on the hand-press tend to make engraving on wood popular. It did tend to make it impracticable, for it more than doubled the cost of illustrated books. Many publishers discovered that it was cheaper to have illustrations crayoned on stone, or etched on copper, and inserted in the book, in the form of detached leaves; for, on small editions of wood-cut work the performance of the hand-press was but little more than that of the lithographic or copper-plate press, and the quality of the wood-cut work was inferior. In 1835, the admiration for wood-cuts which Bewick had called into life was really declining. It is more than probable that it soon would have died out, if an earnest attempt had not been made to print wood-cuts on machines.

\*This interesting, but little-known, process in wood-cut printing will be fully treated in the next paper.

## EIGHTY MILES IN INDIANA CAVERNS.

It is stated on good authority, that along the whole Atlantic coast, from Nova Scotia to Mexico, not a single cavity above the present level of the sea has yet been discovered deep enough to give darkness. True caverns are possible only where rocks of much thickness and uniformity of structure, having once been ruptured, are afterward washed out by acidulated water. They are the deserted channels of subterranean streams; and must, therefore, if geological conditions favor, exist on the most extended scale in regions furrowed by the largest rivers. This accounts for the immense and unrivaled openings developed in the limestones of the Mississippi Valley and its noble tributaries, where, as Shaler affirms, "there are at least 100,000 miles of open cavern."

The cave-region of Indiana, whose mysteries my friend Barton and I had agreed to explore, begins forty-four miles above the Falls of the Ohio, which are near Louisville, Kentucky. At Madison, Indiana, the river bluffs boldly rise 400 feet, from thin layers of blue limestone to a crest of massive marble, whence many cascades toss themselves into foam, washing out wide, shallow grottoes, that look exceedingly pretty behind their silvery veils. Occasionally there is a broad amphitheater, whose roof finally falls by its own weight—a process resulting, by repetition, in a steep ravine, and suggesting the manner in which all valleys have been carved, at least in calcareous regions. For twenty miles north of Madison, nearly every ravine has its rock-houses and water-swept chasms. Occasionally true caverns are found whose roof is the solid limestone of the Upper Silurian, while the excavation itself is in the softer rocks of the Lower. One of these is estimated to be a mile and a half long; though, at a point about a thousand yards from its entrance, the roof has fallen in, and the obscure opening, by which access is gained to the ample chambers and winding passages beyond, might readily escape notice. The stream flowing out of this cave runs through the village of Hanover, and then turns capriciously toward the Wabash, from the very banks of the Ohio. Some of the streams of the region, after receiving tributaries and increasing in volume, sud-

denly sink into the sand, or leap down a gorge and disappear, as

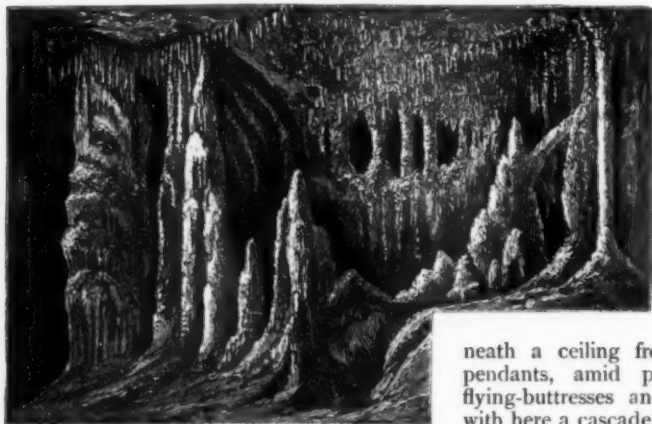
"Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea."

One such stream is significantly named the Lost River. It pursues its way for miles underground, visible only here and there at the bottom of wild and romantic ravines, some of which are in the depths of the forest. A portion of it has been explored by means of a small boat.

Our errand led us to and fro across several adjacent counties. The scenery is diversified by rolling uplands and rocky glens, forests, and cultivated farms. Large tracts are so thoroughly under-drained as to cause a remarkable absence of springs, brooks and ponds, with an appreciable effect on the vegetation. This is due to funnel-shaped depressions, varying in diameter from a yard to a thousand feet; on the slopes of the larger of these, tall trees are often growing. These are termed "sink-holes," and each has a central opening into some fissure or cavern. This is usually visible on close inspection, but is quite frequently hidden by a clump of brambles, or a marshy pool. Through one of these crevices the plummet went down 125 feet before resting.

Heavy masses of carboniferous limestone lie between the surface and the level of natural drainage, inviting the formation of numerous caves of every conceivable size and shape. Many of these we explored for ourselves. Entering one, we reached before long a lake of crystal purity, whose further wall was impenetrable. Far within another our progress was thwarted by a morass of fathomless mud. From a great gateway, eighty feet wide, introducing us to still another, we found the passage dwindle to a point where we could barely stand erect. This colossal trumpet magnifies the human voice to a deafening volume. A large, swift stream issues from Blue Spring Cave, which we explored for three miles, finding great basins cut down one hundred feet into the rock and overflowing with limpid water.

After a brief rest from preliminary toils, we turned toward the Rothrock farm, five miles from Leavenworth, a village on the Ohio River. From the doors of the



THE PERI'S PRISON, SIBERT'S CAVE.

rural inn that admitted us as guests, are to be seen the mouths of the two most important caves—Sibert's and Wyandot.

## SIBERT'S CAVE.

A narrow path, along a ridge shaded by oaks and beeches, leads us to a sink, at the bottom of which is a shaft. Having entered through this, we pick our way amid rocky fragments, and soon find ourselves on a rounded and slippery wall but a foot thick. Along this we creep between two yawning chasms, black as Erebus. A misstep here would be fatal. Midway, we clamber over a smooth, wet stalagmite. Beyond the wall, a ledge six inches wide skirts the left-hand pit. After moving a few yards along this slender shelf we squeeze past a ponderous stalactite that has fallen and lodged against another. The level gallery above can only be gained by laboriously climbing up a treacherous slope. As this offers nothing to be grasped as a safeguard against sliding into the abyss, nicks have been cut to afford foot-hold in the precarious passage. The risk is compensated for, however, by admission into a wilderness of beauty and grandeur. A stately pillar guards the way, ten feet thick and as many high, and its base expands in huge masses of gypsum overlapping the edge of the pit. Nestling by its side, as if for protection, equal in height but only three inches in diameter, rises a smooth, slender shaft of semi-transparent, snow-white alabaster. The floor beyond is strewn with stalagmitic nodules and cones, and occasionally a

prostrate column. One of these once bore the name of the Pillar of Thunder, because when struck by the open palm, it emitted a loud, musical sound; but the last blow detached it from its pedestal, and now it thunders no more. We

wander on, beneath a ceiling fretted with glistening pendants, amid pillars and pilasters, flying-buttresses and interlacing arches, with here a cascade in mid-air transmuted into stone, and there clustered columns containing a sculptured cell! This gallery of marvels ends in the Peri's Prison, an exquisite grotto, not more than five feet deep, crossed by a row of pillarets, like the bars of a cage. Red-fire, burned within this dainty cavity, produces a magical effect, throwing roseate hues over the fantastic and snowy piles.

Slowly returning to the pit, we find it more gloomy than ever. But there is no other exit. Steadying myself for a moment on the brink, I turn face downward and search



A PERILOUS PASS, SIBERT'S CAVE



with the right foot for the first little notch, barely large enough for the toe of my boot. Then, letting go the ledge above, I cling to the naked rock with one hand, the other holding the torch, and cautiously lower my left foot to the next notch. Step by step the narrow shelf is gained, beyond which, balancing like an acrobat, I move along on the perilous ridge between the chasms to a place of safety. Looking back, to see how it fares with my artistic comrade, I behold him coolly sketching these underground gymnastics.

We next paid a visit to the hotel table, spread with homely abundance. Then, donning caps and overalls, equipped with lamps and fire-works, line and compass, thermometer and geological hammer, we were ready for Wyandot Cave, probably the largest cavern but one in the known world.

WYANDOT CAVE.

Our guide was Rothrock himself, a genuine Hoosier though of German stock, and full of facts and anecdotes.

"My father was one of the pioneers," said he, as we walked along under the oaks, "and he bought this farm at Government price, the year that Indiana was admitted to the Union. He added to it from time to time until it now covers, as we suppose, all possible entrances to the cave."

"How many acres does the farm include?" I inquired.

"About 5,000," he replied, "but much of it is still uncultivated. Since my father's death, my brothers run the mill and till the land, while I manage the cave and the hotel. My only son, Frank, will be the owner when I am gone."

We forthwith saluted the heir-apparent, a bright little lad who had overtaken us, followed by a tame wolf. The approach of a party of tourists, and their alarm at the sight of this rude pet, consigned him to his kennel, and led one of the ladies to ask the guide if there were many wild beasts in the cave. He assured us that none were to be seen in summer, though in winter a few wild-cats, raccoons, opossums, foxes, and wolves had been known to take refuge there. Bears had formerly shown a fondness for cave-life, and there were places where they had amused themselves by sliding down-hill till the rocks were blackened and polished by their fur!

As we drew near to the entrance, the

artist espied an inscription over the arch, and repeated in Italian, Dante's

"Abandon hope who enter here."

Imagine his chagrin at finding it but an advertisement of some sort of magic oil, instead of the famous line from the Divine Comedy!

Having made one another's acquaintance, with the easy informality of Western life, we took a farewell survey of the upper world, bright in the summer sunshine. The plat-

form of limestone on which we stood was elevated 150 feet above Blue River, visible near the picturesque old mill half a mile away. Around us the primeval forest lifted its aged arms overhanging with matted vines. The rocky ridge above us rose to the height of 500 feet from the valley. The mouth of the cave yawned at our feet. As we entered it, a current of cold air compelled us to guard our lamps, and caused the mercury to fall at once from 80° to 60°. The temperature within, as we afterward discovered, aver-

Butler's Point  
Walsh Ave  
Crazyfish Springs  
Fairy Palace  
PILLAR OF THE CONSTITUTION  
JUNCTION  
Milroy Temple  
Calypso's Island  
BLUFFERY HILL  
Anger House  
CATHEDRAL  
Delta Island  
Pillared Palace  
The Throne  
Helen's Dome  
Hovey Point  
Entrance Hotel  
Faneuil Hall  
Natural Bridge  
LUCIFER'S GORGE  
FALLER ROCK  
THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE  
NORTH ARM  
SOUTH ARM  
Great Slave Lake

R. D. Servoss N. Y.  
MAP OF WYANDOT CAVE, CRAWFORD  
CO., INDIANA. TOTAL LENGTH,  
82 MILES.

verages  $55\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and remains the same whether the thermometer outside indicates  $100^{\circ}$  or zero. The breeze, however, varies with the season, blowing outward in summer but the reverse in winter.

"This phenomenon," observed an amateur geologist, whom the others addressed as the Professor, "explains the idea embodied by the poetic Greeks in their word for cave, namely, *ἄντρον*, a *breathing-place*; as if these were the nostrils through which Mother Earth inhales and exhales the vital air."

The guide told us that he had left the larger part of the cave in its natural state, only moving loose stones from the pathway, and cutting trenches where the roof was too low for comfort. He next showed us some barrels of salts and saltpeter made from nitrous and magnesian earths that abound here.

The breeze dies away as we go deeper down into the earth. But we experience the benefits of a thorough ventilation, aided by natural chemical processes, which result in an atmosphere wholly cleansed from noxious gases and surcharged with the vital elements. We are soon sensible of its exhilarating influence. The nerves are strung, the pulse is quickened. We enjoy the purity, without the rarity, of mountain air.

And now gigantic forms loom through the darkness. Here is an immense block of stone, with fresh, sharp edges, as if it had just fallen from above, though it probably fell ages ago. Two miles from the entrance, we twist ourselves through the Screw-hole, and stand literally breathless in the Senate Chamber, a room that ends what is termed the Old Cave, in distinction from more recent discoveries. In the midst of the Chamber rises a rocky pile, around which a greater quantity of snowy alabaster has accumulated than in any other place of which the writer has knowledge. Chief marvel in this temple of wonders is the Pillar of the Constitution, forty feet high, seventy-five feet in periphery, and with an enormous base, whose girth is over three hundred feet! This differs from other pillars with which it has been compared, in being not merely incrustated with what one might call a veneering of alabaster, but of a solid, homogeneous mass; it is probably the largest of its kind in the world. The shaft is irregularly fluted from top to bottom, and is girdled by three narrow belts that give it a jointed appearance. The base is studded with blunt stalagmites of various sizes, whose shining tops, as Barton said, reminded him of the cypress-knees of the Dismal Swamp.

A brilliant gallery of stalactitic ornaments extends beyond the great Pillar. A farmer who came in with our party compared them, with rustic wit, to huge beets and parsnips, garnished with sprigs of celery, and suggested to the geologist that this might be the under side of a petrified garden.

"Your similitude is better than your hypothesis," said the man of science. And then, in answer to our further inquiries, he unfolded his own theory, as lucidly as his

fondness for technical terms would allow. Reminding us of the peculiarities of Lost River, he said that in such stream-swept caves these beautiful formations would generally be impossible. Suppose, however, that the river should cut its way through to a lower floor, or be diverted into a new channel, then the water oozing through from the surface, though seemingly pure and clear, would be saturated with mineral substances,



THE PILLAR OF THE CONSTITUTION, WYANDOT CAVE.

which in some instances had been known to be so abundantly deposited as to close up and obliterate caves entirely. Pointing to the water glistening on the tip of the nearest pendant,—

"Should it cling there," said he, "till it evaporates, it would leave a circular deposit of either the carbonate or the sulphate of lime, according to the nature of the materials through which it trickles down. And by a continual repetition of the process, a thin tube would first be formed, thickening by further accretions into a stouter cylinder, and finally into the heavy conical stalactite. The drops coming a little too fast to be retained above, and consequently falling on the floor, make a broader deposit, and there gradually grows up the blunt, firm stalagmite. The process often goes on until stalactite meets stalagmite in a column,

slender and fragile, like some of those in Sibert's Cave, or massive, like the noble pillar at whose base we now stand."

"Stalactites, then," said the artist, "are only icicles of limestone; and icicles are but stalactites of water."

We slaked our thirst at a crystal reservoir, scooped from the crown of a stalagmite, and filled by falling drops. A goblet rested on the rim of this dainty fountain, which each tried in vain to lift from the stone to which it was sealed by a transparent film. This is one of several experiments for measuring the rate of calcareous deposits, with some hope of estimating the age of the cave itself. Their growth is found to vary according to the strength of the lime-water and the rapidity of evaporation. In this locality points of stalactites, marked twenty-five years ago, have advanced during that period one inch, while stalagmites have grown but one-fourth of an inch.

The weight of the immense mass of alabaster, composing this pillar and its adjuncts, caused the pile of rocks that had previously fallen to settle beneath their burden; and this, in turn, cracked the base, opening in it crevices many yards long, and varying in width from an inch to a foot. Starting from these, a segment has been cut having an arc of thirty feet, and a cavity made in the column itself ten feet wide, seven feet high, and five feet deep. This work has been hitherto regarded as a deliberate plan of the saltpeter miners to fell this noble shaft. I have a different explanation. Tracing the right edge of the cut, we found it running underneath a stalagmitic wrapping, eight feet wide and ten inches thick at its thickest part. Inspection showed that the incision was made through a mass similar to that by which it is now overlapped; and as the rate of growth does not exceed one inch a century, we infer that the excavation, instead of being made in 1812, was made 1000 years ago, or, to be more exact, was then completed. Following the talus of pure white stones that have rolled down under the ledges of black limestone, we found them sometimes cemented over cavities where nature has had time to produce clusters of exquisite stalactites, like fingers of opal. These must have grown since the quarry was worked, thus confirming our conclusions as to its great antiquity. Further search revealed even the implements with which the ancient workmen (whoever they were) wrought, namely, numerous round or oblong granite boulders,

extremely hard, and of a size suitable to be grasped by the hand, or twisted in a withe and swung as a maul. They could not have been carried to the end of the cave by the action of water, for the interior is here twenty feet higher than the mouth. The region, moreover, is south of the line of glacial drift. It seems certain, therefore, that they were brought hither from a distance by persons having access to no better tools. Their ends also are battered and whitened by use as pounders. It is my conclusion, therefore, that from this alabaster mine blocks of a convenient size were carried away by successive generations as a choice material for ornaments, amulets, discs, and images. Those who wrought here by torchlight, so long ago, may have been of the same race that dotted the Ohio Valley with mounds, whose era agrees with the date of this mine as now estimated. A powerful nation once held these sightly terraces, where they built stone forts of formidable dimensions, one of the largest of which is not many miles distant from Wyandot Cave. In the Southern States ornaments of alabaster have been repeatedly exhumed among Indian relics; and more careful research may find similar objects amid the tumuli of Indiana, though perhaps not abundantly. For alabaster, though a very durable material when not exposed to the elements, is fibrous in its nature, and would be liable to decay amid the frost and sunshine of ten centuries, as we know from the crumbling specimens found outside near the cave.\*

The next morning we made an early start, for we had a long day's march before us. Two students joined our party; also the heir-apparent, attended by Don, the house-dog, more acceptable than his wolfish rival. A servant followed with a basket of provisions. Passing by various objects, we crawled through a low door to the right of Bandit's Hall, and by a rapidly descending path were led into Bat's Lodge, which is the lowest point in the whole cave, being more than 400 feet beneath the crest of the hill, and only twenty feet above the high-water mark of Blue River. Pausing here, on the threshold of the New Cave, Rothrock gave us a few facts of a historical nature.

The Main, or Old, Cave had long been an

\* The scientific bearings of the above discovery have been more fully treated by the author in an article in the "American Journal of Science and Art," Nov., 1878.

object of especial attention, and had numbered among its visitors Owen, Agassiz, and other distinguished persons. A party from Fredonia, Ind., in 1850, observed a current of air from a small opening, where also numbers of bats were seen to pass. By removing a few loose stones the scuttle was

it with such force as to kill themselves in large numbers.

Climbing a rugged hill we reached a spacious hall, whence two main arms branch in opposite directions. We followed the guide into the South Arm. Here, as he told us, the first white explorers found a well-



A COLONY OF BATS, WYANDOT CAVE.

found through which we had just made our way. It had the appearance of having been previously used, but afterward closed up, either purposely or accidentally. Thousands of bats were found clinging to the walls, clustering together like swarms of bees. The little creatures continue to make it their resort, especially in winter. A large cluster was pointed out, containing several hundred bats as close to one another as possible, and all hanging head downward. The general appearance was that of a mass of brown fur. Barton rubbed his hand over the mass, thus causing every little red mouth to fly open, displaying needle-like teeth. The transformation of color was startling. A chorus of quaint cries now arose from the peaceful colony thus disturbed; and several of the winged gnomes, unhooking themselves from the wall, flew about our heads eliciting feminine shrieks only a little less shrill than their own. The result was that we left them to the quiet enjoyment of their lodge. It was interesting, both here and elsewhere, to watch the queer little creatures as they flew through the darkness without hitting the projecting rocks. But it is said that when the proprietor once fitted an oak door into the entrance (now removed) the bats flew against

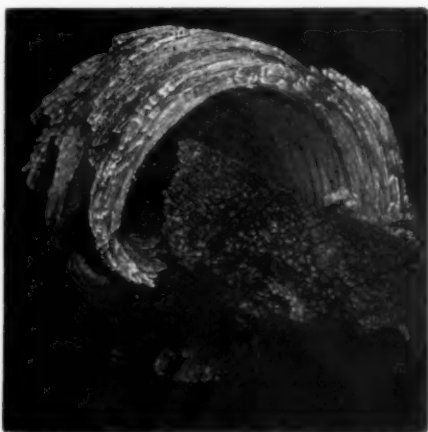
beaten path, smoke-stained walls, charred bits of hickory-bark amid the *débris*, poles from five to eight feet long, and other proofs that the Indians had preceded them. Some of these relics we picked up for ourselves. We were fortunate in finding numerous poles, all of them saplings, pulled up by the roots and with the branches twisted off. No sign of an edge-tool could be found upon them, but many prints of sharp teeth probably left there in some combat of yore between savage and brute. The farmer, on examining the wood, said that none of the poles were hickory or oak, but poplar, sassafras, pawpaw, or some other variety of soft wood.

We had now traversed two halls of considerable size, called the Dining-Room and the Drawing-Room, whose walls and ceiling were almost as smooth as if finished by the trowel and float. The cave soon subdivides, re-uniting three-fourths of a mile beyond; it thus encircles the Continent, while similar but smaller masses of cave-girt rock are called islands.

The chief hall in the western branch is the Wyandots' Council-Room. One of the students here inquired whether this cave had really been resorted to by the tribe whose musical name it bears. Rothrock

replied that according to tradition, the Wyandots held this region long ago, and that they were driven, by a more warlike tribe, northward to hunting-grounds along Lake Huron, leaving only their name on the waters of what is now called Blue River. A Mr. Wallace, one of the early explorers, familiar with this legend, transferred the appellation to this famous cavern, and to the amphitheater we had now entered. The guide then made its dimensions visible by burning red-fire, magnesium, and other illuminants, and we estimated it to be 700 feet in circumference and 50 feet high—an unbroken arch without a single supporting column! Belts of black flint stand out in sharp contrast with the whitish-gray walls.

On the right is found a heavy bank of indurated clay, deposited long ago by some stream that has ceased to flow; for in this portion of the cave all is now as dry as a brick-kiln. Through this bank the guide had lately dug a narrow trench, and we were the first visitors whom he had invited to enter. Flat on our faces, two or three of us sprawled and twisted our way through. But we had our reward. The opening led to a small room, about forty feet square and eight feet high, where no white man had preceded us. Imagine our sensations on seeing the floor thickly strewn with fragments of hickory bark! Overhead, in a crevice in the low ceiling, were sticking two torches with charred ends. The genuineness of the relics was beyond a doubt. These extinct flambeaux were probably last touched by mortal hand before the keel of the vessel that bore Columbus had grated on the sands of the new world! There is no probability that the place had ever before been entered through the clay-bank, which could only have been formed when great



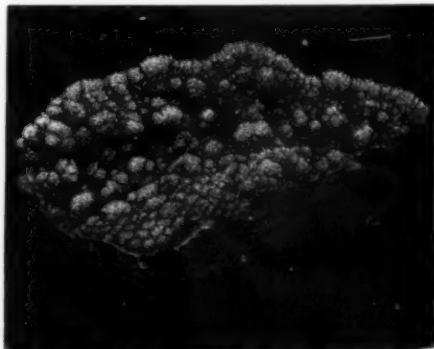
A SPECIMEN OF OULOPHOLITE, EXCAVATED IN DIAMOND AVENUE.

volumes of water were pouring through these now dusty channels.

The roof at the farther end has evidently fallen in, as is apparent from the bent strata curving down to the floor, and the scattered blocks of limestone, with here and there an opening between. Our compass told us that the closed avenue once led to the fallen rock near Bandits' Hall, and within 1,200 feet of the mouth. Every nook and cranny was faithfully tried, but only one led us any considerable distance. And here, in the soft, nitrous earth beyond the clay, were the tracks of some kind of wild beast, leading to an empty lair! These signs interested Don, who now took the lead, bristling and growling in momentary expectation of a foe. But none appeared, and we had no means of telling whether the tracks had been made recently or at some remote time, for no natural causes now operate, in these dark crypts, to efface an impression once printed on the floor. This incident led us to name the new room the Wolf's Lair.

Rejoining those who had tarried for us in the great Council-Room, we proceeded to the lower end of the Continent, where there is a large mound surmounted by detached rocks, one of which bears a whimsical resemblance to an alligator, while another is shaped like a hippopotamus.

We next traversed a long hall conducting us to a pile of gypsum-coated stones, wet with spray from a cascade near by. On top of the pile is a marvelous and symmetrical throne. The seat itself consists of a circle of small rounded stalagmites cemented together. Above it, at the height of six



CALCITE CRYSTALS FROM MILROY'S TEMPLE, WYANDOT CAVE.



feet or less, is a corresponding circle of broad, leaf-like stalactites, shooting over from a shelf near the ceiling, and hanging

The orifice to which I pointed was midway between the floor and the roof, and plainly enough to be seen; but visitors were de-



THE ALLIGATOR, WYANDOT CAVE.

in graceful folds like drapery. On each side of this canopy is a continuation of the fern-like stalactites in a reflex curve, extending for about six feet. The edges are all turned outward, and the leaves are thickly crowded together.

Crossing the muddy beds of two streams where the water often flows, now however empty, we found ourselves in Diamond Avenue. Here nature asserts her power to work miracles of beauty from cheap materials, transforming gypsum and epsom salts into lustrous crystals that sparkle on the walls and lie on the floor. The guide even digs up from the earth, as carelessly as if they were potatoes, crystals like nails, and needles, and others as fine as spun glass; sometimes they are exquisitely curled and wreathed.

"There seems to be an opening beyond," said I to Rothrock, as we stood by a deep flint-pit, not far from this mine of gems.

terred from entering, because of a fallen stalactite weighing several tons, that hangs over it caught by its tips.

"Let us explore," said the artist. "The rock for years has thus been suspended like Mahomet's coffin, and surely will not be so spiteful as to fall on us at last."

We accordingly crept on our knees under the impending mass, without giving it the slightest touch, and entered a wild, lofty vault, extending upward for nearly eighty feet through the solid limestone, enlarging itself here and there into cells and grotts, all splendidly draped with stalactites. We named it Helen's Dome, in honor of one of our party.

The terminus of this arm of the cave was but a few yards distant, where the way was blocked by a huge mass of alabaster, curiously carved in concentric rings. It is plainly the base of a pillar that rises into an invisible chamber, to which no entrance



THE PILLARED PALACE, WYANDOT CAVE.

has yet been found through the frowning rocks.

Returning another way, among ribs of limestone that uphold a deeply corrugated roof, we are presently ushered into a place of singular beauty called the Pillared Palace. Stalactites have clasped stalagmites, thus forming snowy pillars. These support an ornate entablature of alternate belts of marble and flint, over which are graceful pendants. Fragments of fallen columns encumber the floor, among which we found pounders similar to those before mentioned.

"These places have always been called so," said he, "and they must have been made by something or somebody."

"No doubt," I replied, examining one of the wallows critically, "but can you tell me why there should have been a little pile of ashes and charcoal on one side of each bear, and a heap of flint-chips on the other?"

The answer to this query was a general and eager search with quite interesting results. Bands of flint had already been noticed, sometimes in continuous belts, but often in rows of nodules, varying in diameter



ROTHROCK'S CATHEDRAL, WYANDOT CAVE.

While the artist was sketching the Palace, the guide exhibited to the rest of us some remarkable depressions, about twenty in number, each being a yard wide by a foot deep. These, as he said, were the bear-wallows. But we were growing incredulous, and disposed to judge for ourselves without regard to what had been told to travelers for the last quarter of a century.

"Bear-wallows!" said I, repeating his words, "what would bears want to wallow in here for, all in the dark, when there were plenty of sunny banks outside?"

from one to ten inches. Rarely, they have a geodic form and a crystalline center, showing that the silicious particles had collected about a nucleus. Between these belts or rows there is usually a chalky substance, easily cut with a knife, or even by the finger-nail. The so-called bear-wallows are where the flint is most abundant and of the best quality. Here also pounders had been used to crush the nodules, which generally break with an even fracture. The ground was covered by a thin coating of clay, beneath which hundreds of flint-blocks were found; each



SLIPPERY HILL, WYANDOT CAVE.

piece having parallel faces, and averaging four inches in length, one or two inches in width, and one-half inch in thickness. They were doubtless split by the Indians from the oval nodules, as materials for arrow-tips or spear-heads. The only manufactured article found by us was a small stone saucer that had once held some black substance. The place was plainly a mine and not a factory. Subsequent search at the mouth of the cave unearthed from the *débris* numerous finished arrow-heads and quantities of flint-chips, such as the old arrow-head makers used to spring off from the block by adroitly handling creased tips of buck-horn.

By way of Creeping Avenue we emerged into halls already traversed, and were rapidly going toward the mouth of the Cave, when Frank gave the alarm that Don was missing. No one had seen him since our leaving Wolf's Lair. An attendant went back with the disconsolate lad, and we saw no more of them until their return to the hotel after dark, when they reported that they had found the poor dog exactly where he had been left. His instinct prompted him to remain where he was until found, instead of breaking his bones, as a rational

human being would have done, in futile efforts to get out. The rescuers narrowly escaped the fate threatening the rescued; for the dog, in his grateful capers, knocked their candle down, and it was lost. But the inexhaustible treasures of a boy's pockets are proverbial, and Frank, by searching among marbles and other toys, found a candle-end and a few matches, by

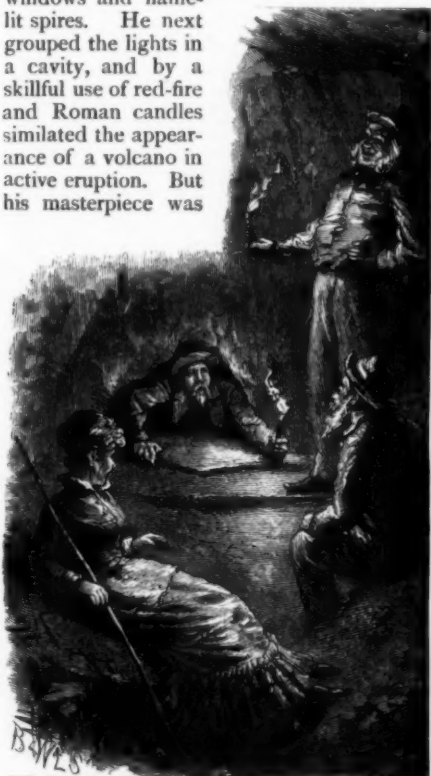
a judicious use of which they barely made their way out.

The Northern Arm of the cave was explored by us on the third day. Our path ran for about a mile over ground traversed before, and then we entered upon new scenes. "Bear-slides" were pointed out to us near the entrance to the Straits, and during the ascent of Hill Difficulty. It may be true that bears, as well as boys, like to slide down-hill; and Dr. Kane and others claim to have witnessed the feat as performed by Polar bears. But our previous examination of the wallows made us look suspiciously at those blackened and polished rocks. Though unable to explain the mystery, we were inclined to hold the Indians responsible for them. The slides are certainly there, and with sundry slips and bruises we clambered over them.

Suddenly the low roof is lifted, and the rocky pile grows to mountainous proportions. We have entered the solemn precincts of Rothrock's Cathedral. Toiling up the steep, one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, our lamps shine across the jutting points a little way, and then lose their rays in Stygian darkness. The summit is crowned by an irregular inclosure of stalagmites, rising, at the farther end, into an alabaster pyramid, on which stand three statuesque figures that are respectively six, seven and eight feet in height. The tallest one is quite dark, while the other two, on lower pedestals, are draped in spotless white. In the side of the pyramid is an incision like that in the Pillar of the Constitution, and by careful search we found the granite pounders as before. Ignited magnesium made the cave as light as day, and brought to view the proud arch springing 205 feet from the base of the mountain, thus forming Wallace's Dome, and closing around a smooth elliptical slab of oölitic

marble, sixty feet long by thirty wide, finely contrasting with the darker limestone, from which it is divided by a deep rim, fringed with long stalactites curling like leaves of the acanthus. Far around us, with strongly marked strata, varying in hue and thickness, bends the massive wall of this venerable cathedral in a symmetrical oval one thousand feet in circumference!

Piloting us down the northern side of the hill, the guide left us conveniently seated at the foot, and collecting our lamps returned to the summit. Then followed several extraordinary transformation scenes. By concealing fifty or more lighted candles around the pyramid and behind adjacent rocks, he made us fancy that we saw a city by night, with castellated walls, illuminated windows and flame-lit spires. He next grouped the lights in a cavity, and by a skillful use of red-fire and Roman candles simulated the appearance of a volcano in active eruption. But his masterpiece was



THREADING THE ALGER-HOLE, WYANDOT CAVE.

a lavish blending of colored fire-works, creating a magical scene of enchantment. Near us lay a craggy wilderness, above which towered the pyramid, whose spectral figures stood out in relief against the oval

dome; the general background being the great wall with its variegated belts, encircling the entire basilica, amid whose arches ascended roseate clouds of smoke wreathing the twisted stalactites and curling acanthus leaves, in bewildering contrast with the black shadows cast by the beetling ledges—an indescribable vision, as if an opening had been made into realms of supernal splendor.

"Beyond the magic of Aladdin's lamp!" cried Barton.

"A petrified sunset!" exclaimed the Professor.

"The gate-way of Heaven!" said his wife.

"Rothrock's Cathedral forever!" shouted the guide, descending with our lamps, and conducting us to a spring, beside which lunch had been spread by the servant.

While partaking, we gave ear to another chapter of cave history. It had long been conjectured that there was an extension of the cave in a line with the axis of the Cathedral, that runs nearly N.N.E., but no opening had been found leading more than ten yards. Finally, amid a group of bulky stalagmites crowded against the wall, a hundred feet to the right of the rubbish blocking the original way, an orifice was detected by the current of air issuing from it. This, on being enlarged by the owners of the Cave from six inches to twenty-one inches, admitted them to many miles of new territory. The aperture is called the Auger-Hole; and at the estimated rate of stalagmitic growth it must have been impassable for a thousand years prior to its recent widening. Yet in the nitrous earth beyond, soft as a newly raked garden-bed, they found the moccasin tracks of a party of Indian explorers who had once searched the avenues, going up on one side and down on the other.

The opening is far from inviting, splashed as it is by the overflowings of the spring, and yawning like a monster. The Professor asks if we really must descend as Bruin slips into a hollow tree,—the very thought calling forth a storm of feminine protests. The guide says that they must either back in or else back out! One of the students, slender as a reed, and lithe as a cat, sets the example, by turning on his face and disappearing feet foremost. Soon he calls from some invisible place, assuring us that the tunnel is less than fifteen feet long; and then we hear his footsteps retreating through the corridor. The ladies conquer their fears, and the gentlemen follow. The



portly farmer brings up the rear, but, when half-way through, he is caught fast in the rocky embrace, and cries lustily for help. The guide pulls him through, and is repaid by being told that the Auger-Hole is a great bore!

Beyond this is Slippery Hill, another place of merry difficulties, about which many a racy story is told, and then a succession of halls, galleries, and avenues, each with its own peculiarities. At the Crawfish Spring we linger to catch the eyeless creatures, that were either formed amid these limited waters, or have been modified since floating down from upper streams; for now they are utterly destitute of the organs of vision, and are perfectly white.\*

From a curiously water-carved vestibule we enter the Frost King's Palace, where every object, large and small, is crusted with sparkling gypsum. Brilliant effects are thus produced in this and other halls,



MILROY'S TEMPLE AND WORM ALLEY, WYANDOT CAVE.

\* These, and other cave fauna, are described in the reports of the State Geological Survey, which also contain valuable general observations on the caves of that region.

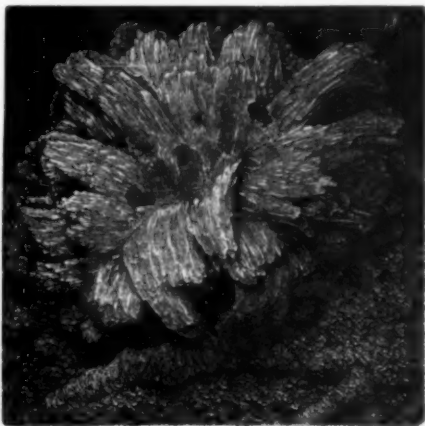


through whose mazes we rambled amid a bewildering variety, of which the memory only retains a rich medley of charms. Icy mounds, snowy cliffs, tantalizing counterfeits of dainty confections,—how they glittered and threatened to melt away in the light of our lamps! One fairly has a surfeit of sparry splendors and gleaming efflorescence. The professor called these fragile blossoms "oulopholites," and comparing them with numerous straight and needle-shaped crystals of the same material, said that by the decomposition of iron pyrites, sulphuric acid was set free, which, trickling through the limestone, formed the sulphate of lime, or fibrous gypsum; that when these fibers were crowded through a crevice too small for them, their effort to spread apart and make room for each other started a curve, that was continued by a larger number of atoms being supplied to one side than to the other. He tried to make his theory clear to us, but after all we were better pleased to regard these brilliant exotics as a myriad miracles wrought by One to whom darkness and light are alike, and who loves beauty, whether in the tropical forest, in the sunset sky, or in the crystalline gardens of this lonely cave.

Milroy's Temple is an extraordinary locality, which Barton and I reserved for our last trip into the cave. It was discovered by a party of students not long ago, and can hardly be said to be yet open to the public, as nothing has been done to enlarge the natural adit. This is a crooked passage, fifty feet long, named Worm Alley, because of the manner in which it has to be threaded. After painful crawling, pulling and pushing, we emerged through a rocky gate-way into a place more like chaos than like a temple. We seemed to be transferred abruptly to some half-finished planet. A long slope of slate-colored mud stretched away to invisible regions below. In this water-soaked floor lay masses of stone that may have fallen yesterday, overhung by huge blocks that may fall tomorrow. A cascade fills the air with melancholy sounds. All seems treacherous and frightful; yet the danger is chiefly imaginary. We find a rough but safe path leading

down the slope to the depths of a pit, whence we make our way beneath an immense formation of dripstone, strangely like a congealed cataract, through whose great icicles we climb to a ledge leading on to novel attractions. Chief among these curiosities is a row of musical stalactites, very broad and thin, on which a melody may be played by a skillful hand. We wander on beneath creamy stalactites, vermicular tubes strangely intertwined, convoluted roots, mural gardens, galleries gay and grotesque. The finest of all is Bailey's Gallery, bearing the name of its finder. This romantic balcony overhangs the portal, and commands a view of the entire scene. Chaos is changed into Paradise.

Before leaving the region, we took a morning's ride across the Knobs to the vicinity of the remarkable springs that feed Blue River. The enormous traditional depth of one of them shrank upon test to less than twenty feet. But another breaks from the rocks in a basin actually one hundred and twenty feet wide and fifty-five deep, by official survey; it is said to drain a valley six miles distant. Within easy reach are a score of caves, and we might have doubled our underground journey of eighty miles, for Southern Indiana is a region of subterranean palaces.



A CAVE FLOWER (OULOPHOLITE) FROM WYANDOT CAVE.

## JULES MICHELET.



JULES MICHELET.

MICHELET's father was delighted to have a son, and named him Jules, saying laughingly: "If the Republic last, he will be Julius Cæsar; if the Romish Church revive, he will be Pope Julius." All of Michelet's family were sure, even from his infancy, that he would be a great man, because his head was so very large. He was, therefore, a spoilt child, until misfortunes came, but these were many and came fast. He richly deserved a great deal of this unhappiness, for he himself brought it on. There was, however, considerable of it which was unmerited, and one who considers his life is overcome by deep pity.

The Revolution blasted his father's fortunes, as it did those of millions of other Frenchmen. His father, who became a printer, was employed by Robespierre, and would have shared the latter's fate but for his youth, and especially for the precaution he took of having two lodgings widely apart. The end of the Reign of Terror filled all France with hope. There was a demand for books and other letter-press, which seemed unlimited. An adherent of Robespierre gave Michelet's father a manuscript,—what it was nobody knows, but Michelet often heard his father say that, had it been found in his possession, he would certainly have been killed. Early, one morning, a police-agent entered the printing-office, and asked to see the work in press. Proof-sheets of

the fatal manuscript lay on a table of the room in which he stood. He glanced negligently at them, and asked: "What is this?" "Mere waste paper—sheets spoiled in press." "Very well! Let us see the presses." As he quitted the room, Michelet's mother, half dead with fright, threw the proof-sheets into the fire.

Michelet was born in the chapel of the mansion of the de Chaumont family, which had been, for a hundred years, the chapel and convent of some nuns. The Revolution dispersed them, and for eight years before Michelet's father leased the chapel, wind and rain, which poured through its paneless windows, had been its only tenants.

When Napoleon confiscated all political newspapers, Michelet's father issued "*Le Courier des Armées*": Napoleon made all military intelligence a government monopoly. The poor printer tried to issue a religious newspaper: it was suppressed, that a nephew of Portalis, then a minister, might make more money by *his* religious newspaper. The printer next brought out a novel: an influential personage had the whole edition thrown into the paper-maker's vat, because he was wounded by its satire: an unprincipled speculator, who was utterly ruined, induced Michelet to indorse for him. The notes were protested, and the poor printer was thrown into the debtor's jail. How his family managed to live during these distressing years, heaven only knows. This is certain—until young Michelet was fifteen, he ate no meat, drank no wine, had no fire; on lucky days, he ate bread and boiled vegetables with no seasoning but salt; many a day he had not even bread to eat. All his life he showed marks of these years of privation. He never attained full growth, his extremities were extraordinarily small, and his face always remained delicate.

He was even then, as he continued to be during his whole life, shy and awkward. He feared other children's company, lest they might laugh at him, and lived alone, devouring the few books that fell into his hands. "*Robinson Crusoe*" fired his imagination with flames that illumined all of night's waking hours. Boileau (especially by his satire of women) so delighted young Michelet, that the family were sure he too would be a great satirical poet. Dreux du Radier's

"Kings and Queens of France" had still more influence on him; for it gave him a taste for history. It was his mother's favorite book; they read it together time and again. Great was the influence exerted on him by the "Imitation of Christ," which accidentally fell into his hands before he had ever been to church or received any religious instruction whatsoever. He had never looked into the Bible; he had never knelt in prayer. The "Imitation" astounded him. Its praises of solitude, which he so dearly loved, went to his heart; and when it revealed to him that death was the usher to immortality, peace, hope, bliss, he felt like a new man, and was lifted above the miseries of the present hour. He bore them all, wishing for the usher's advent. He had no comrade, no amusement, no toys. He was one of those children whom Charles Lamb describes as "dragged up." A great deal of the excessive sensibility which disfigures Michelet's work was caused by the life he led during those dark years. His sole pleasure was to go to a lonely closet and spend hours there in reverie—a pleasure which had but one drawback: the staircase which led to this closet was very dark, even at noontide, and the closet had great big cupboards, and, as he climbed the staircase, he trembled lest some assassin should be hidden in one of those cupboards.

When Jules grew a little older, and his father had quitted jail, he became a self-taught printer, and set type. While his father was a prisoner, his mother took him to the Museum of French Monuments, which then contained all the tombs of St. Denis. He there for the first time realized that history is life—not death; that all the characters mentioned in its annals were of flesh and blood like himself. He trembled as he gazed on the statues, lest they should address him. Accident was training the boy to be an historian, but he came within an ace of remaining a printer for life. A friend offered to get him appointed to the Imperial Printing-office, where good pay and a comfortable retiring pension were given. Fancy how tempting the offer was to people who were starving! But such was his father's and mother's confidence in their son's brilliant destiny, although he was not a precocious child, that they refused the offer. They exercised still greater self-denial (how they did it cannot be imagined) and sent the boy to a high-school.

Young Michelet went to school with fear and trembling, but the first day passed away

quietly enough. The master gave the class a subject for composition at home. The next day when Michelet was ordered to read his exercise he was utterly abashed, his voice trembled so violently that the whole class burst into those coarser than horse laughs—school-boy laughs, which still more disconcerted him. The laughter grew more boisterous as his confusion increased, till at last the master took pity on him, and told him to stop. From that hour Michelet was the butt of his class. What he suffered nobody but those who recall the tortures inflicted in their school-days can imagine. As he entered and quitted the school, they would crowd around him, look at him as if he were some curiosity, question him, and laugh uproariously at his answer, no matter what he said. They gathered so closely around him that he was obliged to elbow his way through them. His heart was full of bitterness. Too imperfectly educated to be at the head of the class, he sat among the lower scholars, and as they never studied, he was tormented by them from the time school opened until it closed. Michelet was not only mortified at this, but he lost self-confidence, and grew misanthropic.

Driven back upon his own resources and denied all companionship by his school-mates, he loved books and solitude all the more. They poured oil upon his lacerated heart, and, communing with them, he forgot how cruelly he had been treated. His choice of authors shows that he was a boy of rare taste and had an unusual and delicate appreciation of intellectual worth. When he was fifteen years of age, he would spend holidays reading an elegy of Tibullus, or a book of Horace, or pages of Virgil (his favorite author), or Racine's "Athalie" or "Esther." How many lads of this age find delight in such books? Like most Frenchmen, however, he could not master Greek. It is strange to see how many Frenchmen who are familiar with books are unable to read a line of Greek. To instance only two memorable examples: Sainte-Beuve, though for years a librarian of the French Institute, took lessons in Greek only three years before his death. Silvestre de Sacy, though the son of the famous Hebrew and Arabic scholar, and a bibliomaniac himself, living among professors and librarians of the French Institute, could not read a line of Greek. There are very few learned men in France who know any language beside their mother tongue except Latin, the language of the Romish Church.

Michelet's second year of college life began badly for him. He was sure he would be the head of his class in French composition, but he came out twenty-first. When, however, he was ordered to write a Latin composition, he was proclaimed the first of the class. This restored his self-confidence, and he became almost indifferent to the ridicule heaped on him by his comrades. His third year of college life, during which Villemain was one of his masters, was unusually brilliant. Villemain warned him against admitting to his style the new words and the declamatory phrases then in fashion. Michelet heeded the good advice, and proved it to his tutor by the first composition he wrote. After silently reading all the compositions sent in, Villemain took up one, which he had laid aside as the best of them all, saying, "Gentlemen, listen to this." As he spoke, he came down from his platform, sat by Michelet's side, and read his composition to the class as a model.

At the distribution of prizes in 1815, Michelet's success was still more brilliant. That year this distribution did not take place, as usual, in the Sorbonne. To honor the Duke de Richelieu, the prizes were distributed in the Palace of the Institute, in the hall where members of the French Academy are officially received, and Michelet obtained from the Duke's own hands, amid the applause of a brilliant audience, the highest prizes for Latin composition, for Latin translation, and for French composition.

He was eighteen when he was graduated, and it became necessary for him to earn his bread. This he refused to ask of his pen. He justly considered that thought is an angel to be entertained at its pleasure, not a slave to be driven. So he became a teacher, giving private lessons, and lessons in private schools, meantime studying for the doctor's degree, which alone could open colleges to him. He contented himself with earning little, that his afternoons might be free. When his time was his own, he would read Greek (in which he made some progress), and the Latin poets and historians until he was tired, when he would walk in Père la Chaise. Grave-yards were ever his favorite resort. On holy days, he would walk all day with a friend in Vincennes Forest, discussing questions of morals, religion, and literature. In 1821, after six years of this life, having secured his doctor's diploma, he sought and obtained a professor's chair in Rollin College.

Michelet now entered upon the happiest years of his life. His salary relieved him from the fever of the brain and the heart-ache of uncertainty. His duties were no burdensome tax on his well-stored mind. He was master in his lecture-room, and therefore his favor was worth courting. He has left a page on this epoch of his life which merits quotation:

"Teaching was of great service to me. The terrible trials of college life had changed my character, had made me reticent and reserved, shy and distrustful. Married young, and living in great solitude, I desired the society of my fellow-creatures less and less every day. The society I found in my pupils re-opened, dilated my heart. These amiable, confiding generations reconciled me to humanity by their confidence in me. I was touched, saddened, too, very often, to see generation follow generation so rapidly at the foot of my chair. I had scarcely begun to love them when they were gone. All of them are now dispersed, and many of them (so young!) have departed this life. Few of them have forgotten me. As for myself, I shall never forget one of them, neither those among the living, nor those numbered with the dead. They, unconsciously, have done me an immense service. If I have an especial merit as an historian, which raises me near my illustrious predecessors, I owe it to teaching, for teaching brought me friendship. Those great historians have been brilliant, judicious, profound. I have loved more than they. I have suffered, too, more than they. The trials and privations of my childhood are ever before me. I have remembered what it is to work, what it is to lead a hard and laborious life. I have remained, I am one of the poor people. I have grown up like a blade of grass between two paving-stones; Alpine growth does not retain more of its sap than this urban blade. My desert, which I made in Paris itself, my free course of studies, my free teaching (always free and invariably the same), have enlarged, without changing me. They who rise nearly always lose by elevation, because they are transformed, become mongrel, bastard, lose the originality of their class, without gaining the originality of their new class. *The rub is not to rise, but to remain one's self after elevation.* The rise, the progress of the lower classes, is nowadays often compared to the invasion of Barbarians. Barbarians! I like, I adopt the word, which means men full of new living, rejuvenating sap. Barbarians! That is a caravan on its way to the Rome of the future; true, moving slowly; each generation getting a little ways on, then halting in death; but succeeding generations none the less taking up the line of march where it was left. We, Barbarians, have this natural advantage—more vital warmth, while the higher classes have more cultivation for themselves; but they have neither thorough, nor intense, nor hard, nor conscientious work. Their elegant writers (real spoil children of society) seem to glide on clouds, or, proudly eccentric, they do not deign to look at earth. How could they make earth fruitful? Earth yearns to drink man's sweat, to be impressed with his heat and vivifying virtue. We Barbarians give earth all these things with generous hand; therefore, the earth loves Barbarians. They love infinitely and too much, sometimes running into particulars with the hallowed awkwardness

of Albert Dürer, or the excessive polish of Jean Jacques Rousseau (who does not sufficiently conceal art), and they mar the whole by this exaggerated attention to particulars. They ought not to be too severely blamed: it is the excess of will, the superabundance of love, sometimes an excess of sap. This sap, ill-directed, seething, wrongs itself; it would simultaneously yield everything,—leaves, blossoms, fruit, so it bends and twists the branches. These defects of hard workers are often to be found in my books, which yet lack the good qualities of those hard workers. Never mind! They who come with the sap of the people none the less bring at least a great exertion, if not a new degree of life and rejuvenation to Art. They commonly aim at a higher and farther guerdon than other folks do. They consult rather their will than their strength. May my fame in the future be—not to have attained, but to have indicated, the object of history, to have given it a name unbested on it by anybody else. Thierry called it 'narration,' and Guizot, 'analysis.' I have called it 'resurrection,' and this name will stick to it."

Michelet's whole self is in this passage—his hysterical sensibility, his exaggeration of the influence of the popular element, his narrow, but ingenious, view of the province of history, his vitiated taste. Compare this passage with his reply to Guizot, years afterward. It was made in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Discussion turned on the poetry of East India. Guizot was complaining of its luxuriance, when Michelet suddenly interrupted him with: "Oh, *you* cannot possibly understand it! You have always detested life!"

Everybody who knew Michelet at this period of his life says that it is impossible to conceive any more fascinating lecturer than he was in those days. His facts were not always sterling; his theories had more glitter than gold; his prejudices were often groundless; he had no method; he was fickle in his ideas; he lacked scientific accuracy of thought, statement, and language; but he was so full of enthusiasm and hope and sympathy, that he excited the minds of his hearers as no other lecturer did. He made them think, and think for themselves. His very appearance, too, gave authority to his lectures. He was as white-haired at twenty-five as he was at seventy; pale, thin, all nerves, he seemed to have the experience of Age with the fire of Youth. Again, in those days France seethed, as Italy had done at the Renaissance. Frenchmen believed a revival was at hand as splendid as that of Italy. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny and Alfred de Musset were the rising poets. Guizot, Thiers, Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, were the young historians. Alexander Dumas, Scribe, Frederick Soulié, filled the stage. Rachel, Frederick Lemaitre,

Melingue, Bocage, Madame Dorval, created the characters which the dramatists drew. Rossini had not reached his meridian; Aubér and Meyerbeer were in their morning splendor. Balzac, Georges Sand and Eugène Sue were introducing the novel, still unknown in France. Cuvier, Arago, Ampère, St. Hilaire, Thenard, Dumas, Orfila, added luster to science. Foy, Manuel, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, and, above them all, Berryer, showed France how high parliamentary eloquence could rise; while De Ravignan and Lacordaire revealed the pulpit to be as eloquent as the tribune, and the elder Dupin, his brother Philippe, Chaix d'Est, Ange, Leon Duval, Marie and Crémieux, sustained with splendor the claims of the bar to oratorical rank. Villemain, Victor Cousin, Victor Leclerc, St. Marc Girardin, were as eloquent in the chair. Ingres, Horace Vernet, Paul Delaroche, Eugène Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Pradier, David, drew all Paris to art exhibitions, while concert-rooms were as crowded to hear Liszt, Chopin, Madame Pleyel, Thalberg, play. Still greater throngs were at the opera-house to hear Nourrit, Levassor, Falcon, Dorus Gras, Duprez, Roger, Rubini, Ronconi, Lablache, Tamburini, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, sing, or see Taglioni, the Ellsers, or Plunkett dance. Talleyrand used to say that he who did not know Paris in 1789, when it glowed with enthusiasm for the changes taking place, could not know what it was to live. Frenchmen familiar with Paris from 1820 to 1848 have often told me that nothing could exceed the delight of life during those eight and twenty years, when all forms of French intellect were in full bloom.

Although these were the happiest years of Michelet's life, he did not enjoy them to the full, neither did they bring him all the happiness he might have possessed. First of all, his marriage was not a happy one. When he was two and twenty, he made the acquaintance of his wife, whose unfortunate circumstances fired his heart with quixotic sympathy—the most ardent form of love. Her mother had been a lady of rank at the court of Louis XVI., and early in the Revolution she had obtained a divorce from her husband (who was her equal in station) and had married an actor. The mother was soon tired of the actor, deserted him and their daughter, and then married a man of title. This poor child, substantially nobody's daughter, was taken care of by the actor's family, who, in consequence of her question-



able birth, were ashamed of her. They were also very poor. She was constantly wounded by the blushes she raised on their cheeks, and by the privations she underwent. So Michelet no sooner asked her hand than he got it. Her life had been so constant a struggle for money, that she felt each mill was valuable. Bred with illiterate people, she looked upon books as costly and useless luxuries. Her tongue is said to have been as "foul as Vulcan's stithy," and her temper like Cayenne. Such a marriage outlawed Michelet. He could not take this woman into society, and he would not go into company without her, for she was his wife, and was therefore entitled to all his respect, let her deficiencies be grave as they might.

She was not, however, without good qualities. Her excessive thrift kept debt from Michelet's door, which preserved his honor and dignity from those breaches which had otherwise been made in both, and enabled him to amass, not only means to educate the son and daughter she bore him, but to give them both that dowry without which marriage is next to impossible in France. She also kept his home tidy and orderly. She spent with him nineteen years of married life, and it is no paradox to say he deeply and sincerely mourned her.

This lonely life, these nineteen years of irritation, increased the nervous sensibility, that state of hysterics, which daily became more characteristic of Michelet, and which heightened his talents as an artist and lessened his authority as an historian.

As early as 1825, Michelet had written, or to speak accurately, compiled, for the use of schools, a chronological summary of modern history, and synchronological tables of nearly the same period of time. These were such works as any ordinary mechanic of letters could have prepared. Profiting by a suggestion made by Augustin Thierry in his letters on the "History of France," that histories for schools ought to be rewritten, that old routine should be discarded, and the recent discoveries and new views be introduced in them, Michelet published, in 1827, his "Synopsis of Modern History." By this, much attention was attracted to the author. The charm, the stimulant to thought, the abrupt, champing, eager, nervous style, are to be found in it, and their fascinations are heightened by the self-restraint Michelet evidently then put on himself. The enchantment of his works lies in their seeming to be (as they of truth are) the account given by an enthusiastic, gifted man, with wonder-

ful memory, of the facts gathered by him during extensive research. You know he has lived his books. Every word of them has filtered through his heart, his mind, his soul, and are ingrained with his own self. The drudgery of literary labor does not stain one of Michelet's pages. The author disappears in the ardent, brilliant talker. Life, with its hot blood, glowing cheek, throbbing heart, is to be found on every one of his pages. But he has the weakness of this strength: he assumes too much knowledge in his reader, and his meaning is therefore very often incomprehensible: he continually gives, not the facts themselves, but his interpretation of them; he marshals facts in the most arbitrary manner, giving importance to trifles, relegating decisive incidents to the background, and too often omitting them entirely.

This is no place to enter upon a critical examination of Michelet's works, or to give even a bibliography of them; still, I must glance rapidly at some of them. He laid great stress upon his translation of Vico's "*Scienza Nuova*," which, however, did not reach a second edition. This Italian thinker had great influence on Michelet. He used to say, "I am a child of Virgil and Vico," but he failed to persuade his countrymen to share his high opinion of this author. His "*Introduction to Universal History*" is obscure. It is necessarily so, since he gives only one hundred pages to the history of Asia and Europe, from the remotest antiquity to the French Revolution, where "a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin." It is inaccurate in statement and false in deductions, but is interesting to a student familiar with the subject. This "*Universal History*" was followed by a "*History of Rome*," which is very much like the "*Introduction*"; still, with all their deficiencies, these books are charming. They are suggestive, and whet the appetite for graver histories of that epoch.

After the Revolution of July, Michelet was appointed one of the keepers of the Archives. I have described the impression the Museum of French Monuments made upon him. Conceive, then, Michelet's emotions when he entered the French Archives as master, and ferreted every port-folio, every bundle, every pigeon-hole, unchallenged. There, French history is not dead—only asleep. Add, too, the illusions of revolution, especially in a man like Michelet, who had hallooed to the insurgents in July, "Make history! we'll write it!" and who made

sure the rosy dawn was Utopia's aurora. Moreover, Guizot, Thierry, and even Villemain, were writing the history of England; Victor Hugo and all the Romantic School were extolling the Middle Ages; so Michelet determined to write French history. With the fickleness which soon led him to overleap all reigns from Henry IV. to the Consulate, and afterward to plunge into the Revolution before its turn, he discarded his scheme, which was to write the history of Rome, Italy and France; for he held that the annals of the latter could not be understood unless one was familiar with the Peninsular story. In two years, he wrote and published the first volume of his history. In 1843, he brought out the sixth, with which the best part of the work ends. Both man and author afterward underwent a complete metamorphosis. Frenchmen think his description of France, his sketch of Joan of Arc, his chronicle of Louis XI.'s reign, are masterpieces of prose, inferior to none in their language. This praise is exaggerated; but those passages are, no doubt, among his best.

Michelet's happy days ended with 1843. Clouds had been gathering. Guizot, upon his appointment as Minister, in 1833, had given Michelet his chair in the Sorbonne; but, in 1835, alarmed by Michelet's extravagant language, he withdrew the place from him and gave it to Charles Lenormant, who was "a safe man," because he was a man of mediocrity. In 1837, Victor Cousin forced Michelet to resign his chair in the training-school, for Cousin would allow no man to fill any chair in France unless he held his (Cousin's) opinions on every subject. This intolerance, which is characteristic of Frenchmen, has no slight influence in leading to revolution. The loss of these chairs was a serious financial embarrassment to Michelet. Some amends were made him in 1838, when he was made a professor of the College of France; but he was thenceforward a malignant enemy of Guizot and of Cousin.

As long as Michelet filled a chair in the Training-School, he had been obliged to exercise self-restraint. The audience had been small, critical, and exacting—formed of young men destined to be professors, trained to thorough examinations of questions, taught by the ablest men of the day, and refined in taste by familiarity with great writers. Michelet had been obliged to be circumspect, under pain of being made a butt. There was a very different audience in

the College of France—a motley collection, which had nothing in common with the professor. It was formed of retired shopkeepers and government clerks, hard put to it to kill time, glad to find a warm room without paying for fuel. Besides these, there were gypsies of the law, of medicine, and of literature,—poor young men who had not yet found the oyster-shell's opening; still poorer, but no longer young, men, who drifted purposeless and desponding, ready for anything but patient, pertinacious work. Students there were none. There was no discipline, not even the self-discipline of the conscientious professor, his sole care being to amuse his audience and to win applause.

When Michelet took possession of his chair, everybody in France was bidding for popularity. The Prince de Joinville was striving for it by urging war with England; Thiers, by bringing Napoleon's bones back to France and urging a general war; Georges Sand, by teaching socialism; Lamartine, by attacking the Government. There were in the College of France three professors, who thought they could play under Louis Philippe the demagogic parts which Guizot, Villemain, and Victor Cousin had played during Charles X.'s reign. These three men were Michelet, Mickiewicz, and Edgar Quinet. They knew there was in France a royal road to popularity—attack upon the Roman Catholic Church and the Government, and they attacked both. Their lecture-rooms became riotous, and, in 1847, the Government found it proper to suspend Michelet. He became more ardent than ever in his hostility to Church and Government, and attacked them in pamphlet and newspaper.

When the Revolution of 1848 occurred, Michelet was delighted. He little suspected it was his ruin. He took possession of his chair again, and became more outrageous than ever. The severer spirits even of the Training-School had objected that Michelet never came to the lecture-room thoroughly prepared. It was still worse in the College of France. He not only refused to lecture twice a week, as he was in duty bound to do, but he positively refused to make even the least preparation for the lecture-room. When urged to do justice to himself, he replied: "Nonsense! I am never at a loss, for I talk only of myself." His colleagues pressed him to fulfill his obligation to lecture twice a week. He answered haughtily, "I can't!" A colleague rejoined, "But I lecture twice a week,"—

to which Michelet insolently responded: "Had I to deliver only lectures like yours, I could lecture daily; but know, sir, my lectures are poems!" He appealed to Biot if his lectures were not every way exemplary. The venerable mathematician dryly retorted: "Assuredly not! You are a professor of history and morals. I find in your lectures neither history nor morals." It is incredible how low Michelet fell in his lectures. The bathos of some of them is legendary. One example must suffice: "A child is born. The mother feeds it. She makes a fire. She puts milk-and-water on it. The milk-and-water boils. Observe the mother. She dips her fore-finger in the saucepan. Her fore-finger is coated with the nourishing elements. She introduces them into the infant's mouth. Gentlemen, there is in this action a revelation deep as ocean." In March, 1851, he was again suspended, I believe by a unanimous vote of his colleagues. The *Coup d'État* occurred soon afterward, and he was dismissed from his chair and denied the pension due him. The following June (1852) the oath of allegiance was required of all persons employed in the Archives. Michelet, refusing to take it, lost his place, and the Government struck his "Summary of Modern History" from the list of the text-books used in schools. He was now fifty-four years old, and he was ruined.

Michelet's books never had a great sale, and had never been popular. Most people read books to remember facts—not to be excited to thought. There is little to remember in Michelet's works. He always held facts to be the least part of history. Moreover, he was from the outset his own publisher. He bought paper, made contracts with printer and binder, and delivered the edition to the nominal publisher, to be sold on commission. This checked the sale of his books, for nobody was greatly interested in their circulation. Again, after the *Coup d'État*, the French were so delighted with the quiet which then prevailed—history's lessons were lost on them; they had forgotten that despotism is ruin to the tradesman, as well as to the State—that they looked with aversion upon those who had so eagerly and recklessly brought on the Revolution of 1848. Were there not figures to reveal the truth, it would be incredible that the demand for Michelet's works ceased as completely as it did from 1852 to 1861. The sale of his works reveals some curious facts. Until 1879, no new edition of his "Summary of Modern History" had been published since

1864, and no edition of his "Introduction to Universal History" had been issued since 1843. In 1866, the last edition of his Roman history appeared. The fourth edition of the first six volumes of his "History of France" was called for only in 1879. These figures are all the more extraordinary when one remembers that French publishers rarely issue an edition of 2,000 copies. Hachette published, in his "Railway Library," the sketches of Joan of Arc and Louis XI.; an edition of the former appeared in 1853; the next in 1856; another in 1863; the last in 1873. This is all the more remarkable from the commendation which Sainte-Beuve gave the sketch when published in this form. Eclectic as Sainte-Beuve was, he could not bear Michelet; but soon after Hachette published Joan of Arc, Wallon gave to the world a biography of that heroine, written with such dogmatic pedantry, such absence of everything like critical acumen, such gross miscomprehension of her epoch, that he drove Sainte-Beuve into tolerating Michelet. Besides, all the magazines and liberal newspapers of the day exalted Michelet, out of opposition to the Empire.

Michelet has been censured for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, which men like St. Marc Girardin, Edouard Laboulaye, Jules Favre, Emile Ollivier, Thiers, Gambetta, and Raspail took. To refuse the oath did no manner of good, ruined Michelet, and deprived him of that command of the Archives which a keeper has. The truth is, Michelet had gone so far with the revolutionary party, he could not stand still, but was obliged to flow with the current into which he had plunged. His nerves were rasped almost to frenzy; he was absolutely penniless, and he saw no way of making money; it became necessary for him to quit Paris and seek some cheap retreat in the provinces, but he had not money enough to pay the railway fare to his destination. Jules Simon (who was then employed by Hachette as editor of the "Journal Pour Tous") induced Hachette to lend Michelet the money he required.

He had no heart for history, "the harsh, fierce history of man." Indeed, books, pen, ink and paper were forbidden him. Vitality ran so low, that the least disturbance would have quenched it. He went to a village near Nantes, but the atmosphere proved too humid, and he made a Pyrenean hamlet his halt. Strange to say, the changeless face of Nature there offended him; it mocked his restless soul, his perturbed life,

by its immutability. He did not read in it endless spring, but eternity. He quitted it for the Norman coast, where the skies are fickle, where fog and cloud are frequent. All his life, he had loved veiled Nature.

These changes of scene revived his spirits, but he was deeper in debt than ever. His histories had no sale. It was necessary for him to bring out something which did not touch on politics. Nature suggested the subject of his book, "Birds." The book almost instantly freed him from debt, and put money in his purse. Every year, from 1856 to 1860, witnessed a new edition. It was followed, in 1857, by "Insects"; by "Love," in 1858; by "Woman," in 1859; by "The Sea," in 1861. He received \$3,950 from the first work; \$3,600 from the second; \$5,000 from "The Sea," and \$5,000 from "The Mountain," which appeared in 1868. Michelet's merits and deficiencies are placed in a striking light by these works. His blunders in science are amazing; even his mistakes of observation are numerous, but his penetration is great; he sees life and transfers it to his pages in a style both practical and rapid, though soon monotonous, and always strangely inaccurate. Students familiar with his works will not be surprised to hear (for every page reveals this weakness) that Michelet never learned the most difficult art of polishing his style. As he grew older, and his self-conceit increased, he became convinced, like Lamartine, that every line he wrote was sublime perfection. It is said he broke with Couture for months, because the artist had said to him: "Your work on 'Birds' is charming." Charming? Michelet thought sublime was the least compliment it deserved.

In 1854 he prepared for the press (they had long lain in rough draft) the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth volumes of his history. They had no sale. They were exaggerations of his worse methods, or rather want of method, of his blindness to truth, of his contempt for facts, and of his hysterical style. In every line, he attacked the Church, the Monarchy, and the Middle Ages.

After the siege of Paris, Michelet fled to Switzerland, and later to Italy. Each defeat of the French was a blow given his heart. When he heard of the capitulation of Paris he had an apoplectic stroke—the beginning of the end. The hideous saturnalia of the Commune added pangs to still bleeding wounds. During the insur-

rection of June, 1848, the insurgents had begun to build a barricade in front of his residence, when somebody protested: "Why, there is Michelet's house." The insurgents exclaimed: "Who is Michelet?" He was told of the incident. He was deeply mortified, and groaned: "Were my book, 'The People,' unwritten, 'twould remain unwritten." Judge, then, the poignant distress with which he heard that the Communists had striven to burn his house, his library, his papers, all the precious souvenirs of his life, and had been frustrated solely by the solidity of the house. Two stories of it had perished.

Michelet sought oblivion in work. He was not at the end of the mortifications. Edgar Quinet had been restored to his old chair in the College of France. Michelet asked for his place. The request was denied. His irritation was great. He worked more feverishly than ever; in three years he wrote nearly four volumes of his "History of the Nineteenth Century." But now age was fast asserting itself; inspiration had cooled, mannerism had taken its place; instead of sympathy, his pages were full of hatred; his judgment was more than ever eclipsed by his self-conceit.

The question has often been asked: What French author had most influence in forming Michelet's style? He himself refused to answer the question, and said Virgil was his master. He professed to prefer Ballanche and Madame Desbordes-Valmore (fifth-rate authors) to all his contemporaries, "because they had more heart." His intimate friends say that Rousseau, Châteaubriand, and Diderot were his models. He says: "Despite my musical incapacity, I was very sensitive to the majestic and royal harmony of Latin; that grand Italian melody seemed to me like a southern sunbeam. This heat of another clime had such effect on me that, before I had the least idea of the quantity or rhythm of the ancient languages, I had sought and found, in my school compositions, Romanorustic melodies, like those of mediæval prose." The musical harmony of sentences was always his foremost care, and to carry it to perfection he needed quiet and silence. He once tried, during a storm by the sea-side, to describe it; but "the most delicate faculty of an author, the rhythm, was blunted by the uproar. My sentences became inharmonical. This, the most important string of my instrument, was broken."

He set to work punctually at 6 A. M., and allowed nobody to interrupt him, under any

pretense, until 1 P. M., when he lunched. He would walk or visit friends from 2 to 3:30; from 4 to 6 he would receive any person, acquaintance or stranger, who called. He refused all invitations to dinner, or other evening entertainments, and never went to concerts or the theater; in fine, never quitted his house after night-fall. He never worked at night, and went to bed at ten. He found it hard to work except at home, and even there, if the objects around had been moved. Old, faded, ink-stained as was the cloth on his writing-table, battered as his paper-boxes were by forty years' use, he would not allow them to be replaced by new ones. On a sheet of paper which he put in the same envelope with his will he wrote: "What will become of my home? Have pity on my house, on my furniture, on my engravings, on the pictures with which I have lived, namely: Melancolia, 1825; Michael Angelo, 1830; portraits of these three professors—Paul

Huet, Belloc, Lortel." Whenever he went traveling, he carried his cage-birds with him.

His declining strength made him fly the severity of a winter in Paris. He went to Hyères in December, 1873. There, at noon, the 9th of February, 1874, he died. After a most unseemly contest for the possession of his body, which his son-in-law strove to wrench from Madame Michelet, the funeral took place in Paris. A mob, scarcely leavened by one respectable person, and swaying to and fro, followed him to the grave. Their hoarse, senseless roar was heard, instead of the severe lullaby with which the Church soothes her children to peaceful rest, with pledge of the Life Everlasting. He who had said: "With all my heart, I kissed the wooden cross which stands in the center of the Coliseum. I beg of you, oh, do tell me (if you know) has another altar but this ever been built?"—such a man deserved an ending of greater dignity than this.

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### SUMMER IN WINTER.

I sit here and the earth is wrapt in snow,  
And the cold air is thick with falling night:  
I think of the still, dewy summer eyes,  
When cows came slowly sauntering up the lane,  
Waiting to nibble at the juicy grass,—  
When the green earth was full of changing life,  
When the warm wind blew soft and slowly past,  
Caressing now and then some way-side flower,  
Stopping to stir the tender maple leaves,  
And breathing all its fragrance on the air.

I think of the broad meadows, daisy-white,  
With the long shade of some stray apple-tree  
Falling across them, and the rustlings faint  
When evening breezes shook along the grass.  
I think of all the thousand summer sounds,—  
The cricket's chirp, repeated far and near;  
The sleepy note of robins in their nest;  
The whip-poor-will whose sudden cry rang out  
Plaintive, yet strong, upon the startled air.  
And so it was the summer twilight fell,  
And deepened to the darkness of the night:—  
And now I lift my heart out of my dream,  
And see instead the pale, cold, dying lights,  
The dull gray skies, the barren, snow-clad fields,  
That come to us when winter evenings come.



## AN INVITATION.

O COME into the garden, sweet,  
At dawn of day, at dawn of day;  
For Love has the key of the postern-gate,  
Make no delay! make no delay!

Here's beds of roses white and red,  
Where softly shall you fare.  
Here's crowds of yellow marigolds  
To deck your shining hair.

Here's meadow lawns and grassy plots,  
Where dainty feet may stray,  
Here's doves to coo, and birds to sing  
Love's tender roundelay.

Here's peaches from the southern wall,  
O sweetheart, taste and try.  
Here's arbors green and trellises  
To kiss, and no one by.

And all these things await you, love,  
At dawn of day, at dawn of day;  
For Love is here with song and lute.  
Make no delay! make no delay!

## THE ORCHESTRA OF TO-DAY.

NOT long ago, a flute was found near Poitiers, in France, among surroundings which pointed to the age of prehistoric man as the epoch of its construction. It lay among the implements of the stone age, and was merely a piece of stag's-horn pierced with three holes which gave it a capacity of four tones, without counting possible harmonics. The utmost discoursing of this rude instrument must have been but trifling compared with the weighty message of its silence, as it lay there among its uncouth axes and knives; for it told the strange story of instrumental melody backward to a point beyond history, and hinted that man commenced to hunger for music about the same time as for bread. But along with this antiquity of orchestral constituents, the thoughtful musician finds the seemingly incongruous fact that what we call the orchestra is the product of only the last two centuries. How is it that melody is so old, and harmony so young?

The answer to this question involves considerations extending to the very deepest springs of modern life, and leads the investigator into directions little suspected at the outset. It would require far too much space to be attempted here; but before proceeding to set forth—as the main body of this paper is intended to do—a plain and untechnical account, for non-musical readers, of the nature of orchestral instruments and the work of their players, I wish at least to

state the problem clearly and to call the reader's attention to some circumstances which look toward its solution; hoping thus to present a nucleus about which the scattered items of fact to be subsequently conveyed may group themselves into portable form.

Consider, for example, how persistently the human imagination, whenever it turned at all in the direction of music, for long ages addressed itself to gigantic speculations upon the power of it, rather than to the more satisfactory business of expressing itself immediately in terms of the musical art. Instead of making music, it made a great ado about music. Hence we have (practically) no remains of ancient music; but what a lot of fablings, often beautiful and noble, upon it! Compare for a moment a whole mythology of these with the fruits which the modern mind brings out of the same realm: the results are striking enough. From the modern musical imagination we get, not fables about melody, but melodies; not unearthly speculations upon music, but actual unearthly harmonies; not a god playing a flute, but the orchestra.

Why has this immense development of music occurred in our particular modern age, rather than in some other?

It is already commonplace to say that what we call the modern epoch is contradistinguished from all others by the two characteristic signs of the rise of music and

the rise of science. This contemporaneity of development cannot be a merely accidental coincidence. That same scientific spirit of which the modern time has witnessed such an influx that one may not irreverently term it Pentecostal is the stimulus which, acting in one direction, has produced the body of modern music, in another direction the body of modern science. For, if the scientific spirit be but a passionate longing to put oneself in relation with the substance of things—with the truth as it actually exists outside of oneself, then it is easily conceivable that such a longing might influence very powerfully both of those two great classes of man's spiritual activities which we are accustomed to call, the one intellectual, the other emotional; and that, driven by such a longing, intellectual activity might result in science, emotional, in music.

We all know how invariably, from of old, every attempt to draw near to the substance of things has ended in quickly bringing the investigator to the same awful term, to wit—God, though the investigator has often named it far otherwise. And—if such be the real outcome of science—can any one attend, on the other hand, to an intelligent rendition of the Fifth Symphony without finding beneath all its surface-ideas this same powerful current of Desire which sets the soul insensibly closer toward the Unknown by methods which are inarticulate and vague, as those of science are articulate and precise?

Moreover, when looked at from the standpoint of any large classification of eras, we find the musicians and the scientists about shoulder to shoulder in time; we find Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Descartes, De Maillet, Haller, Hunter, Harvey, Swedenborg, Vesalius, Linnæus, Lamarck, Cuvier, Buffon, Franklin, Hutton, Lyell, Audubon, Faraday, Helmholtz, Agassiz, Le Conte, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, to be substantially contemporaries of Palestrina, Purcell, the Scarlattis, Handel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Schubert, Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Spontini, Spohr, Rossini, Berlioz, Schumann, Chopin, Glinka, Gade, Kuhlau, Boieldieu, Rubinstein, Raff, Gounod, Hamerik, Wagner.

In truth—and with this suggestion one can now come to the more immediate purpose of this writing—perhaps it will finally come to be seen that if we shred away from music and science all that manifold husk of temporary and non-intrinsic matters which envelops the nut of every important movement, we will

find both presenting themselves as substantially the forms in which the devoutness of our age has expressed itself—that devoutness without which no age *is*, and which comes down from one to another in imperishable yet often scarcely recognizable shapes; insomuch that our great men are as it were but more sensible re-appearances of monks—our musicians having retired for worship into music, as into a forest, and our scientific men sending out the voice of uncontrollable devotion from a theory, as from a Thebaid cave.

The instruments of which a full orchestra is composed are of three general classes: "the wind," "the strings," and the "instruments of percussion."

To begin some account of the first-named class: perhaps nothing is more perplexing to one unfamiliar with orchestras than the goings-on and general appearance of the wind-side of it; the shapes of the instruments seem grotesque, and the arrangement of the keys on a Boehm flute (for example) or a bassoon seems utterly lawless and bewildering. But perhaps by reducing all wind-instruments to one common type, and then clearly setting forth the precise manner in which air, when set in musical vibration by the human breath or otherwise, is definitely controlled to this or that pitch, much of the embarrassment of this apparent complexity can be avoided.

Let this common type, then, be a straight tube of wood, closed at one end, say two feet in length and an inch in diameter, pierced with a hole at the distance of an inch from the closed end, after the manner of a flute embouchure. Let the lips now be applied to this embouchure, and a stream of air constantly increasing in force be sent across it. The first tone heard will be the lowest tone of which the tube is capable; from a tube of the dimensions named, this lowest tone will not be a great way from the middle C of the piano-forte, and we will here assume it to be exactly that C. Now, most persons who have not reasoned upon the subject are found to expect that as the breath increases in force a series of tones corresponding to the ascending scale from C will be produced. But this is far from being the case; on the contrary, the tone first produced will grow louder and louder, until suddenly its octave will sound, and no management of the breath can by any possibility bring out an intermediate tone between this normal C and its octave. If the force of the breath be still increased, pres-

ently the *g* above this octave will be heard; if still increased, the *c* above this *g*; still increased, the *e* above this last *c*; and so on, in a series which I will not here further detail. This process is typical for all tubes, of whatever size or material, and however the air may be agitated in them. Its explanation forms one of the most striking triumphs of modern science, but is too long to be given here.

It appears, then, that our tube gives us already five tones, without any appliances whatever except the simple expedient of increasing the force of the breath. Suppose, now, that we shorten it by cutting off about an inch; on applying the breath gently at the embouchure, the first tone heard will now be *D* (the next tone in the scale to the *C* first mentioned); and if we continue to increase the force of the breath, as at first, a series of tones will be heard bearing the same relation to *D* as the first series bore to *C*, that is, the *d* octave of *D*, then the *a* above this *d*, then the *d* above this *a*, then the *f* sharp above this *d*, and so on. If we should again shorten the tube by about an inch, then the first tone heard will be *E*, or the second tone in the scale above the first *C* of the long tube; and, again forcing the breath, another series exactly similar to the last will be produced. It would thus seem that in order to produce those intermediate tones of the scale needed to fill up the gap between the first *C* and the octave of it, we are under the necessity of shortening the tube inch by inch. And so we are, but there is a method of shortening the tube which does not involve cutting it off. Piercing it with a hole of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter is found to have the same effect as if the tube were cut off at the point where the hole is pierced, and this discovery affords an easy method of producing on one tube all the notes belonging to the gap between the two extremes of the first octave; for, instead of shortening the tube by cutting it off, we successively shorten it by piercing holes at the points where it ought to be shortened. If we cover all these holes with the fingers, the tube is practically two feet long, and will give, on being blown, the *C* first mentioned; if we then open the hole farthest from the embouchure by lifting up the finger which covers it, the tube becomes practically shortened by an inch, and gives us the next tone in the scale, *D*, which we can then vary with all the hitherto enumerated changes which it undergoes by

merely increasing the force of the breath. If we lift up the next finger, we again practically shorten the tube by an inch and get the next tone of the scale, *E*, together with its upper tones or harmonics. It will be observed that in obtaining these first seven tones from the normal *C* to its octave, we have really obtained an instrument capable of thirty-five tones, for each of the first seven represents not only itself but the four harmonics producible by merely forcing the breath upon it without changing the position of the fingers. In practice, some of the higher tones of these harmonic series are found not to be available—for reasons too abstruse to be mentioned here—but the lower ones are, and it is upon a combination of the principle which they involve with the principle of shortening the tube to make the first octave, that all wind instruments are constructed. In the case of the trombone, one sees the performer actually shortening and lengthening the normal tube, which is in two parts, one sliding into and out of the other like a telescope-joint. In the other brass instruments the long normal tube is bent into several crooks which can be thrown into one tube or successively shut off to diminish the aggregate length, by means of the pistons or valves which the performer works with his finger.

By remembering, therefore, these three things: that the shortening of a tube heightens the pitch of its tone; that a tube may be shortened either by holes in the side (as in the flutes, the oboes, the clarionets, the bassoons), or by shutting off some of its crooks (as in the horns, the trumpets, and the like), or by directly contracting its length, (as in the trombones); and that each of the tones of the lowest (or first) octave produces from two to five other tones by simply blowing it more strongly, the reader will understand the principle, varying only in details, which underlies the whole wind-side of the orchestra.

The two largest classifications of the wind-instruments are called among players "the wooden wind" and "the brass." The first of these is further subdivided into the reeds and the flutes. And first of the reeds, about which I find the haziest ideas prevailing, even among the oldest frequenters of orchestral performances.

The reed-instruments in common use are the oboes (or hautboys), the bassoons, and the clarionets.

The oboe is an instrument somewhat like the familiar clarinet in appearance, but of

a slenderer make, and differing entirely at the mouth-piece. This is composed of two delicate pieces of reed, shaven quite thin, in shape much like the blade of an oar, and bound face to face. These pieces are attached to a quill which is inserted in the small end of the oboe tube. The mouth-pieces are usually kept separate from the tube; when the performer is about to play, he opens a small box in which they are protected from exposure, and proceeds to select one by sucking each through the quill. That one which first responds with a squeak is chosen; the quill is inserted in the tube, and the mouth-piece is placed between the lips, the under-lip being slightly drawn in. Much practice is required to become accustomed to the tickling of the lips produced by the fluttering of the thin reeds as the breath is forced over them. The tone of the oboe, though intolerably nasal and harsh when produced by an unskillful player, becomes exquisitely liquid and engaging if the performer be skillful. It is peculiarly simple, child-like and honest in quality, and orchestral composers delight to use it for expressing ideas of spring-time, of green leaves, of sweet rural life, of all those guileless associations connected with the antique oaten pipe. Those who have been so fortunate as to hear the rendition of Berlioz's "Dream of an Artist" will remember the exquisite passages in which the oboes represent the pipings and replyings of shepherds to each other from neighboring hills. In Schultz's concert-piece called "*Im Freien*" ("In the Open Air"), the two oboes lead off in a lovely candid opening which seems to infuse one's soul with the very spirit of young, green leaves, and of liberal spring airs.

The bassoon is a long wooden instrument held vertically in front of the player and running down along his right side. From the wooden portion projects a small silver tube, bent somewhat like the spout of a kettle, into which a mouth-piece similar to that of the oboe is inserted. Both the bassoon and the oboe are called double-reed instruments, in distinction from the clarinet, which has a mouth-piece constructed of a single reed. The bassoon has at least two very distinct qualities of tone; in the upper and lower extremes of its register it is weird and ghostly, but in the middle portion warm and noble. For the production of ghostly effects, for calling up those vague apprehensions of the night, when church-yards yawn, and the like, it is much used by composers.

In a singular passage of the "Artist's Dream," hereinbefore mentioned, it is made the interpreter of a colossal, grotesque and inconsolessly bitter sorrow. The beauty of its middle register seems not to have been much employed; but no one can listen to the ravishing bassoon-solo in the slow movement of the concerto for piano and orchestra by Chopin which Madame Schiller and Thomas have made known to northern audiences, without perceiving in this portion of the bassoon's compass a very remarkable combination of gravity and sensuous richness—a combination much like that suggested when we think of a very stately young Spanish lady, high in blood and in color, and grandly costumed. This instrument usually appears on the orchestral score as *fagotto*, Italian for fagot, so-called from the resemblance of its lower portion to such a fagot as might result from binding two stout pieces of wood together with a metal band.

The clarinet is, as was above remarked, a single-reed instrument. This single reed, instead of playing against another reed like itself, as in the oboe and bassoon, is simply bound alongside of the beveled plug which closes the small end of the clarinet-tube, leaving a narrow slit between the reed and the plug. The player usually has three clarionets standing at his side: two of these are constructed of a different pitch from the other non-transposing instruments of the orchestra, so that the same written note when played by them gives a wholly different sound. The reasons for, and details of, this arrangement would lead this paper beyond its scope; and it will suffice to add that these three clarionets are known as the C clarinet, the A clarinet and the B flat clarinet, being so-called from the tones of the other instruments with which the C of each variety coincides. Thus, if you sound a written C on the A clarinet, the resulting tone is the same as the written A of the other instruments; if you sound a written C on the B flat clarinet, the resulting tone is the same as if the other instruments had played a written B flat, and so on. It is proper to add that in modern times clarionets have been made in other keys—that is, have been made with such lengths of tubes that their C's would respectively coincide with other tones in the first octave of the other instruments; but the three above named are those almost universally used in non-military orchestras.

Of course, the proper allowance has to be

made for this peculiarity of the clarionet's construction in writing for it. The player always finds the words "A flat clarionet," or "B flat clarionet," at the head of his part, indicating which one of his instruments he is to use; and the composer has to vary the key accordingly, all the clarionets except the C clarionet necessarily playing in a different key from the other instruments.

I have spoken of this peculiarity of the clarionet—although unable here to explain or detail it—particularly for the purpose of making intelligible to the reader what I shall presently have to say with reference to the work of the conductor of an orchestra.

The tone of the clarionet will be easily singled out by most persons from among the mingling voices of the orchestra, by its penetrating sweetness in the highest part of its register, its liquid-amber quality in the middle part, and its reedy but pathetic mellowness in the lower part. No one will fail to be struck with the peculiarly feminine character of its higher utterances.

Besides the clarionets already named, large orchestras often employ the bass-clarionet. The name of this instrument indicates its nature; its tube is longer and larger than that of the others, and yields a tone much lower in pitch, though of similar quality.

Having thus given a most meager outline of the reed-division of the "wooden wind," it will not be necessary to say much of the other division, which is much more familiar—the flutes. It will be useful, however, to describe the Böhm flute—the modern form of the old-fashioned flute—inasmuch as many persons are unacquainted with this most happy of all the more modern improvements made in orchestral instruments. For a long time the flute was a black beast in the orchestra; it could not be made perfectly in tune throughout its entire compass; insomuch that all sorts of bad stories (such as that there was but one thing in the world worse than a flute, to-wit: two flutes—and the like) were told of it. The reason of this inability to make the flute wholly in tune was this. In consequence of the peculiar formation of the hand, the fingers would be unable to adjust themselves to the holes of a flute if those holes were (as they ought to be) of equal size, and placed nearly at equal distances. To remedy this, the holes had to be placed at unequal distances, and the errors in tune thus produced were compensated by unequally changing the size of the holes. But this compensation was in the first place not thorough, for the instrument

was still out of tune; it was, in the second place, attended with the serious disadvantage of almost abolishing the whole lower octave of the flute from orchestral resources, since that octave was rendered so weak as to be, one may say, silly in tone; and, in the third place, the equality of power and color was destroyed, some tones sounding veiled and some open, some rich and some thin, and so on. The invention which relieved the flute from all this odium and brought it to the rank of a true solo instrument dates from about the last quarter of a century, and has been claimed both by Captain Gordon and by Böhm. The latter, at any rate, succeeded in giving his name to it, having manufactured for several years the instrument now universally known as the Böhm flute. The nature of this invention was briefly as follows. Instead of stopping the holes directly with the balls of the fingers, as before, all the holes were closed with padded keys; and handles were so arranged to these keys—by means of a very ingenious mechanism of hollow shafts which allowed other shafts to pass through and to play inside of them—that any hole on the flute was brought practically in reach of any finger, the fingers pressing upon the handles instead of directly upon the holes. It now became possible to make all the holes much larger than the ball of the finger could cover directly—which had long been a much-desired object, the large holes being found to yield a much more powerful tone—and to place the holes at the precise distances from each other demanded by the mathematical laws of vibration.

The first form of the new instrument received additional improvements from time to time, and the result was the present Böhm flute—an instrument whose true capacities, especially when used in masses, may be said to be as yet almost unemployed by composers. The lowest octave of the Böhm flute, when sounded by a player who knows how to avoid the disagreeable cornet-tone which only vulgar ears affect, is of the most precious character, at once soft, suggestive, rich, and passionate. It is wholly different from any tone attainable from any other instrument, and when sounded in unison by eight or ten players is capable of the most delicate and yet striking shades of expression. The failure of orchestral composers to employ it, or, indeed, to learn of it, earlier, is easily accounted for. Flute-soloists have rarely been able to resist the fatal facility of the instru-



ment, and have usually addressed themselves to winning the applause of concert audiences by the execution of those brilliant but utterly trifling and inane variations which constitute the great body of existing solos for the flute. These variations are written mainly for the second and third octaves of the instrument, and the consequence has been an utter lack of cultivation of the lower octave by solo-players, and a necessarily resulting ignorance of its capacity by composers. Not only the solo-players, indeed, have been thus led away from the lower octave; even the hack orchestral players suffered the same fate, for the reason that the old flute had practically no lower octave, and the old composers wrote entirely in the upper two. At present there are rarely more than three flutes even in the largest orchestras; but this writer does not hesitate to record his belief—even at the risk of exciting the eyebrows of many steady-going musicians—that the time is not far distant when the twenty violins of a good orchestra will be balanced by twenty flutes.

And in view of the question which would probably be asked by these objectors, to wit: *Where would you get the players for such a number of flutes?*—I may with propriety at this point diverge for a moment from the direct course, to make a suggestion to my countrywomen in which I feel a fervent interest. With the exception of the double-bass (violin) and the heavier brass,—indeed I am not sure that these exceptions are necessary,—there is no instrument of the orchestra which a woman cannot play successfully. The extent, depth, and variety of musical capability among the women of the United States are continual new sources of astonishment and pleasure to this writer, although his pursuits are not specially of a nature to bring them before his attention. It may be asserted without extravagance that there is no limit to the possible achievements of our countrywomen in this behalf, if their efforts be once turned in the right direction. This direction is, unquestionably, the orchestra. All the world has learned to play the piano. Let our young ladies—always saving, of course, those who have the gift for the special instrument—leave that and address themselves to the violin, the flute, the oboe, the harp, the clarinet, the bassoon, the kettle-drum. It is more than possible that upon some of these instruments the superior daintiness of the female tissue might finally make the woman a more successful player than the man. On the

flute, for instance, a certain combination of delicacy with flexibility in the lips is absolutely necessary to bring fully out that passionate yet velvety tone hereinbefore alluded to; and many male players, of all requisite qualifications so far as manual execution is concerned, will be forever debarred from attaining it by reason of their intractable, rough lips, which will give nothing but a correspondingly intractable, rough tone. The same, in less degree, may be said of the oboe and bassoon. Besides, the qualities required to make a perfect orchestral player are far more often found in women than in men; for these qualities are patience, fervor and fidelity, combined with deftness of hand and quick intuitiveness of soul.

To put the matter in another view: no one at all acquainted with this subject will undervalue the benefits to female health to be brought about by the systematic use of wind-instruments. Out of personal knowledge, the writer pleases himself often with picturing how many consumptive chests, dismal shoulders, and melancholy spines would disappear, how many rosy cheeks would blossom, how many erect forms delight the eyes which mourn over their drooping,—under the stimulus of those long, equable, and generous inspirations and expirations which the execution of every moderately difficult piece on a wind-instrument requires.

But, returning to the main course: it is proper now to speak of the other great division of wind-instruments known as the brass. This usually consists of the trombones, the trumpets and the horns, with perhaps a cornet-a-piston, though this last is not thought by musicians to be worthy of much rank in other than brass bands and military orchestras. The trombone in its older form is probably familiar to most persons as the long brass instrument which the performer elongates and shortens alternately by sliding it out and in. Its tone is gigantic, jubilant and vigorous. The trumpet tone is also familiar for its bold and manly character, or for the startling and crashing breaks which it sometimes makes upon the softer harmonies. The horn is the instrument which curls upon itself in a circular coil, the performer often thrusting his unemployed hand into its large bell to assist in controlling the great difficulties of pure intonation upon this instrument. Its tone is indescribably broad, mellow and noble, and is capable of very great variation in degrees of loudness. Most persons who

have heard Thomas's orchestra will remember the lovely long-drawn *pianissimo* notes of this instrument which introduce the overture to "Oberon," or the far-off ravishment with which it steals upon the enormous chord of violin-tones in Asger Hamerik's "First Norse Suite."

Leaving now the wind-side of the orchestra, let us pass over to "the strings." This term, in the ordinary parlance of musicians, is understood to mean the four classes of the viol-tribe, namely, the violins, the violas, the violoncellos and the contra-basses or double-basses. In its largest application it would of course include the harps, and such rarely used instruments as the guitar and the *viol d'amour*. The violin is too familiar to need comment in so cursory a paper as this. The viola is an instrument almost exactly like the violin, but somewhat larger, and four tones lower in pitch. It has not the brittleness, the crispness, nor the brilliance of the violin; but is distinguished by a melancholy and pathetic tone quite peculiar to itself. Those who have heard the "Italy" of Berlioz will easily recall the viola, which is the hero of the whole piece. It is matter of regret that this noble instrument has now so few cultivators.

The violoncello is a more familiar instrument to most persons than the viola. It is tuned just an octave lower than that instrument. Since the time of Beethoven it has been much cultivated, and passages are now freely written for it which would have made the older players stare and stop for another pinch of snuff. Its powers are quite varied; it is competent for a serenade or a prayer; for suggesting mere lazy tropical sensuousness or manly protests against wrong. Perhaps the most remarkable deliverance intrusted to it by a modern composer occurs in the "Jewish Trilogy" of Hamerik. Here, after a lovely harmonic conception, the whole orchestra ceases, and one violoncello begins a strange monody, which is continued for a long time: a monody as of a prophet standing between the people and the altar and recounting with intense passion the captivities, the escapes, the sins, the covenants, the blessings, in truth, the whole romantic past, of the Jews—the entire effect deriving extraordinary power from the sense of tenacity due to the peculiar sustaining power of this instrument, and from the sense of isolation excited by the lonesomeness of its voice when thus lifted up in the suddenly silent orchestra.

The double-basses are well known to all as the largest of the violin-tribe; and the

harps are also familiar; so that, although both are of great interest to the musician, the points that make them so are too technical for mention in this place, and we may pass on now to a word about the instruments of percussion. Those in common use are the commonly called bass-drum, the snare-drum (employed by ordinary military companies), the cymbals and the kettle-drum. This latter, of which there are always at least two in an orchestra, is like a large, round-bottomed brass pot, the mouth of which is covered with a membrane stretched across. Its pitch is varied by screws which tighten the membrane; the two tones to which the two drums are tuned being usually the tonic and the dominant of the key in which the orchestra is playing. Those who remember the lovely little "Scandinavian Wedding March" by Söderman will recall the adroit employment of the kettle-drum in the opening to intensify the mood of expectation upon which the soft harmonies are presently to fall.

In closing this rapid account of the orchestral constituents, it is proper to mention that several instruments whose employment is more or less unusual have been omitted; such as the bass-flute (sometimes called the alto-flute), which is of quite recent invention, and bears much the same relation to the ordinary flute as that of the viola to the violin; the piccolo, which is a very short small flute set an octave higher than the concert-flute, and which is in nearly every orchestra; the harmonicon, the small harmonium, the *corno Inglese* (a large cousin of the oboe), the castanets, various sized cymbals, the zither and others. The zither has been made known to many persons by the pretty tinkling air it plays in a dream-piece by Lumbye, which one used to find often recurring in Theodore Thomas's programmes.

As soon as the members of the orchestra have assembled, say for a rehearsal, the first business is to bring all the instruments to the same pitch. For this purpose the oboe, considered to be the least variable instrument, sounds a long and insistent A, with which each player proceeds to make his A (or the corresponding tone if he has a transposing instrument) coincide. The conductor mounts his platform and raps with his baton, holding the latter poised aloft for a moment. Each player must now have his eyes at once upon the conductor and upon the written part before himself—a dual attention which must be maintained steadily throughout the

composition, and which requires more concentration than one is at first inclined to appreciate. With the first down-stroke of the conductor's baton the first bar of the piece commences. Fancy, for example, that you are first flute-player, and that the figures thirty-seven occur over a blank space of the staff on your part. This means that you are not to come in until thirty-seven bars are played by the other instruments; and you are now to carry on a double set of countings in your mind, the one recording the beats of each bar, the other recording the number of bars. You therefore commence, with the conductor's first down beat, to count mentally, keeping a tally of each set of four beats; supposing the piece is in four-four time, that is, that there are four of the conductor's beats to each bar, you say, *one* (two-three-four), *two* (two-three-four), *three* (two-three-four), *four* (two-three-four), *five* (two-three-four), and so on. About the time you have reached *thirty-one* (two-three-four), you will infallibly—if an inexperienced player—fall to wondering whether you did not omit to say *thirty* (two-three-four), and while this inward debate is going on, you have, of course, neglected the *thirty-two* (two-three-four), to remedy which you jump to the thirty-three, but in so doing reflect that you were probably discussing long enough to occupy *two* bars, and ought to have jumped to thirty-four, or, even perhaps, thirty-five—by which time your heart is thumping with anticipation of the conductor's scowl, when you shall presently come in wrong and compel him to stop the whole orchestra in order to commence over—until finally you are in a state of hopeless, inane confusion, and the chances are a thousand to one that you do come in wrong, with all manner of vile discord and resultant trouble. Of course there are many passages which are easier, by reason of one's familiarity with the composition. A certain automatic precision of count comes with long experience.

But if the player's part is by no means the trifling work which many imagine, the conductor's will certainly impress one who becomes acquainted with it for the first time as requiring an amount of mental strain little suspected by those who only see the graceful curves of the baton and the silent figure that moves it. The conductor must read simultaneously all the bars written for each class of the instruments in his orchestra, the notes being written under each other, those for the piccolo and flutes at the

top, those for the double-basses at the bottom, the rest between. But this large collection of notes, which have thus to be instantaneously read, is written not only in different keys, but with different clefs; the horns and clarionets may each be playing in different keys from the other instruments; the tenor trombones will be playing notes written upon a still different system; the violoncellos, notes written upon a still different system; the double-basses and bassoons and bass-trombones and drums, notes written upon yet another system. And this is not half; for while the conductor's eye is reading these notes his ear has to watch over each one of his sixty to a hundred and fifty instruments, and instantly report the least failure of one to play exactly what is written; and this is not nearly all; for besides, the conductor's arm must keep up the unceasing beats of time, and must make the different expression-signs, *i. e.*, the signals for loud or soft, or slower or faster, and the like. Fancy, in other words, that you had a class in elocution of sixty pupils, all of whom simultaneously read aloud to you—some in Greek, some in Hebrew, some in French, some in Latin, some in English—and that the least fault in pronouncing any word of any of these languages, or the least error even in inflection or intonation, must be detected. This is a fair analogy to the labor of the orchestral conductor.

In the judgment of the writer, although the improvements of the orchestra have been very great in modern times, it is yet in its infancy as an adequate exponent of those inward desires of man which find their best solace in music. No prudent person acquainted with the facts will now dare to set limits to the future expressive powers of this new and manifold voice which man has found. The physics of music have made such enormous advances under the scientific labors of Helmholtz, Alfred M. Mayer and others, that the art cannot but receive additional aid through the facts thus discovered, and one cannot help looking to see new instruments before long which will indefinitely increase the resources of the orchestra of the future. Many reasons seem to justify the belief that the home of the orchestra is to be in this country: meantime, one can frame no fairer wish for one's countrymen than that they may quickly come to know the wise expansions and large tolerances and heavenly satisfactions which stream into the soul of him that hath ears to hear, out of the orchestra of the present.

## PETER THE GREAT. III.\*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.



CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW. DRAWN BY F. LATHROP FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## CHAPTER X.

IVÁN ELECTED TSAR TOGETHER WITH PETER.  
SOPHIA APPOINTED REGENT. PACIFICATION OF THE STRELTSI.

WHEN once the fury of a mob has been excited by the sight of blood, it will commit deeds which at first all would have looked on with abhorrence; and it is rare that a riot, beginning from whatever cause,—as we, in America, unfortunately know,—does not end in conflagration, pillage, and robbery. Singularly enough, it was not so

with the riot of the Streltsi. The soldiery satisfied their desire for revenge by killing the men whom they had had cause to dislike in their campaigns, or whom they believed to be injurious to the State. They pillaged the Department of Serfage, in order to set free the peasants and gain themselves supporters, but they carefully abstained from the indiscriminate pillage of private houses. That they entered drinking-houses and ate and drank without payment was what might naturally be expected under the circumstances. Rosenbusch and all the eye-witnesses explicitly state that the Streltsi

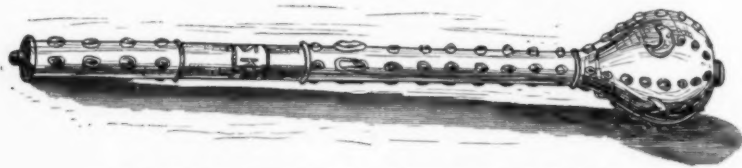
gave strict orders that no pillage should be allowed, and kept watch that no persons pretending to be Streltsi should attack and rob the people, either in the town or in the environs. About forty persons, some Streltsi, and some poor peasants, were executed for having stolen goods in their possession, though the value of some articles did not exceed four kopeks (about three cents).

Not feeling yet satisfied with the indemnity for the losses of pay and subsistence, caused by the cheating and robbery of their officers, the Streltsi, as soon as the murders were over, and before even the bodies were buried, petitioned the Government to grant them a sum of two hundred and forty thousand rubles as back pay, and also to confiscate the property of those officers and magnates who had been killed in the riot, and distribute it among them.

Frightened as the inmates of the palace were, they were unable to admit demands like these, and they finally succeeded, by a liberal supply of drink, in compromising at the rate of ten rubles to each man, and by putting up the personal property of those killed to auction, when the Streltsi were enabled to buy what was for sale without much competition. The money to pay the Streltsi had to be raised by a general tax, and for the necessities of the moment much of the silver plate of the palace was melted down and coined into money. Van Keller writes:—"The new Government is trying to content the Streltsi and the soldiers, but a great amount of money is necessary, and additional taxes and contributions are put upon everybody. This ought to be a good

ward, and had endeavored to pacify the rioters. This was but natural. She surpassed all the other princesses in natural abilities as well as in strength of mind and character. She had received an education more masculine than feminine, for she had shared the studies of her brother Theodore. She had been much with her brother during the last months of his life, had been at his bedside during his illness, and had gradually and involuntarily in this way come to be acquainted with affairs of state, and to be the medium by which the orders of the Tsar had been transmitted. It was in Theodore's sick-chamber that she first knew Prince Basil Galitsyn, and it was there that she began to judge of the characters of officials and statesmen. She alone preserved her presence of mind throughout the riots, and it was but natural that all should turn to her for advice or orders. New officials stepped into the places and began to perform the duties of those who had been killed, without at first any rightful authority, although they were afterward confirmed in their offices. In this way Prince Basil Galitsyn took charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs, Prince Havánsky of the department of the Streltsi, and Prince Iván Miloslávsky of several other departments.

The feeling that there was a certain illegality in the election of Peter, to the exclusion of his elder brother, Iván, was strong among the Streltsi, and was doubtless greatly increased by the partisans of the Miloslávskys, whose own interests would have been advanced by the accession of Iván. They did not, however, demand the actual depo-



THE BATON OF PRINCE GALITSYN. (DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD.)

lesson to those vile gain-seekers, and extortioners of gifts and presents."

A new Government had indeed been formed by circumstances and of itself, without apparently any orders from Peter or his mother, but called out by the necessities of the moment. We see by the relation of Rosenbusch, the Danish Resident, that in the latter part of the riot, the Princess Sophia had been brought prominently for-

sition of Peter, for he was the son of a Tsar, and had himself been proclaimed Tsar by the Patriarch. They proposed to make Iván Tsar also. On the third of June, Prince Havánsky reported to the Princesses that the Streltsi had sent a deputation to say that they, and all classes of the Muscovite State, desired that both brothers, Peter and Iván, should reign together, threatening, if this were refused, to come again to the



Krémlin with their arms, and prepared for attack. The chief nobles and officials who could be found were hastily called together, but as they were unwilling to take the responsibility of deciding the matter, a special council was summoned in the palace, to which were invited not only the officials, but also the Patriarch, the archbishops and the leading clergy, and deputies of the Muscovite state. Such deputies happened to be in Moscow at that time, having been called there for another purpose by Theodore, shortly before his death, for the purpose of equalizing taxation, but whether these men took part in the council, or merely deputies from the city of Moscow, is a matter of question.

The threat that the Streltsi might make another attack brought nearly all the nobles to the Assembly, and the proposition of a double reign was urged as in the highest degree advantageous, for it was maintained that when one Tsar went to the wars, the other could stay at home to govern the country. Examples in history were not wanting, and members of the Council cited in the discussions the cases of Pharaoh and Joseph, Arcadius and Honorius, Basil and Constantine. Under the threat of the Streltsi, discussion was hardly free, and the partisans of Peter had suffered too much to make strong opposition. It was, therefore, soon decided that both the brothers should reign together. The great bell was rung, prayers were said in the Cathedral of the Assumption, and solemn petitions were put up for the long life of the most Orthodox Tsars, Iván Alexéivitch and Peter Alexéivitch. It was with difficulty that Iván could be induced by his sisters to take even a nominal part in the Government. He alleged the defects of his sight and speech, and said that he cared more for a quiet and peaceable life, than for the world's government, but he would assist his younger brother in council and deed. By the terms of the proclamation in the Cathedral, the name of Iván was mentioned first, as the elder brother, and he was in this way given precedence over Peter; but in consequence of a row into which the Streltsi had got with partisans of Peter, among the populace, who laughed at the idea of Iván's actually being Tsar, the leaders of the Streltsi felt it necessary to express more clearly the relations between the brothers, and a deputation came to the palace begging that Iván should be the first Tsar, and Peter the second, and obedient to his elder brother. Two days

later, on the 5th of June, there came another deputation of Streltsi, demanding that on account of the youth and inexperience of both the Tsars, the Government should be carried on by the Princess Sophia, as Regent.



THE PRINCESS SOPHIA, SISTER OF PETER.

When this proposition was discussed in the Council, an historical example was again adduced; for, had not Pulcheria been regent during the youth of her brother, Theodosius? Sophia was, therefore, asked to take upon herself the reins of government. She at first refused; but, on being sufficiently pressed, consented. A decree, announcing the joint accession of Iván and Peter, and the regency of Sophia during their infancy, was issued the same day and sent to the different provinces of the Empire.

In the meantime, in pursuance of the work of conciliation, and in order to acquire a better influence over them, the Government had given to the Streltsi the honorary appellation of the "Palace Guard." They had been complimented for their loyalty and fidelity by Sophia herself, and had been feasted in the courts and corridors of the palace at the rate of two regiments a day. The Princess Sophia herself had even handed round cups of *vodka* to the men. But in spite of the feasts and honors given to them, the Streltsi did not feel quite easy in conscience. Although they had made a change in the Government, yet the Government was carried on by the same sort of people as before. Certain boyárs had been killed, but their places had been taken by



SOPHIA FEASTING THE STRELTSI. DRAWN BY N. DMITRIEFF.

others in all respects like them. The enthusiasm with which the movement had started gradually died out. The Streltsi recognized their own incapability of governing; they despaired of any permanent good from their efforts. They knew that they had acted in a manner contrary to discipline and law, that they were in fact rebels. They had offended the boyár class, not only by their riot and their murders, but by their action in favor of the serfs; and now—for discipline had in the end proved too strong for them—they had placed themselves in a position of antagonism to the serfs. On the very day, when, in consequence of the action of the Streltsi, Sophia was proclaimed Regent, many of the serfs had united in a petition for their freedom, complaining of the measures which the boyárs, their late masters, had taken against them. This petition was rejected with contempt by the Government, and the Streltsi were ordered to hunt out and catch the runaway serfs, torture, imprison and punish them, and restore them to their masters. More than this, the Streltsi were induced to declare that they had no sympathy with the serfs, and would not assist them against their masters. About Pentecost time, there were numerous conflicts between the Streltsi and the fugitive serfs. There were night alarms,

and the bells of the churches were rung even in the German suburb. As many of the serfs who resisted were cut down mercilessly by the Streltsi, the others became frightened, and they began gradually to return to their masters.

While the Streltsi felt safe in Moscow, where the population, if not sympathetic to them, was at least afraid of them, they knew that it would be comparatively easy for the boyárs to raise an army of their adherents in the more distant provinces, lead them to Moscow and obtain the upper hand. To secure themselves as much as possible against such an event, they presented to the Government, through Alexis Yúdin, one of their leaders, and the right hand of Prince Havánsky, a petition, and, at the same time, a justification, purporting to be not only from the Streltsi themselves, but also from all the burghers of Moscow. In this they attempted to explain and defend their conduct during the riots. They asserted that they had taken up arms on the 25th of May to protect the family of the Tsar from great harm, that they had punished Prince Yúry and Prince Michael Dolgorúky, for insults which they had long given to them, and for the harm which they had wrought to them in depriving them of their pay, and in being greatly unjust to them. They had

killed Lárion Ivánof, because he had joined with the Dolgorúkys, and had threatened to hang them all. They had killed Prince Romadonófsky, believing him to be guilty of treachery in delivering up Tchígírin to the Turks and the Tartars. They had killed Yazýkof, because he had taken the side of their colonels, and had put great assessments upon them, and had taken bribes. They had killed the boyár Matvéief and Dr. Daniel Von Gaden, because they had poisoned the Tsar Theodore with herbs, and had wished to poison the present Tsar, which Dr. Daniel had confessed when tortured. They had killed Iván and Athánásius Narýshkin, because they had tried on the Imperial crown, and had plotted all sorts of evil against the Tsar Iván, just as they had before done against the Tsar Theodore Alexéivitch, for which they had been exiled. They therefore asked permission to erect on the Red Place a column, on which should be inscribed the names of these evil-doers, and the crimes for which they were killed; and desired that a document, with red seals, should be given to all the regiments of the Streltsi, to the soldiers, and to all the people of the suburbs, that none of the boyárs or councillors should revile them, or kill them as rioters and traitors, and that no one should be sent without reason into exile, or beaten or punished because they had served with fidelity. The Government consented; it dared not refuse. Tsýkler and Ózerof were ordered to carry out the demands of the Streltsi, and a monument, with the proposed inscription, was erected on the Red Place.

The erection of this monument does not seem to have impressed contemporaries as it does us. The Dutch Resident, in speaking of it, says: "A high pyramid is to be erected giving the faults of those who were killed and the justification of the massacres. This is a good lesson and warning to the bribe-takers who have caused so much disorder."

Order seemed now to be restored; thanks were solemnly given in the churches for the end of the riots; and the Tsars made a state pilgrimage to one of the neighboring convents.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE DISSENTERS DEMAND DISCUSSION. CORONATION OF THE TSARS, 1682.

It has already been remarked that the siege and capture of the Solovétsky Monastery and the rigorous persecution of the

Dissenters increased the dissatisfaction of the people without having great effect in putting down dissent. It produced a rupture between all the old-believers and the Government, which, from its using force to put down the true religion, made itself unlawful in their eyes. The Dissenters played a great part in the insurrection of Stenka Rázin, and in all the popular movements of the time. The administrative centralization of Russia had at first only touched the higher ranks of life, both lay and clerical, but gradually it began to subordinate to itself, the common people, the villagers, and the parochial clergy. In the concealed, but no less real, struggle against centralization the autocracy obtained everywhere the preponderance, but discontent remained in the lower classes. As far as concerned their religious ideas, this discontent and the dislike of the new dogmas and rites were increased by the arrogant tone which the superior clergy took toward the village priests and toward the mass of the common people, a feeling frequently expressed in the writings of the Dissenters. It was increased, too, by the dislike the Russians felt to the foreigners who had settled in Russia, and to the foreign influences which were increasing and growing stronger—influences not only of the Germans, both Protestant and Catholic, who had entered the army and whose families lived in the German suburb of Moscow, but also those Polish influences which came from the schools of Kíef, and were increased and spread by the monks and other clergy, who had received their education in Poland and Kíef. There was even a prejudice against the Greek clergy from Constantinople, who were thought to be less tainted with Latinism and Romish doctrines, but were accused of being more eager to amass their rubles than to keep the purity of the faith. The common people, in their dislike of novelty, hated the Polish influences, making themselves felt at court and in the administration; and the Dissenters, like the Streltsi, laid all the blame on the boyárs. They thought as Kópytof, a Dissenter exiled to the furthest part of Siberia, said: "All in Moscow is according to the will of the boyárs. What the boyárs wish, that they do."

Such convictions led the Dissenters to think that the apparent triumph of the popular principles which had been proclaimed in the riot of the Streltsi would be advantageous to the cause of what they considered true religion; that there would be a revolu-

tion in the habits and maxims of the Government, and a return to old Russian ideas and practices in religion as well as in politics.

Many of the Streltsi were Dissenters, and in some regiments this belief predominated and it was known that the Prince Havánsky, their new chief, was a great adherent of the old believers, and had for a long time protected one of their leaders, the Protopope Habbakuk, or Avvákum. The third day after the end of the riot, in the Krémelin, the Streltsi of the Titóf Regiment, which contained a particularly large number of Dissenters, began to consider what measure they might take for restoring the old belief. They resolved to write a petition in the name of their comrades and of the inhabitants of the suburbs, requesting the Government to "restore the use of the old books which were printed in the time of the orthodox princes and Tsars, and the five Russian Patriarchs, and to cease loving the Latin-Romish faith, devised according to man's will, but not according to God's." After much searching they found a man to write that petition—a monk named Sergius, greatly respected, "a firm adamant skilled in learning." When the petition had been drawn up and was read in the assembly of the Streltsi, they wept with astonishment to see how many fearful heresies had crept into the new books. They had not the ability to go into details, but were firmly convinced that the true faith was being persecuted. "Don't give us up, O brethren, to be per-

secuted as before. Do not allow us to be tortured and burned," cried Sergius to the assembly.

"O Father, we are ready to shed our blood for the old piety," answered a lieutenant-colonel.

All promised with one voice to stand up for the orthodox faith, if necessary, even to death. One of the demands in this petition was, that a public discussion on the disputed points of the faith should be held either on the Red Place or in the square between the Cathedrals. This discussion the Dissenters insisted upon because, firmly believing the truth of their doctrines, they felt sure of an easy victory and were convinced that they could readily get over to their side all the people present. Prince Havánsky, when informed by the Streltsi that the petition was ready, was much pleased, and asked whether there was any one who would be able to enforce the arguments of the Dissenting side. On being informed that there was an old monk "skillful in disputations and firm in the faith," Havánsky requested them to come to his house, and fixed a time for the interview.

The dissenters were very warmly received by Havánsky's servants, but were obliged to wait three hours until the Prince could dismiss some guests who were with him. At last he came in, and, seeing the monk about whom he had heard so much, bowed to the ground and asked: "For what hast thou come to me, reverend father?" Sergius replied that he had brought a petition,



ORTHODOX SIGN OF THE CROSS, IN  
BENEDICTION.



ORTHODOX SIGN OF THE CROSS,  
IN PRAYER.



DISSENTING SIGN OF THE CROSS.

DRAWN BY N. DMITRIEFF.

with an account of the heresies in the new books. "I myself am a sinner," replied Havánsky. "I much wish that all should, as of old, worship in the holy church unanimously and without difference; but, although I am a sinner, I undoubtedly keep to the old piety. I read the old books, and I sign myself with the sign of the cross, made by two fingers." Havánsky then recited the creed, with the addition, thought indispensable by the Dissenters, of "and in the real life-giving Holy Ghost," and continued: "Thus I believe, and thus I teach, and I pray God to be merciful to the Christian people, and not to allow Christian lands to be utterly ruined by the present

them." Other Dissenters then suggested to Havánsky the famous Nikíta, of Súzdal, as a fit man for the time—a priest who, after having been a leading Dissenter, had formally recanted, but had now gone back again to Dissent. His adversaries had given him the nick-name of "Bladder-head." Havánsky was delighted with the suggestion, for he had a high opinion of Nikíta's abilities, and thought that none of the orthodox could successfully oppose him in dispute. "I am glad to help you, brethren," he said, "and do not at all imagine that, as of old, you will be punished, or hanged, or cut to pieces, or burned."

The Dissenters then demanded a public



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW, WHERE THE TSARS WERE CROWNED. DRAWN BY R. SAYRE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

new Nikonian belief." According to custom, he ended his discourse with texts. The petition was then read, but Havánsky did not receive such a favorable impression of the "firm adamant" as his supporters desired. "I see, O father," he said, "that you are a peaceful and quiet monk, not talkative, not eloquent. You are not the man for such a great act. We must set against them a man of many words, who can reply to

discussion at the Lobnõé Place in the presence of the Tsars and of all of the people, and, if not there, at least in the Krémelin at the Red Staircase, and insisted that this discussion should take place without fail on the following Friday, the 3d of July; for Friday, by old custom, had been specially set apart for religious assemblies. Havánsky replied that Friday would be impossible, because Sunday, the 5th, was appointed



for the coronation of the Tsars. This was exactly what the Dissenters wished for, as they said: "We desire that our lords should be crowned in the true orthodox faith, and not according to the Romish-Latin belief." Havánsky assured them that the two Tsars should be crowned according to the old

the new faith." Havánsky could not reply to this, and said: "Well, be it as you will. Let the assembly be for Friday." The Dissenters departed contented.

At early dawn on Friday, the 3d of July, the deputies of the Streltsi came to Havánsky and inquired at what time he desired the



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

rites and usages existing since the time of Iván Vasiliévitch. But the Dissenters wished not to have the old rites alone. They said: "The Tsars will commune during the Liturgy, and the Patriarch will officiate according to the new rite, and at the coronation he will urge the Tsars to defend

fathers to come to the conference. Havánsky replied, "In two hours." Two hours later the fathers appeared in the Krémelin in a triumphal procession. Nikíta carried the holy cross, made according to the old rite, with three bars. Sergius, the writer of the petition, bore the Gospels, and a monk, Sa-

vatus, who had just arrived from the Volokolámsky Hermitages, carried a picture of the "Last Judgment." Crowds of people, surprised by this unusual procession, collected in the streets, and asked one another in whispers what all this meant; and as they followed the procession, recited in low tones, "Lord, have mercy on us! Lord, have mercy on us!"

On their arrival at the Krémelin, the Dissenters' procession stopped at the Red Staircase, and sent word of their arrival to Prince Havánsky. They were taken, according to custom, into the "answering hall" where Havánsky put on an air of ignorance, and went through the usual formula of asking the purpose of their coming. At the same time he made obeisance to the Gospel and to the cross. Nikíta replied: "We have to come to petition with regard to the old orthodox faith, that the Patriarch and the archbishops may be ordered to officiate according to the old rite. If the Patriarch refuse to do this, let him answer in what respect the old books are bad, and why he has persecuted the adherents of the old rite." He promised, for himself and his adherents, to show many heresies in the new books. Havánsky replied to Nikíta, as he had formerly done to Sergius: "I myself am a sinner, but I believe according to the old books." He took the petition and went up to the chamber of the Tsars. Returning in a little time, he said that, at the request of the Patriarch, the Tsars had put off the discussion of their petition until Wednesday, as it was an important matter, which needed much time; that the books must be compared; and he advised them to come on Wednesday, after dinner. Nikíta, however, did not forget that the coronation was arranged for Sunday, and immediately asked: "How will the Tsars be crowned?" "According to the old rite," answered Havánsky. Nikíta insisted that the Patriarch should officiate at the liturgy, as of old, with seven wafers, and that the cross upon these wafers should be the real and true cross, and not a Latin one. To get rid of him, Havánsky answered: "Bring me some wafers baked with the impress of the old cross. I myself will take them to the Patriarch, and order him to serve according to the old rite, and you, Father Nikíta, go home."

Next day, two other refugee Dissenters arrived—Father Dorothéus and Father Gabriel. There was great joy among the Dissenter, who felt sure of a speedy triumph. Nikíta requested a certain widow of his ac-

quaintance to prepare the wafers in the old style.

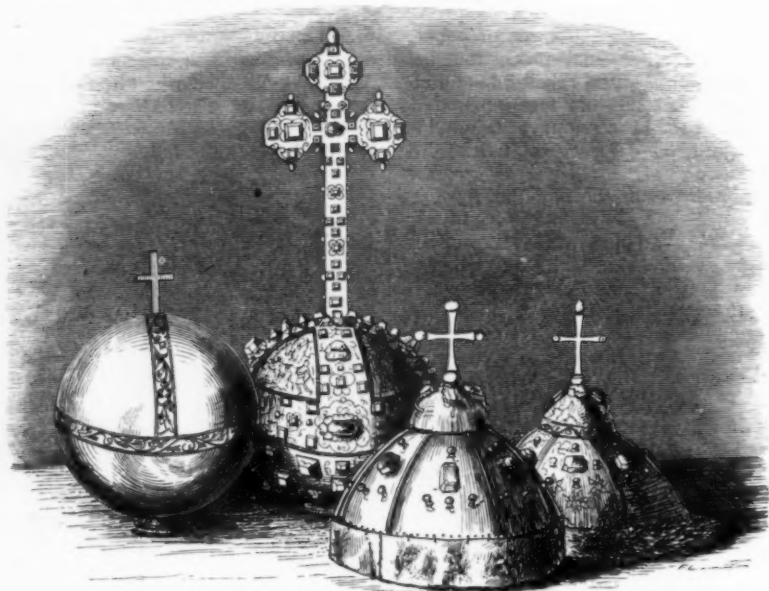
Although Nikíta started out early on Sunday morning with his wafers carefully packed in a wallet, when he arrived at the



DOUBLE THRONE USED AT PETER'S CORONATION.  
DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD.

Krémelin, he found the crowd so great in the square about the Cathedral that it was perfectly impossible for him to reach even the barriers. Much against his will, he was obliged to return, and coming sadly into the assembly of the faithful, placed the wafers on the table, saying: "Pardon me, O holy fathers! The people would not allow me to approach the Cathedral, and I have brought back the wafers." They were, therefore, after service, distributed among the faithful at benediction.

Meanwhile the coronation had taken place. On the evening of the 4th of July, 1682, there was a grand vesper service in all the churches, and especially in the Cathedral of the Assumption, where it was celebrated by the Patriarch Kir Joachim, attended by all the superior clergy. During the night a square platform, raised on twelve steps, was erected in the middle of the Cathedral, immediately under the dome,



ORB OF PETER.

ORB OF MONOMACHUS.

CROWN OF MONOMACHUS.

CROWN OF PETER.

DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD.

and covered with crimson cloth. From this platform to the chancel, the pavement was spread with red cloth, on which two strips of scarlet velvet were laid for the Tsars, and a strip of blue velvet for the Patriarch. On each side were raised seats for the clergy, covered with Persian carpets and cloth-of-gold. On the center platform a double throne was erected. There had not been time to make entirely fresh regalia for the double coronation, and the silvered gilt throne of handsome workmanship made for the Tsar Alexis was divided by a bar in the middle, so that it could be used by the two boys. Behind, a seat was placed, so that the monitor of Peter, through the hole in the back, could whisper to

less expense, for the use of Peter. The old historic ones, with which all the Tsars had been crowned, were reserved for Iván. This was the last time they were ever used. The successors of Peter were Emperors, not Tsars; and the crown and pectoral cross of Monomachus, the visible symbols of the relations of the Muscovite Tsars to the emperors of Constantinople, are now mere curiosities in the Imperial treasury at Moscow. On the left side of this throne was a third throne for the Patriarch, the spiritual emperor. This, too, was used for the last time. The power of the clergy was to be diminished, and the rule of the Patriarch to be broken.

In the chancel were placed six reading-



THE GREAT SCEPTER. DRAWN BY MAURICE HOWARD.

him the necessary responses. The crown, scepter, and globe, originally presents from Constantine Monomachus, Emperor of the East, to the Grand Duke Vladimir of Kief, had been imitated in smaller size, and at

desks, two lower than the rest, covered with satin embroidered with jewels, on which were to be placed the crown and scepter and the pectoral cross of Monomachus, containing a relic of the true cross.

At the first dawn of day, on the 6th of July, the bells began to ring joyfully and there was a great procession of the clergy from all the churches. At 5 o'clock the two boy Tsars went to the Palace Chapel for Matins, and then in procession to the banqueting-hall. Here, in honor of the day, they promoted to the rank of boyár Prince Andréi Havánsky, Michael Plestchéief, and Matthew Miloslávsky. Lárion Miloslávsky and Zméief were made okólnitchi, and Hítrovo and Pushétchnikof appointed privy-councillors. The Tsars wore long robes of cloth-of-gold covered with lace and fringes, broad sleeves and caps set with precious stones. Not only were their robes cut from the same piece, but the candles they held were of the same length that there might be no inequality. Select boyárs were then sent to the treasury to fetch the cross, the crown, the scepters and the other regalia, which were brought in by priests, and then carried to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where they were received by the Patriarch and the superior clergy on gold dishes, and placed on the lecterns prepared for them. On entering the banqueting-hall the boyárs informed the Tsars that all was ready, and then a long procession—beginning with the inferior officials, rising to the highest boyárs, then to the Tsars, and gradually diminishing again to the petty officials and nobles—went slowly down the Red Staircase, from the banqueting-hall to the Cathedral of the Assumption, over a path made on the pavement by crimson cloth, which was sprinkled by priests with holy water, through the dense masses of the populace which filled the whole square. At the entrance of the Cathedral, the Tsars were met by the Patriarch, who wished them long life and held them the cross to kiss. After kissing the great pictures on the altar-screen, especially the Virgin painted by St. Luke, the Tsars took their places on the platform. Standing here in this old cathedral, crowded with their subjects, the gilded walls and pillars of which, lighted up by flickering candles, displayed the rude pictures of saints and martyrs; under the great central dome, from which looked down the gigantic image of our Savior, with hands upraised in the act of blessing, the Tsars, after reciting the story of their accession to the throne, demanded of the Patriarch the rite of consecration and coronation. The Patriarch in reply, asked to what faith they belonged. They answered: "To the holy orthodox Russian faith," and set forth in a long

speech, the good which they expected to do to their people. Then, after hymns and prayers, and swinging of censers, the Patriarch placed on their heads the crown of Monomachus, threw over their shoulders the coronation vestments, placed on their breasts the pectoral cross, gave the scepters and globes into their hands, and then, when all had again taken their seats, ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon upon the mutual duties of Tsar and people. Then followed the mass, during which the Tsars, in sign of their being priests as well as kings, went within the chancel behind the altar-screen, and administered to themselves the Eucharist with their own hands. When the service was over, the Tsars again kissed the true cross, the relics and the holy pictures, and with the nobles went in procession to the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where they paid reverence to the tombs of



CATHEDRAL OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL, MOSCOW.  
DRAWN BY E. SAYRE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

their ancestors, the Tsars who are buried there, and especially to that of the Tsar-évitch Dimíttri, who had already been canonized, and of whose death recent events must have often made them think. From there they went to the Cathedral of the Annunciation, then to the banqueting-hall of the palace, where they received congratulations. Two days later occurred the great official banquet of the coronation.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RIOTOUS DISPUTATION OF THE DISSENTERS, AND ITS ENDING.

A WEEK was passed in waiting, though it was made useful by meetings for prayer and public preaching in the remoter quarters of Moscow. On the 13th of July, the Dissenters and the delegates of the Streltsi resolved again to demand the solemn dispute which had been promised them by Havánsky, and for that purpose went to the Krémelin. Havánsky, who had heard that the Streltsi were not entirely agreed upon the matter, asked, in the name of the Tsar, if all the regiments were united in their desire to restore the old belief. The delegates replied that all the regiments and the people of the suburbs would joyfully stand up for the old orthodox Christian faith. Havánsky repeated the question twice, and again the delegates replied: "We are ready not only to rise, but even to die for the faith of Christ." When Havánsky had reported this answer to the Princess Sophia, he went with the delegates to the Patriarch, and after a lively exchange of words and arguments the Patriarch agreed to a solemn disputation on Wednesday, the 15th of July, the next day but one. This having been decided upon, Havánsky and the delegates advanced to the Patriarch and received his blessing; but Paul, one of the leading Dissenters, declined it unless the Patriarch should bless him according to the old rite. This was refused, and Paul went away without the benediction. Havánsky kissed him on the forehead, and said: "I did not really know you, my dear fellow, until now."

Meanwhile the dissenters lost no time. Their preachers went everywhere throughout the town, preaching in the streets, and calling upon the inhabitants to rise for the old orthodox faith. On Wednesday, the 15th of July, Nikíta, after performing service with the Titóf regiment, went with his adherents to the Krémelin, accompanied, as before, by delegates of the Streltsi, and a crowd of people. They drew near the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel, close to the Red Staircase, set up their reading-desks, placed upon them old images and books, and lighted their candles. Nikíta stood upon a bench, and began in a loud voice to preach to the people.

The Patriarch at this time was celebrating the liturgy and praying for the appeasement

of the riot. As soon as he learned that the crowd had arrived, he sent priests out to exhort them, and distributed among them printed copies of the recantation, which Nikíta had signed in the time of the Tsar Alexis, and by which he had promised in future to abstain from the errors of Dissent. The Streltsi tore up the copies of the petition, seized the priest and handed him over to the Dissenters, whom they had taken under their protection. The Dissenters went on reading the pamphlets written by the Solovétsky monks about the true method of signing the cross, while all around listened with silence and respect, and many wept.

As soon as the service in the Cathedral was ended, the crowd demanded that the Patriarch should come out into the Place. Havánsky insisted at the palace that the Patriarch should be ordered to go out to quiet the people, but that neither the Princess Sophia nor the Tsaritsas should be present at the assembly, as the crowd was too great, and they might be in danger. Sophia decided that the conference should take place in the banqueting-hall, and, in spite of the efforts of Havánsky, insisted upon being present. The Tsaritsa Natalia, and one of the aunts of Sophia, agreed also to be present.

The Patriarch was then advised, as a matter of precaution, to come to the palace by the back staircase, with all the archbishops; but to send the old parchment manuscripts and books from the Patriarchal Sacristy by the priests, up the Red Staircase. The crowd expressed great satisfaction as they saw the books being carried past them to the palace. "Now," they said, "the truth will evidently be made clear." The leaders of the Dissenters for a long time refused the invitation to enter the banqueting hall, saying that they would not be safe, and that they would be in danger of being arrested. Havánsky gave them his solemn assurance that no harm should attend them. Still there was hesitation, until Nikíta told Prince Havánsky that he believed him, and then they agreed to go. Once again Havánsky tried to frighten Sophia, and induce her not to be present in the banqueting-hall. The Patriarch steadfastly refused to go there without her, and Sophia said decisively that she would not abandon the Patriarch. Havánsky then sent word to the Dissenters to enter.

The Dissenters started with their crosses, their gospels, their images, desks and candles, chanting hymns as they went.



In an ante-room they met the priests, who were carrying the ancient books and parchments into the banqueting-hall; there was much scuffling and pushing, and some blows were exchanged. Havánsky, hearing the disturbance, angrily turned out the priests, who had come there by orders of the Patriarch, and admitted only the Dissenters and as many of the crowd as could force their way into the hall with them.

The Dissenters had come to declaim

windows below the ceiling which were made for such purposes.

Bowing to the Princess, the Dissenters stationed their reading-desks before the throne, arranged their images and books, and lighted their candles, exactly as they had done in the open air. Sophia turned to them, with half-concealed anger, and asked:

"Why have you come so boldly into the Tsar's palace, as if to infidels and



THE DISPUTATION BEFORE SOPHIA. DRAWN BY N. DMITRIEFF.

against what was new, and to insist upon the re-establishment of old and time-honored rites and practices. Yet, strangely enough, they accepted, without comment, a novelty far greater than that which they had come to inveigh against, for, on the throne not the Tsar, but the Princess Sophia sat, together with her aunt, Tatiana; and in arm-chairs below were the Tsaritsa Natalia and the Princess Mary. The young Tsars were not present, but in all probability looked on the scene from one of the small

heathen, and what do you want of us? How dare you go about the town and the Krémelin preaching your Dissenting heresy, and exciting the common people?"

"We have come to the Tsars, our Lords," said Nikíta, "to petition about the amendment of the orthodox faith, that divine service may be performed according to the old rites, as was ordered in the time of the Tsar Michael Feódorovitch, and of the Patriarch Philarét."

The Patriarch then turned to them, and

repeated what he had already said to them in his own house :

"It is not for you common people to manage church matters. You ought to be advised by the Holy Church, and by the archbishops, whose duty it is to judge of these things. Our faith is that of the old orthodoxy of the Greek rite ; we have only corrected the service-books grammatically from Greek manuscripts, parchments, and books."

"We have not come to talk about grammar," answered Nikita, "but about the dogmas of the church ;" and he boldly began to enumerate his arguments, beginning with the question, "why the archbishop should carry his cross in his left hand, and his candle in his right hand."

Athanásius, the archbishop of Holmogóry, began to explain, when Nikita advanced, as if to seize him by the collar, saying :

"Why dost thou, who art the foot, place thyself above the head ? I am not talking to thee, but to the Patriarch."

"Do you see what Nikita is doing ?" cried out Sophia, turning to those about her. "He wants to fight, even before us. If we were not here, he would certainly have killed the Patriarch long ago."

"No, lady, I did not beat him ; I only waved him off, so that he should not speak before the Patriarch."

"How do you, Nikita, dare to talk to the Patriarch ?" Sophia continued. "Is it not enough for you to be in the presence of our 'piercing eyes' ? You made a recantation to our father of blessed memory, and to the most holy Patriarch, with a great curse upon yourself, never to petition against the faith, and now again you have set about the same business."

"I do not deny," replied Nikita, "that I did sign a recantation through the power of the sword, but to the petition, which I gave to the assembly, not one of the archbishops dared answer. Simeon Polótsky aimed his book—'The Staff'—at me ; but in that book he did not touch a fifth of what I said. If you will allow me to read the answer against that 'Staff,' I will refute it."

"Hold your tongue," said the Princess, angrily. "You have no business to talk with us and be in our presence ;" and she ordered the petition to be read.

When they came to the place where it was stated that the heretical monk, Arsénus, together with Nikon, wrongly influenced the mind of the Tsar Alexis Michailovitch, and that since that time true piety had ceased in Russia, Sophia could no longer contain her-

self, angrily interrupted the reading, and, starting from her throne, said :

"We will no longer endure such talk. If Arsénus and the Patriarch Nikon were heretics, then our father and brother were also heretics, and it is plain, then, that the Tsars are not Tsars, that the Patriarch is not the Patriarch, and that the archbishops are not archbishops. We will no longer hear such outrageous things. Sooner than that, we will leave the Empire."

With these words she left her place and moved away from the throne. The boyárs and the delegates of the Streltsi immediately begged her to return to her place, and swore that they were ready to lay down their lives for the Imperial house ; but there were some voices that called out :

"It has long been time, lady, for you to go to a monastery. You have troubled the Empire quite enough. Tsars will be good enough for us. Without you the place will not be empty."

A cry such as this could scarcely weaken the impression made upon the Streltsi delegates by the words of Sophia.

"It is all because the people are afraid of you," said the princess to them. "It was from hope in you that these riotous Dissenters have come hither so boldly. What are you thinking about ? Is it right for such brutes to come to us with rioting, and cry at us, and give us discomfort ? Are you, who were true servants of our grandfather, our father, and our brother, really joined to the Dissenters ? You call yourselves our true servants. Why, then, do you allow such misconduct ? If we are going to be in such slavery that we and the Tsars can no longer live here, we will go to another town, and we will tell to the people what we have suffered."

Nothing could affect the Streltsi more than the threat that the Tsars would leave Moscow, while they well enough knew that the riots and murders of May had excited the feelings of the boyárs and upper classes, they also knew that the common people obeyed them only because they feared them ; and if the Tsars should leave Moscow and collect an army in the country, there would be no hope for them. The delegates therefore answered :

"We are ready to serve our lords with truth and fidelity, and to lay down our lives for you and the orthodox faith, and to act according to your commands."

Sophia then returned to her place and the reading of the petition continued. She could not always restrain herself from interrupting and arguing with the Dissenting



THE DISSIDENTS EXHORTING THE PEOPLE FROM THE RED STAIRCASE. DRAWN BY N. DMITRIEFF.

monks. After the petition had been finished the Patriarch took in one hand the gospel written by the Metropolitan Alexis, and in the other the decretal of the Patriarch Jeremiah, with the creed, just as it was written in the newly corrected books. "Here are the old books," said the Patriarch. "We follow them fully." But the strongest impression of all was made by one priest who advanced with a book printed in the time of the Patriarch Philaret, and said: "Here is one of your dear books of Philaret, which allows meat to be eaten on Holy Thursday and Holy Saturday." Nikita, who had kept silence after the outburst of Sophia, could only mutter: "It is printed by such rascals as you."

It was, however, impossible—much as the Patriarch and the archbishops might argue—to overcome the Dissenters, who steadfastly reiterated their statements, with-

out listening to arguments of any kind. Havánsky walked up and down the hall, but made no attempt to preserve order. Meanwhile, it was getting late, and it was time for Vespers, which neither party was willing to omit. Besides that, all were faint and weary, having eaten nothing since morning, and Sophia was glad of a pretext for closing this unruly assembly. She declared that, on account of the approach of Vesper time, it was impossible to carry on the conference any longer, and that an Imperial *ukase* about the matter would be issued afterward. The Princess retired to an inner room of the palace, together with the Patriarch and the archbishops.

The Dissenters ran in a crowd down the Red Staircase, and, lifting up their hands, with two fingers, cried: "This is the way we should cross ourselves; this is the way." On all sides were heard cries from the peo-

ple: "How did the matter end?" "Why, our side beat them," was shouted in return. "We argued down all the archbishops and overcame them. This is the way to pray. This is the way to pray. Cross yourselves." They then hastened to the Lobnóë Place, followed by the crowd. There they began again to explain the Solovétsky pamphlets; and then, after chanting a hymn, and raising their hands again with a two-fingered cross, they set out for the Yaúza suburb, many of them so tired that they fell swooning on the road. At the quarters of the Titóf, they were met by ringing of bells, and after performing a triumphal service in the Church of the Savior they went home.

Sophia saw there was no use trying to convince the Dissenters by argument, and took measures of another kind. She called the delegates of the Streltsi together, and begged them not to desert the Tsars for these old monks, recalled their faithful services to the dynasty, and succeeded in persuading them,—some by promises, others by money, and others again by rewards and favors. More than this, the Streltsi were invited to the palace, in detachments of a hundred at a time, and were feasted with beer, mead, and wine. The Streltsi were not all Dissenters, and but few of them had the slightest conception of the matter in question. As before, on the 15th of May, they had murdered Matvéief and the rest in support of the dynasty, so now they had believed the Holy Church to be in danger. It was, therefore, comparatively easy for Sophia to persuade them. When the Dissenters came to complain to them of their desertion, they began to beat and revile them, and call them disturbers of the people. Some of the leading Dissenters were seized and delivered up to the authorities. There were no great formalities of trial, and sentence was soon passed. Nikíta was beheaded a week afterward, on the 21st of July, on the Red Place; while his companions, whose punishment was mitigated through the interference of Havánsky, were imprisoned in various monasteries. The adherents of the Dissenters, in Moscow, were obliged to conceal their feelings.

The reign of Sophia was a grievous time for the Dissenters. They were persecuted and suppressed, and often driven into open conflict with the troops sent against them. The State, with its material force, with its sword, had taken the place of the church, with its spiritual force, in punishing heresy. After the siege of the Solovétsky Monastery, many Dissenters had given up praying for the Tsar; now, as an effect of the persecutions of Sophia, they began to consider the Tsar as Antichrist, a feeling which increased during the rule of Peter.

The Dissenters were mistaken in putting themselves forward as representatives of the popular feelings and aspirations; the nation was divided on religious topics, and no hearty support was accorded to them. But this was one of the last of the many struggles of the Russian people against autocracy and centralization, and the boldness and courage of Sophia, while warding off a present danger, made, at the same time, a clearer field for the development of the Imperial power by her brother Peter.



CROSS OF PETER.

## APRIL.

O RAINY days! O days of sun!  
What are ye all when the year is done?  
Who shall remember sun or rain?

O years of loss! O joyful years!  
What are ye all when heaven appears?  
Who shall look back for joy or pain?

## A SUMMER'S DIVERSION.

"FOR one, *I* don't trust them yaller-haired, smooth-spoke women! I never see one on 'em yet that wa'n't full o' Satan."

It was Mrs. Rhoda Squires who uttered the above words, and she uttered them with considerable unnecessary clatter of the dishes she was engaged in washing. Abby Ann, a lank, dyspeptic-looking girl of fifteen or sixteen, was wiping the same, while the farmer himself was putting the finishing touches to his evening toilet. That toilet consisted, as usual, of a good wash at the pump, the turning down of his shirt-sleeves, and a brief application of the family comb, which occupied a convenient wall-pocket at one side of the small kitchen mirror—after which the worthy farmer considered himself in full dress, and ready for any social emergency likely to occur at Higgins' Four Corners.

"No," said Abby Ann, in response to her mother's remark, "she aint no beauty, but her clo'es does fit elegant. I wish I hed the pattern o' that white polonay o' hern, but I wouldn't *ask* her for it—no, not to save her!" she added, in praiseworthy emulation of the maternal spirit.

"Oh, you women folks!" interposed the farmer. "You're as full of envy 'n' back-bitin' as a beech-nut's full o' meat! Beauty! Ye don't know what beauty means. I tell you she *is* a beauty,—a real high-steppin' out-an'-out beauty!"

"She's as old as I be, every bit!" snapped Mrs. Squires. "An' she haint got a speck o' color in her cheeks—an' she's a widdier at that!"

Farmer Squires turned slowly around and deliberately surveyed the wiry, stooping figure of his wife from the small, rusty "pug" which adorned the back of her aggressive little head, and the sharp, energetically moving elbows, down to the hem of her stiffly starched calico gown.

"Look-a-here, Rhody," said he, a quizzical look on his shrewd, freckled countenance, "you've seen Gil Simmonses thorough-bred? Wall—that mare is nigh onto two year older'n our old Sal, but I swanny —"

Undoubtedly the red signal which flamed from Mrs. Squires's sallow cheeks warned her husband that he had said more than enough, for he came to a sudden pause, seized upon a pair of colossal cow-hide shoes, upon which he had just bestowed an unusual

degree of attention in the way of polish, and disappeared in the direction of the barn.

"He's jist as big a fool as ever!" she ejaculated. "The Lord knows *I* didn't want no city folks a-wearin' out *my* carpets, an' a-drinkin' up *my* cream, an' a-turnin' up their noses at *me*! But no—ever sence he heared that Deacon Fogg made nigh onto a hunderd dollars last year a-keepin' summer-boarders, his fingers has been a-itchin' an' his mouth a-waterin', an' nothin' for't but I must slave myself to death the whole summer for a pack o' stuck-up —"

She paused—for a soft rustle of garments and a faint perfume filled the kitchen, and turning, Mrs. Squires beheld the object of her vituperation standing before her.

She was certainly yellow-haired, and though not "every bit as old" as her hostess, a woman whose first youth was past; yet so far as delicately turned outlines, and pearly fairness of skin go, she might have been twenty. The eyes which met Mrs. Squires's own pale orbs were of an intense, yet soft, black, heavy-lidded and languid, and looked out from beneath their golden fringes with a calm, slow gaze, as if it were hardly worth their while to look at all. A smile, purely conventional, yet sweet with the graciousness of good breeding, parted the fine, soft lips.

Her mere presence made the room seem small and mean, and Mrs. Squires, into whose soured and jealous nature the aspect of beauty and grace ate like a sharp acid, smarted under a freshly awakened sense of her own physical insignificance.

She received her guest with a kind of defiant insolence, which could not, however, conceal her evident embarrassment, while Abby Ann retreated ignominiously behind the pantry door.

"I came to ask if Mr. Squires succeeded in finding some one to take us about," said the lady. "He thought he could."

Her voice was deep-toned and sweet, her manner conciliatory.

"I believe he did," replied Mrs. Squires, curtly. "Abby Ann, go tell your father Mis' Jerome wants him."

Abby Ann obeyed, and the lady passed out into the front hall, and to the open door. A cascade of filmy lace and muslin floated from her shoulders and trailed across the shiny oil-cloth. As the last frill swept



across the threshold, Mrs. Squires closed the door upon it with a sharp report.

Before the door a little girl was playing on the green slope, while an elderly woman with a grave, kindly face sat looking on.

Farmer Squires, summoned by his daughter, came round the corner of the house. He touched his straw hat awkwardly.

"They's a young feller," he said, "that lives a mile or so up the river, that has a tiptop team—a kivered kerridge an' a fust-rate young hoss. His folks has seen better days, the Grangers has, an' Rob is proud as Lucifer, but they's a big mortgage on the farm, an' he's 'mazin' ambitious ter pay it off. So when I told him about you, he said he'd see about it. He wouldn't let no woman drive his hoss, but he thought mebbe he'd drive ye round hisself. Shouldn't wonder if he was up to-night."

"I wish he might come," said the lady. "My physician said I must ride every day, and I am too cowardly to drive if the horse were ever so gentle."

"No—I guess you couldn't hold in Rob's colt with them wrists," said he, glancing admiringly at the slender, jeweled hands. "I shouldn't wonder if that was Rob now."

At this moment wheels were heard rapidly approaching, and a carriage appeared in sight. A young man was driving. He held the reins with firm hand, keeping his eyes fixed upon the fine-stepping animal, turned dexterously up the slope, brought the horse to a stand-still before the door and sprang lightly to the ground.

He was a remarkable-looking young fellow, tall above the average, and finely proportioned. Hair and mustache were dark, eyes of an indescribable dusky gray, and shaded by thick, black brows. A proud yet frank smile rested on his handsome face.

"Hello, Rob," said Farmer Squires. "Here's the lady that wanted ter see ye. Mister Granger, Mis' Jerome."

The lady bowed, with a trace of hauteur in her manner at first, but she looked with one of her slow glances into the young man's face, and then extended her hand, and the white fingers rested for an instant in his brown palm. Granger returned her greeting with a bow far from awkward, while a rich color surged into his sun-browned face.

"That is a magnificent horse of yours, Mr. Granger," said Mrs. Jerome. "I hope he is tractable. I was nearly killed in a runaway once, and since then I am very timid."

"Oh, he is very gentle," said Granger, caressing the fiery creature's beautiful head.

"If you like, I will take you for a drive now—if it is not too late."

"Certainly, I would like it very much. Nettie," she said, turning to the woman, "bring my hat and Lill's, and some wraps."

The woman obeyed, and in a few moments Mrs. Jerome and her child were whirling over the lovely country road. Their departure was witnessed by the entire Squires family, including an obese dog of sompolent habits, and old Sal, the gray mare, who thrust her serious face over the stone wall opposite, and gazed contemplatively down the road after the retreating carriage.

"Do you think you will be afraid?" asked Granger, as he helped Mrs. Jerome to alight.

"Oh no," she answered, with a very charming smile. "The horse is as docile as he is fiery. I shall enjoy the riding immensely. Do you think you can come every day?"

"I shall try to—at least for the present." Mrs. Jerome watched the carriage out of sight.

"How very interesting!" she was thinking. "Who would dream of finding such a face here! And yet—I don't know—one would hardly find such a face out in the world. Perhaps it will not be so dull after all. I thought they were all like Squires!"

For several succeeding weeks there was seldom a day when the fiery black horse and comfortable old carriage did not appear before the farm-house door, and but few of those days when Mrs. Jerome did not avail herself of the opportunity, sometimes accompanied by the child and Nettie, oftener by the child alone.

The interest and curiosity with which young Granger had inspired Mrs. Jerome in the beginning, deepened continually. A true son of the soil, descendant of a long line of farmers, whence came this remarkable physical beauty, this refined, almost poetic, temperament, making it impossible for him, in spite of the unconventionality of his manner, to do a rude or ungraceful act? It was against tradition, she thought,—against precedent. It puzzled and fascinated her. She found it impossible to treat him as an inferior, notwithstanding the relation in which he stood to her. Indeed, she soon ceased to think of that at all. The books which she took with her upon their protracted drives were seldom opened. She found it pleasanter to lie back in the

corner of the carriage, and watch the shifting panorama of hill and forest and lake through which they were driving. That the handsome head with its clustering locks and clear-cut profile, which was always between her and the landscape, proved a serious obstruction to the view, and that her eyes quite as often occupied themselves with studying the play of those mobile lips, and the nervous tension of those sun-browned hands upon the reins, were, perhaps, natural and unavoidable.

She talked with him a great deal, too, in her careless, fluent way, or rather to him, for the conversation on Granger's part was limited to an occasional eager question, a flash of his fine eyes, or an appreciative smile at some witty turn. She talked of many things, but with delicate tact avoided such themes as might prove embarrassing to an unsophisticated mind—including books.

It was, therefore, with a little shock of surprise that she one day found him buried in the pages of Tennyson, a volume of whose poems she had left upon the carriage seat while she and Lill explored a neighboring pasture for raspberries.

He was lying at full length in the sweet-fern, one arm beneath his head, his face eager and absorbed. He did not notice her approach, and she had been standing near him for some moments before he became aware of her presence. Then, closing the book, he sprang to his feet.

"So you read poetry, Mr. Granger?" she said, arching her straight brows slightly.

"Sometimes," he answered. "I have read a good many of the old poets. My grandfather left a small library, which came into my possession."

"Then you have read Shakspeare ——" began the lady.

"Yes," interrupted Granger, "Shakspeare, and Milton, and Pope, and Burns. Is it so strange?" he asked, turning upon her one of his swift glances. "If one plowman may write poetry another plowman may read it, I suppose."

He spoke with bitterness, a deep flush rising to his temples.

"And have you read modern authors too?"

"Very little. There is no opportunity here. There is nothing here—nothing!" he answered, flinging aside a handful of leaves he had unwittingly gathered.

"Why do you stay here, then?"

The question sprang, almost without

volition, from her lips. She would gladly have recalled it the next moment.

Granger gave her another swift glance, and it seemed to her that he repressed the answer which was already upon his tongue. A strange, bitter smile came to his lips.

"Let the shoe-maker stick to his last," he said, turning toward the carriage, "and the farmer to his plow."

During the homeward ride he was even more taciturn than usual. At the door, Mrs. Jerome offered him the volume of Tennyson. He accepted it, with but few words.

When he returned it, a few days later, it opened of itself, and between the leaves lay a small cluster of wild roses, and some lines were faintly marked. They were these:

"When she made pause, I knew not for delight;  
Because with sudden motion from the ground  
She raised her piercing orbs and filled with light  
The interval of sound."

"Cleopatra!" Mrs. Jerome repeated softly, "and like her, I thought there were 'no men to govern in this wood.' Poor fellow!"

It was a few days, perhaps a week, later, when Mrs. Jerome, who to the mystification of her host and hostess had received no letters, and, to the best of their knowledge, had written none, up to this time, followed a sudden impulse, and wrote the following epistle:

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND PHYSICIAN:—You advised, no, commanded me, to eschew the world for a season, utterly and completely. I have obeyed you to the letter. I will spare you details—enough that I am gaining rapidly, and, wonderful to say, I am not in the least *ennuyé*. On the contrary. The cream is delicious, the spring water exquisite, the scenery lovely. Even the people interest me. I am your debtor, as never before, and beg leave to sign myself,

Your grateful friend and patient,

HELEN JEROME.

"P. S.—It would amuse me to know what the world says of my disappearance. Keep my secret, on your very soul. H. J."

Midsummer came, and passed, and Mrs. Jerome still lingered. In her pursuit of health she had been indefatigable. There was hardly a road throughout the region which had been left untried, hardly a forest path unexplored, or a mountain spring untasted.

"For a woman that sets up for delicate," remarked Mrs. Squires, as from her point of observation behind the window-blinds she watched Mrs. Jerome spring with a girl's elastic grace from the carriage, "for a woman that sets up for delicate, she can

stan' more ridin' around, an' scramblin' up mountains, than any woman I ever see. I couldn't do it—that's sure an' sartain!"

"It's sperrit, Rhody, sperrit. Them's the kind o' women that 'll go through fire and flood to git what they're after."

"Yes, an' drag everybody along with 'em, if they wants to," added Mrs. Squires, meaningly.

There was one place to which they rode which held a peculiar charm for Mrs. Jerome,—a small lake, deep set among the hills and lying always in the shadow. Great pines grew down to its brink and hung far out over its surface, which was almost hidden by thickly growing reeds and the broad leaves and shining cups of water-lilies. Dragon-flies darted over it, and a dreamy silence invested it. A boat lay moored at the foot of the tangled path which led from the road, and they often left the carriage, and rowed and floated about until night-fall among the reeds and lilies.

They were floating in this way, near the close of a sultry August afternoon. Lill lay coiled upon a shawl in the bottom of the boat, her arms full of lilies whose lithe stems she was twining together, talking to herself, meanwhile, in a pretty fashion of her own.

Granger was seated in the bow of the boat, with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon the dark water. His face was pale and moody. It had worn that expression often of late, and he had fallen into a habit of long intervals of silence and abstraction.

The beautiful woman who sat opposite him, idly trailing one hand, whiter and rosier than the lily it held, in the water, seemed also under some unusual influence. She had not spoken for some time. Now and then she would raise the white lids of her wonderful eyes, and let them sweep slowly over the downcast face of Granger.

The dusky water lay around them still as death, reflecting in black masses the overhanging pines. The air was warm and full of heavy odors and drowsy sounds, through which a bird's brief song rang out, now and then, thrillingly sweet.

The atmosphere seemed to Mrs. Jerome to become every moment more oppressive. A singular agitation began to stir in her breast, which showed itself in a faint streak of red upon either cheek. At last this feeling became unendurable, and she started with a sudden motion which caused the boat to rock perilously.

Granger, roused by this movement, seized

the oars, and with a skillful stroke brought the boat again to rest.

"Will you row across to the other side?" the lady said. "I saw some rare orchids there which must be in bloom by this time."

Granger took up the oars again and rowed as directed. When the orchids had been found and gathered, at Mrs. Jerome's request he spread her a shawl beneath a tree, and seated himself near her.

"How beautiful it is here!" she said, after a pause. "I would like to stay and see the moon rise over those pines. It rises early to-night. You don't mind staying?" she added, looking at Granger.

"No—" he answered, slowly, "I don't mind it in the least."

"How different it must look here in winter!" she said, presently.

"Yes; as different as life and death."

"I cannot bear to think I shall never see it again," she said, after another and longer pause, "and yet I must leave it so soon!"

"Soon!" Granger echoed, with a start. "You are going away soon, then?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"Yes—very soon—in two weeks, I think."

Granger made no reply. He bent his head and began searching among the leaves and moss. His eyes fell upon one of the lady's hands, which lay carelessly by her side, all its perfections and the splendor of its jewels relieved against the crimson background of the shawl.

He could not look away from it, but bent lower and lower, until his hair and his quick breath swept across the fair fingers.

At the touch a wonderful change passed over the woman. She started and trembled violently—her face grew soft and tender. She raised the hand which was upon her lap, bent forward and laid it, hesitatingly, tremblingly, upon the bowed, boyish head.

"Robert! Robert!" she whispered.

Granger raised his head. For a moment, which seemed an age, the two looked into each other's face. Hers was full of yearning tenderness and suffused with blushes—his, rigid and incredulous, yet lighted up with a wild joy. A hoarse cry broke from his lips—he thrust aside the hand which lingered upon his head, sprang to his feet, and went away.

The color faded from Mrs. Jerome's face. She sat, for a moment, as if turned to stone, her eyes, dilated and flashing, fixed upon Granger's retreating figure. Then, with an impetuous gesture, she rose and went to look for Lill. A scream from the little girl fell

upon her ears at the same moment. She had strayed out upon a log which extended far into the water, and stood poised, like a bird, upon its extreme end. Round her darted a blue-mailed dragon-fly, against which the little arms were vainly beating. Mrs. Jerome sprang toward her, but Granger was already there. As he gave the frightened child into her mother's arms, he looked into her face. She returned his imploring gaze with a haughty glance, and walked swiftly toward the boat. He took his seat in the bow and rowed across the lake, his white face set shoreward. Lill buried her scared little face in her mother's lap, and no one spoke. As they landed, a great, dark bird rose suddenly out of the bushes, and with a hideous, mocking cry, like the laugh of a maniac, swept across the water. The woman started and drew the child closer to her breast.

They drove along in silence until within a mile of the Squires' farm, when, without a word, Granger turned into a road over which their drives had never before extended. It was evidently a by-way, and little used, for grass grew thickly between the ruts. On the brow of a hill he halted.

Below, in the valley, far back from the road-side, stood an old, square mansion, of a style unusual in that region. It must have been a place of consequence in its day and generation. The roof was hipped and broken by dormer windows, and a carved lintel crowned the door-way. An air of age and decay hung about it and the huge, black barns with sunken roofs, and the orchard, full of gnarled and barren trees, which flanked it. A broad, grass-grown avenue, stiffly bordered by disheveled-looking Lombardy poplars, led up to the door.

Granger turned slowly, and looked full into Mrs. Jerome's face. His own was terribly agitated. Doubt, questioning, passionate appeal, spoke from every feature.

"That is the old Granger place," he said, in a strange, choked voice, with a gesture toward the house, "and that"—as a woman appeared for an instant in the door-way—"that woman—is my wife!"

Mrs. Jerome's lips parted, and a quick breath escaped them. The desperate look in Granger's face intensified. His eyes seemed endeavoring to pierce into her inmost soul. His lips moved as if to speak again, but speech failed him.

It was but a passing ripple on the surface of her high-bred calm. A smile, the slow, sweet, slightly scornful smile he knew so

well, came to her lips again. She raised her eye-glasses and glanced carelessly over the scene.

"Nice old place!" she said, in her soft, indifferent way. "Quite an air about it, really!"

Granger turned and lashed the horse into a gallop. His teeth were set—his blue-gray eyes flashed.

When the door was reached he lifted the woman and her child from the carriage, and drove madly away, the impact of the wheels with the rocky road sending out fierce sparks as they whirled along.

Mrs. Jerome gathered her lilies into her arms and went slowly up to her room.

Several days passed, and Robert Granger did not appear. The harvest was now at its height, and the farmers prolonged their labors until sunset, and often later. This was the ostensible reason for his remaining away. During these days Mrs. Jerome was in a restless mood. She wandered continually about the woods and fields near the farm-house, remaining out far into the bright, dewless nights. One evening she complained of headache, and remained in-doors, sitting in *negligé* by the window, looking listlessly out over the orchard. Nettie came in from a stroll with Lill, and gave her mistress a letter.

"We met Mr. Granger, and he gave me this, madam," she said, respectfully, but her glance rested with some curiosity upon the face of Mrs. Jerome as she spoke.

The letter remained unopened upon her lap long after Nettie had gone with the child to her room. Finally, she tore the envelope open and read:

"What is the use of struggling any longer? You have seen, from the first day, that I was entirely at your mercy. There have been times when I thought you were coldly and deliberately trying your power over me; and there have been other times when I thought you were laughing at me, and I did not care, so long as I could see your face and hear your voice. I never allowed myself to think of the end. Now all is changed. What has happened? I am too miserable—and too madly happy—to think clearly; but, unless I am quite insane, I have heard your voice speaking my name, and I have seen in your face a look which meant—no, I cannot write it! It was something I have never dared dream of, and I cannot believe it, even now; and yet, I cannot forget that moment! If it is a sin to write this—if it is a wrong to you—I swear I have never meant to sin, and I would have kept silent forever but for that moment. Then, too, it flashed upon me for the first time that you did not know I was not free to love you. It *must* be that you did not know—the doubt is an insult to your womanhood—and yet, when I tried to make sure of this, how you baffled me!

But still that moment remains unforgotten. What does it all mean? I must have an answer! I shall come to-morrow, at the usual time. If you refuse to see me, I shall understand. If not—what then?  
"R. G."

The letter fell to the floor, and Helen Jerome sat for a while with heaving breast and hands clasped tightly over her face. Then she rose and paced up and down the chamber, pausing at length before one of the photographs—a strange, weird thing. Through somber, lurid vapors swept the figures of two lovers, with wild, wan faces, clasped in an eternal embrace of anguish. She looked at the picture a long time with a brooding face. In the dusk the floating figures seemed to expand into living forms, their lips to utter audible cries of despair.

"Even at that price?"

She shuddered as the words escaped her lips, and turned away. There was a tap at the door, and, before she could speak, a woman entered,—a spare, plain-featured woman, dressed in a dark cotton gown and coarse straw hat. There was something gentle, yet resolute, in her manner, as she came toward Mrs. Jerome, her eyes full of repressed, yet eager, scrutiny.

"Good evenin', ma'am," she said, extending a vinaigrette of filigree and crystal. "I was comin' up this way an' I thought I'd bring ye your bottle. Leastways, I s'pose it's yourn. It fell out o' Rob's pocket."

She let her eyes wander while she was speaking over the falling golden hair, the rich *robe-de-chambre*, and back to the beautiful proud face.

"Thank you, it is mine," said Mrs. Jerome. "Are you Robert Granger's mother?"

"No, ma'am. I am his wife's mother. My name is Mary Rogers."

Mrs. Jerome went to the window and seated herself. The hem of her dress brushed against the letter, and she stooped and picked it up, crushing it in her hand. The visitor did not offer to go. She had even removed her hat, and stood nervously twisting its ribbons in her hard, brown fingers.

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Rogers?"

The woman sank upon a chair without speaking. She was visibly embarrassed, moving her hands and feet restlessly about, and then bursting into sudden speech.

"I've got somethin' I want to say to ye, Mis' Jerome. It's kind o' hard to begin—harder'n I thought 't would be."

She spoke in a strained, trembling voice, with many pauses.

"It's something that ought to be said, an' there's nobody to say it but me. Perhaps

—you don't know—that folks round here is a-talkin' about—about you an' Rob."

Mrs. Jerome smiled—a scornful smile which showed her beautiful teeth. The woman saw it, and her swarthy face flushed.

"I don't suppose it matters to you, ma'am, if they be," she said, bitterly, "an' it aint on your account I come. It's on Ruby's account. Ruby's my darter. Oh, Mis' Jerome,"—she dropped her indignant tone, and spoke pleadingly,—“you don't look a bit like a wicked woman, only proud, an' used to havin' men praise ye, an' I'm sure if you could see Ruby you'd pity her, ma'am. She's a-worryin' an' breakin' her heart over Rob's neglectin' of her so, but she don't know what folks is a-sayin'. I've kep' it from her so far, but I'm afeard I can't keep it much longer, for folks keeps a throwin' out 'n' hintin' round, and if Ruby should find it out—the way she is now—it'd kill her!"

She stopped, sobbing and rocking herself to and fro.

"I never wanted her to *hev* Rob Granger," she began again, speaking hurriedly, "an' I tried to hender it all I could. But 'twa'n't no use. I knew 'twould come to this, sooner or later. 'Twas in his father, an' it's in him. The Grangers was all of 'em alike—proud an' high-sperrited, an' never knowin' their own minds two days at a time. It's in the blood, an' readin' po'try an' sich don't make it no better. I knowed Ruby wa'n't no match for Rob; she's gentle an' quiet, an' aint got much book-larin'. But her heart was sot on him, poor gal!"

And again she paused, sobbing gently and wiping her eyes on her apron. Mrs. Jerome rose and went over to her. A wonderful change had passed over her. Every trace of pride and scorn had faded from her face. She was gentle, almost timid, in manner, as she stood before the weeping woman.

"Mrs. Rogers," she said, kindly, "I cannot tell you how sorry I am. It is all unnecessary, I assure you. It is very foolish of people to talk. I shall see that you have no more trouble on my—on this account. If I had known"—she hesitated, stammering. "You see, Mrs. Rogers, I did not even know that Robert Granger was married. If I had, perhaps —"

The woman looked up incredulously. The blood tingled hot through Mrs. Jerome's veins as she answered, with a sting of humiliation at her position.

"It may seem strange—it is strange, but



no one has ever mentioned it to me until—a few days ago. Besides, as I tell you, there is no need for talk. There *shall* be none. You can go home in perfect confidence that you will have no further cause for trouble—that I can prevent."

Mrs. Rogers rose and took the lady's soft hand in hers.

"God bless ye, ma'am. Ye'll do what's right, I know. You must forgive me for thinking wrong of ye, but you see —"

She broke off in confusion.

"It is no matter," said Mrs. Jerome. "You did not know me, of course. Good-night."

When the door had closed upon her visitor, she stood for a while motionless, leaning her head wearily against the window-frame.

"Strange," she said to herself, "that she should have reminded me of—mother! It must have been her voice."

A breeze strayed in at the window, and brought up to her face the scent of the lilies which stood in a dish upon the bureau. She seized the bowl with a hasty gesture, and threw the flowers far out into the orchard.

Mrs. Jerome arose very early the next morning and went down for a breath of the fresh, sweet air. Early as it was, the farmer had been to the village to distribute his milk, and came rattling up the road with his wagon full of empty cans. He drove up to the door, and, with an air of importance, handed the lady a letter, staring inquisitively at her haggard face as he did so. The letter was merely a friendly one from her physician, in answer to her own, and said, among other things:

"Van Cassalear is in town. All my ingenuity was called into action in the effort to answer his persistent inquiries in regard to you. As glad as I am that you are so content, and inured to human suffering as I am supposed to be, I could not but feel a pang of sympathy for him. His state is a melancholy one. The world has long since ceased conjecturing as to your whereabouts. You are one of those privileged beings who are at liberty to do and dare. Your mysterious disappearance is put down with your other eccentricities."

Although, under ordinary circumstances, not a woman to care for a pretext for anything she chose to do, she allowed the reception of this letter to serve in the present instance as an excuse for her immediate departure—for she had resolved to go away at once.

The surprise of Mr. Squires when her intention was made known to him was great, and tinged with melancholy—a melancholy which his wife by no means shared.

But his feelings were considerably assuaged by the amount of the check handed him by Nettie, which was far greater than he had any reason to expect.

"I might 'a' got Rob to take 'em down to the station, if I'd a-known it sooner," he remarked to his wife, in Mrs. Jerome's hearing, "but I seen him an hour ago drivin' like thunder down toward Hingham, an' he wont be back in time. I guess old Sal can drag the folks down to the station, an' I'll see if I can get Tim Higgins to take the things. Time I's about it, too. Train goes at one."

Mrs. Jerome went to her room and dressed herself in traveling attire. Leaving Nettie to finish packing, she took her hat and went out and down the road, walking rapidly and steadily onward. All along the road-side August was flaunting her gay banners. Silvery clematis and crimsoning blackberry vines draped the rough stone walls; hard-hack, both pink and white, asters and golden-rod, and many a humble, nameless flower and shrub, filled all the intervening spaces; yellow birds swung airily upon the purple tufts of the giant thistles, and great red butterflies hovered across her pathway. She passed on, unheeding, until the grassy by-road was reached, into which she turned, and stood for a moment on the summit of the hill, looking down upon the Granger homestead. A woman came out as she looked, and leaned over the flowers which bloomed in little beds on each side of the door-way. Mrs. Jerome half turned, as if to retrace her steps, and then walked resolutely down the hill and up the avenue. The woman saw her coming, stared shyly from beneath her hand, in rustic fashion, for a moment, and then ran into the house, where she was seen peeping from between the half-closed window-blinds.

As she came nearer the house, Mrs. Jerome slackened her steps. Her limbs trembled, she panted slightly, and a feeling of faintness came over her. The woman she had seen came again to the door, and stood there silently as if waiting for the stranger to speak—a timid, delicate young creature, with great innocent blue eyes and apple-bloom complexion. The lady looked into the shy face a moment and came forward, holding out her gloved hand.

"Are you Mrs. Granger?"

The little woman nodded, and the apple-bloom color spread to her blue-veined temples.

"I am Mrs. Jerome," she continued.

"You must have heard your—husband speak of me."

It was wonderful—the gracious calmness of her manner, the smooth cadence of her voice, the serene smile upon her lips.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Granger, simply, "I've heard tell of you."

Meantime she was studying her guest with innocent curiosity—the lovely proud face, the supple figure, the quiet elegance of the toilet, with all its subtle perfection of detail. It did not irritate her as it did Mrs. Squires; it only filled her with gentle wonder and enthusiasm. She tried at length to shake off the timidity which possessed her.

"You must be real tired," she said gently.

"It's a long walk. Wont you come in?"

"Thank you," said the lady. "I think I *am* very tired. If you would be so kind as to give me a chair, I would sit here in the shade awhile."

She sank into the chair which Mrs. Granger brought, and drank eagerly the cool water which she proffered.

"Thank you," she said. "It is pleasant here, very. How lovely your flowers are."

"Yes," said Mrs. Granger, with a show of pride, "I love flowers, and they always bloom well for me." She went to the beds and began gathering some of the choicest. At the same moment, Mrs. Rogers came through the hall. As she saw the visitor, her face flushed, and she glanced suspiciously, resentfully, from Mrs. Jerome to her daughter.

The lady rose.

"It's Mis' Jerome, mother," said Ruby, simply, "the lady that stays at Squireses."

Mrs. Jerome bowed, and a look of full understanding passed between the two. Ruby, gathering her flowers, saw nothing of it.

"I am going away, Mrs. Granger," said the lady. "Circumstances require my immediate return to the city. I came to leave a message with you for—your husband, as he is not at home. Tell him I thank him for the pleasure he has given me this summer."

"I'm real sorry you took the trouble to come down," said Mrs. Granger. "It's a long walk, an' Squires could 'a' told Rob to-night."

"Yes, I know," said the lady, consulting her watch, "but I wanted a last walk."

She held the little woman's hand at parting, and looked long into the shy face. Then, stooping, she lightly kissed her forehead, and, with the flowers in her hand, went down the grassy avenue, up the hill, and out of sight.

Robert Granger came home late in the afternoon. He drove directly into the barn, and proceeded to unharness and care for the jaded beast, which was covered with foam and dust. He himself was haggard and wild-eyed, and he moved about with feverish haste. When he had made the tired creature comfortable in his stall, he went to the splendid animal in the one adjoining and began to bestow similar attentions upon him. While he was thus engaged, Mrs. Rogers came into the stable. Her son-in-law hardly raised his eyes. She watched him sharply for a moment, and came nearer. "Aint ye comin' in to get somethin' to eat, Rob?"

"I have been to dinner," was the answer.

"Rob," said the woman, quietly, "ye might as well let that go—ye wont need Dick to-day."

Granger started, almost dropping the card he was using.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with an effort at indifference, resuming his work on Dick's shining mane.

"The lady's gone away," said Mrs. Rogers, steadily watching him.

"What!" cried Granger, glaring fiercely across Dick's back. "What did you say? Who's gone away?"

"The lady—Mis' Jerome," repeated the woman. "She come down herself to leave word for ye, seein' that you wa'n't at home. She was called away onexpected. Said she'd enjoyed herself first-rate this summer—an' was much obleeged to ye for your kindness."

Granger continued his labor, stooping so low that his mother-in-law could only see his shoulders and the jetty curls which clustered at his neck. She smiled as she looked—a somewhat bitter smile. She was a good and gentle creature, but Ruby was her daughter—her only child. After a moment or two she went away.

When she was out of hearing, Granger rose. He was pale as death, and his forehead was covered with heavy drops. He leaned weakly against Dick, who turned his fine eyes lovingly on his master and rubbed his head against his sleeve.

Granger hid his face upon his arms.

"My God!" he cried, "is that the answer?"

It was the answer. It was all the answer Granger ever received. He did not kill himself. He did not attempt to follow or even write to her. Why should he? She had come and had gone,—a beautiful, bewildering, maddening vision.

Neither did he try the old remedy of dissipation, as a meaner nature might have done; but he could not bear the quiet meaning of Mrs. Rogers' looks, nor the mute, reproachful face of his wife, and he fell into a habit of wandering with dog and gun through the mountains, coming home with empty game-bag, late at night, exhausted and disheveled, to throw himself upon his bed and sleep long, heavy slumbers. Without knowing it, he had taken his sore heart to the surest and purest counselor; and little by little those solitary communings with nature had their healing effect.

"Let him be, Ruby," her mother would say, as Ruby mourned and wondered. "Let him be. The Grangers was all of 'em queer. Rob'll come round all right in course of time."

Weeks and months went by in this way, and one morning, after a night of desperate pain and danger, Robert Granger's first-born was laid in his arms. Then he buried his face in the pillow by pale, smiling Ruby and sent up a prayer for forgiveness and strength. True, only God and attending angels heard it, but Ruby Granger was a happier woman from that day.

Mrs. Van Cassalear was passing along the city street, leaning upon her husband's arm. It was midsummer. "Everybody "

was out of town, and the Van Cassalears were only there for a day, *en passant*. They were walking rapidly, the lady's delicate drapery gathered in one hand, a look of proud indifference upon her face.

"Pond-lilies! Pond-lilies!"

She paused. Upon a street-corner stood a sun-burned, bare-foot boy, in scant linen suit and coarse farmer's hat. His hands were full of lilies, which he was offering for sale.

Mrs. Van Cassalear dropped her husband's arm and the white draperies fell unheeded to the pavement. She almost snatched the lilies from the boy's hands, and bowed her face over them.

The city sights and sounds faded away. Before her spread a deep, dark lake, its surface flecked with lilies. Tall pines bent over it, and in their shadow drifted a boat, and an impassioned, boyish face looked at her from the boat's prow. . . .

"Six for five cents, lady, please!"

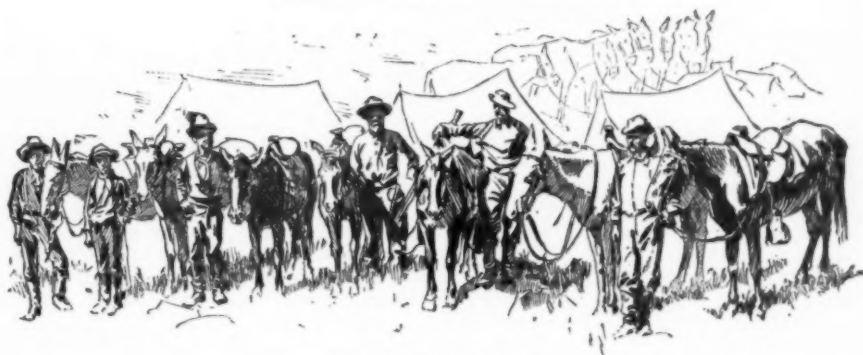
"Do you want the things, Helen?" said Van Cassalear, the least trace of impatience in his voice. "If you do, let me pay the boy and we'll go on. People are staring."

The lady raised her eyes and drew a deep breath.

"No," she said, "I will not have them."

She returned the lilies, with a piece of money, to the astonished boy, gathered her drapery again into her hand, and swept on.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULES.



THE RIDING ANIMALS.

AMONG the most vivid recollections that remain to those who have roughed it in the Far West are those connected with mules. During two years of service with Dr. Hayden's corps the present writer had

a variety of experiences, grave and gay, with the animals so long of ear and quick of heel, which it may amuse some one to have recounted.

It goes without saying that in making

original explorations through so lofty and broken a region as is comprised in the term Rocky Mountains, wheeled vehicles are out of the question. Before they can be used to any extent roads must be laboriously built, and it was one object of the surveys to discover the most practicable routes for these prospective highways. Explorers, meanwhile, had to trudge afoot or take to the saddle.

The Survey, during its many successive years of service, acquired a large herd of animals, which were kept from season to season, whenever worth it. The labor required was severe, and a superior grade of stock was needed. The great majority of these animals were mules, for their endurance is greater than that of horses, and their size and build are better suited for bearing burdens. This is so well understood by all mountaineers that, whereas you can buy a fair pack-pony for fifty dollars, or less, you must pay three times that amount for a good mule.

The rendezvous camp near Denver or Cheyenne having been organized, the laboring men hired (usually the same muleteers year after year), and the stores collected, the first thing done is to distribute the live stock. Herewith begin both the fun and the peril of the expedition.

The herd of a hundred or more animals, that have been ranging the open plains in the wildest license all winter, have just been "rounded up," and are at last penned in a corral by themselves. Steve Hovey, the head packer, now looks them over as they go careering round the confined space, and selects the quota of each division of the Survey. Some will require to be reshod, and those bravest of men, the Cheyenne blacksmiths, who would fearlessly straddle a thunderbolt if it needed an iron tip, unhesitatingly do the job whether the mule consents or not. Then the animals go back to the corral to fight and play, and to mature, by long consultations, the evil designs which they propose to execute during the coming campaign.

By this time the saddles and aparejos (Californian pack-saddles) have been repaired and distributed, the stores divided and as far as possible stowed in bags in order to be most conveniently lashed upon the mules' backs, and each man has studied how to bestow his bedding and small personal outfit most compactly. In place of trunks or valises, everything is stuffed into canvas cylinders each about the size of a section of

stove-pipe, which close by means of puckering-strings at the top. Nearly everything that each one carries must be inclosed in this one war-bag; but for the few fragile and shapely articles needful a pair of panier-boxes is given to each party. My writing-kit I stuffed into a small, soft traveling-bag, the last time I was out, and it carried very well. Of course such an arrangement precludes "boiled shirts" or "fried" goods of any sort. Your war-bag, like everything else, will be placed in that part of a mule's load where it will ride best, and the utmost strength of two men will be expended in drawing the lash-ropes tightly across it. Anything more linen than a handkerchief or whiter than any undershirt is, therefore, treated with scorn and derision in camp, and old trowsers and coats, heavy flannel shirts, coarse shoes and broad-brimmed felt hats are the *mode*.

Finally comes the gala-day when the mules are to be saddled for the first time after their long vacation, and everybody is on hand to see the fun.

The western pack-mule is small, sinewy, and, like old Joey Bagstock, "tough, sir, tough! but de-e-vlish sly!" Most of them are bred from Indian ponies and are born on the open plains. Having previously been lassoed and branded, when three years old they are driven (or inveigled) into a corral and exhibited for sale as *branchos*. An untamed horse is a model of gentleness beside them. Sometimes they are accustomed at once to the saddle by one of those wonderful riders who can stick on the back of anything that runs, and more rarely they are broken to harness; but ordinarily their backs are trained to bear the pack, which is generally the only practicable method of transporting freight through these rugged mountains.

The first time the pack-saddles are put on, the excitement may be imagined. The green mule, strong in his youth, having been adroitly "roped" or lassoed, is led out into an open space, stepping timidly, but, not seeing any cause for alarm, quietly; before he understands what it all means, he finds that a noose of the rawhide lariat about his neck has been slipped over his nose, and discovers that his tormentors have an advantage. He pulls, shakes his head, stands upright on opposite ends, but all to no avail. The harder he pulls, the tighter the noose pinches his nostrils, so at last he comes down and keeps still. Then a man approaches slowly and circumspectly,

holding behind him a leather blinder which he seeks to slip over the mule's eyes. But two long ears stand in the way, and the first touch of the leather is the signal for two jumps—one by the beast and one by the man, for packers are wise enough in their day and generation to fight shy of the business end of a mule. The next attempt is less a matter of caution and more of strength, and here the animal has so much advantage that often it must be lassoed again and thrown to the ground.

It is a fine sight to witness the indignation of such a fellow! He falls heavily, yet holds his head high and essays to rise. But his fore-feet are manacled by ropes and his head is fast. Yet he will shake almost free, get upon his hind-feet, stand straight

upon the *sinch* (as the girth is termed), which holds firmly every hair-breadth, and will finally crease the contour of the mule's belly into the semblance of Cupid's bow. But this one pull suffices to set him springing again—bucking, now, with arched back and head between his knees, landing on stiff legs to jar his burden off, or falling full weight on his side and rolling over to scrape it free. He will sit on his haunches and hurl himself backward; will duck his head and turn a somersault; finally will stand still, trembling with anger and exhaustion, and let you lead him away, conquered.

Simply putting on the *aparejos* is enough for that day. On the next morning the riding animals are saddled, the light packs are placed upon the pack-mules and the jour-



READY TO BE PACKED.

up and dash down with all his weight in futile efforts for liberty. Secured with more ropes, allowed but three legs to stand upon and cursed frightfully, he *must* submit, though he never does it with good grace. It is not always, however, that this extremity is resorted to. Some animals make little resistance while the strange thing is being put upon their backs and the fastenings adjusted—all but one; but when an effort is made to put that institution called a crupper under a young mule's tail, language fails to express the character of the kicking! The light heels describe an arc from the ground to ten feet above it and then strike out at a tangent. They cut through the air like whip-lashes and would penetrate an impediment like bullets. But even mule-flesh tires. Strategy wins. The crupper is gained and the first hard pull made

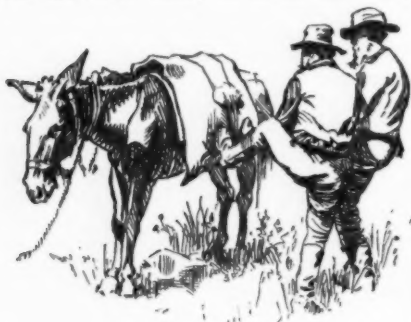
ney into Cheyenne is made, where the mules, stores and laboring men start westward on a freight-train, each party going to some station convenient to its field of labor, while the regular corps of scientific workers waits behind for the luxurious evening express.

Arrived at the station where your party is to leave the railroad, field-work really begins. The first days are uncomfortable, but things soon settle to their places, and with the organization of duties comes the sense of having really cut loose from civilization. In an average party (one of the five or six sub-divisions of the Survey) there are six persons all told, and eight pack-mules suffice to carry the luggage. Besides these there are two extra pack-mules, four or five for riding and at least one horse.

The mountain mules all love company,



cling together and enjoy walking one behind the other in long file; but no mule has independence of judgment enough to lead a train, even with a bit in his mouth. On the other hand, all mules are "stuck



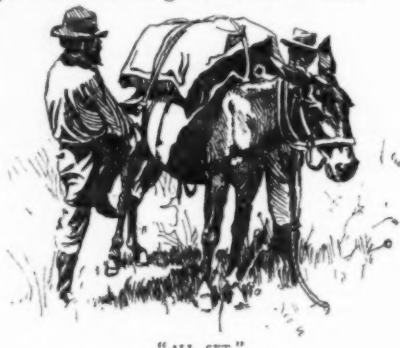
SINCHING APAREJOS.

after" a horse, as the muleteers phrase it, and advantage is taken of this to cause them to travel steadily, and to keep them together at night, by having a horse to lead the march. This horse has a stock-bell round its neck and is ridden by the cook, who is thus debarred from anything except steadily plodding along, while the others can ramble off from the train as much as they please. At night the bell-horse is hobbled and all the mules are turned loose to graze about the neighborhood, the tinkle of the bell giving us information of their position in the morning, for there is little fear that they will wander away from the horse unless stampeded, and that rarely occurs. Mules will absolutely go daft over a horse, and there are always fierce contests the first day a train starts out as to which shall have the coveted place next to the leader. It often happens that for weeks afterward the victor has to maintain his position by constant exercise of heels and teeth, and with much mulish profanity. I have seen two mules fight so incessantly for the place next the bell-horse when feeding, that they forgot to eat all day.

The first day's ride through the miserable outskirts of civilization is likely to be tiresome and unsatisfactory. You have not become accustomed to your mule, nor he to you. You are sun-burned, and your eyes smart with the alkali dust,—for the cool mountains are not yet reached,—and your muscles ache with the unwonted labor of riding. You have been gazed at by the few persons you met, and chaffed in the miners' camps. Going through a town or past a ranch the

mules have exerted themselves to enter every gate and door-way, to go anywhere and everywhere but where they ought; and the amount of caution, invective and hard-riding necessary to keep them together and under their respective packs has been vexatious and fatiguing, conducive neither to observation of scenery nor to the cultivation of Christian virtues.

At last the march is finished, and you hasten ahead, tumble off your beast and unsaddle by the time the train comes up, so that you can help remove the packs—an operation the sagacious mules undergo with the most exemplary quietude. A little later, when the animals have cooled, the aparejos are taken off, the bell-horse is hobbled, and the whole herd is turned loose for the night. Their first move is to roll, removing the perspiration, and scratching the backs grown hot and irritated under the heavy loads, which, at first, often average 250 or 300 pounds. Then, how they eat! The sun sets, twilight fades, the camp-fire is replenished, and still they munch, munch at the crisp grass; the stars come out and the riders go in, but the last glimpse of the mules in the darkness shows them with their noses to the ground. A pack-train intelligently cared for will actually grow fat upon a four or five months' trip of this kind, though they never get a mouthful of grain the whole time.



Here let me say a word about the art of "packing." Years ago everybody used the old Mexican saw-buck saddle, and it still bestrides the lacerated spines of unfortunate *burros*; but it has generally yielded place to the Californian stuffed aparejo, the shape of which is seen very well in the accompanying cuts. This is fastened firmly to the long-suffering beast, by all the strength of two men, who tighten the girth by bracing their feet against the upright

mule's ribs. Then a long lash-rope, having a broad, strong girth at one end, terminating in a wooden hook, is laid across the aparejo, and the packing begins. The burdens are laid on so as to balance properly, and are held in place until all, or the main part, is in position. Then the ends of the lash-rope are handed back and forth by the man on each side, twisted and looped loosely in a way very dexterous but utterly indescrib-



"GIVE IT TO HER."

able, and finally, by moderate pulling, the whole net-work is tightened. The load is now criticised and balanced anew, small articles are tucked in, and it is pronounced ready. One man goes to the left side of the animal and seizes a portion of the rope which passes round the hook, while the other, on the opposite side, turns his back and passes the end of the lash-rope over his shoulder so as to give him the greatest possible pulling power. This done, he calls back to his invisible mate:

"All set?"

"All set."

"Give it to her!"

There results a sudden and mighty strain in concert, a dreadful groan escapes from the poor mule, there is a stifled sound of creaking and crushing, and in an instant more the fastening is made and the work is done. This lashing is all one rope, but it is crossed and entwined till it seems half a dozen. On the top of the load it forms a rectangular or diamond shaped space, which gives the process its name among the packers. To know how to do it is a passport to mountain society and establishes credit. I remember once being alone at a little stage station in Wyoming. I had on a partially civilized coat and hat, and hence was under suspicion among the party of men

assembled. Foolishly, I ventured an opinion upon some subject, and, judging me by the clothes I wore, I was promptly snubbed.

"What right have you to know anything about it?" a big Klamath man hurled at me. "You're a tender-foot!"

"Perhaps I am," I answered, meekly; "but I can put the diamond hitch on a mule!"

"Can you do *that*? Then, sir, you are entitled to any opinion you please in this 'ere court!"

Even this lashing will not always hold firm, however, against equi-asinine contortions; but it is incomparably superior both for the welfare of the mule and the safety of the burden to the antiquated and cruel "saw-buck."

After sunset, the air in these high, western regions grows rapidly cool, and a chill air from the snow-banks seems to settle down and take possession of the warm nooks where the sunbeams have been playing all day. Now the long-caped, blue cavalry overcoats (bought in Denver or Cheyenne for three dollars apiece) are unstrapped from behind the saddles, fresh wood is

piled upon the fire, the pipes are newly filled, and the circling smoke, exploring the recesses of the dark tree-tops, looks down on an exceedingly contented company.

Then, as the fragrant herb glows in the pipe-bowl, and the darkness shuts in the fire and the little circle about it from the great Without, tongues are unloosed, and the treasures of memory are drawn upon to enliven the hour. All these mountain-men are great talkers, and most of them tell a story in a very vivid way—a way purely their own, sounding barbarous to other ears, so full is it of slang, local phrases, and profanity, but in a language perfectly understood and with a wit keenly appreciated by kindred listeners. Tales of Indian warfare and border ruffianism in the old days of the emigrant trail, the founding of the Mormon settlements, the track-laying of the Pacific railway and the gold discoveries; stories of the road agents—robbers of the mails and expresses, who never let a man out of the country with any money, and of the scarcely preferable vigilantes who sought to rid the mountains of these human wolves only to learn that the persons most trusted in their councils were the ring-leaders of crime. Between the road agents and the vigilantes no man was safe. The former might kill him to get him out of the

way, the latter might hang him on the single charge that the ruffians let him alone.

But the theme of all themes which is never neglected, and which lasts clear through the trip, is The Mule.

His mule is the mountain-man's mainstay. He treats it much more kindly than he does himself, and respects it far more than he does his neighbor. He finds all sorts of excuses for an habitual cut-throat; he simply *hangs* the mule-stealer.



A SENSATION.

The mountain-mule is a perpetual study. No animal in the world possesses so much individuality and will develop in a given time so many distinct phases of character. His sagacity in some directions is balanced by most desperate stupidity in others. A herd shows a wide range of variation in tractability and in other traits among its members. You cannot fail to note this in their different countenances, to which the long ears lend so much expression; but all their characteristics are positive, and are asserted in the most startling manner. They are crotchety, too, and it is often impossible to overcome their prejudices. One I knew who would never allow himself to be caught to have his pack put on or re-adjusted until all the rest had been attended to; then he was quite ready and docile. Another was a good, gentle riding animal, and had no objection to your pipe, but you must get off to light it; strike a match in the saddle and Satan entered into his breast on the instant. This same fellow had an insuperable objection to entering water,—an unfort-

unate trait, for before crossing an unknown stream with a pack-train it is desirable to know what sort of a ford it is, and the man who rode this mule was the one whose duty it generally was to make the test. The animal would walk straight down to the margin, then rear upon his hind-legs and spin round like a flash.

Fording a river, where the current is deep and rapid, is a dangerous experience for a pack-train. The attendants must ride on the lower side and keep the mules from drifting down-stream. They are very sure-footed and plucky under their loads so long as they keep up, but let one fall down, and there is not an instant to be lost if you would save him and his cargo. Leap into the water and help him up without an instant's delay, for if he gets any water in those big furry ears of his he will do nothing to save himself, but will lie there and drown without a struggle. Mules can swim very well, however, if they are willing to try. I once had one take me out of a very awkward predicament in that way.

All mules are very particular and private about their ears. They won't allow them to be touched or interfered with. These long and mobile members are very expressive in their various attitudes, but I could never learn satisfactorily what each position signified, unless it was that the next movement would be precisely the opposite of what was apparently intended. The paradox is the brute's model of mental action. Never was a mule more innocent in appearance than one which Mr. W. was quietly riding just ahead of me, one afternoon. I was half asleep, when I felt a smart blow on my stirrup. I thought a stone had been kicked up. A moment after the *tapadero* was struck, and I was just beginning to realize the truth, when I saw the heels of Mr. W.'s mule fly up. Probably nothing but a quick movement of my leg saved it from being broken. What caused that beast to kick at me three times without provocation? anything but "pure cussedness?"

Their tails, too, being very horse-like, are objects of great pride with them and they decidedly resent any fooling with them. The worst spell of kicking I ever saw, I think, was once when I accidentally struck backward with my three-lashed Indian *quist* and got one thong entangled in Darby's caudal extremity. Such a frightened and thoroughly indignant beast I never bestrode and hope never to again; but, in the expressive phrase of that hard-riding region I "stayed by him."

I had a mule once that would bray ferociously and incessantly whenever it was out of hearing of the train's bell. It was an excessively annoying habit, and, persuasion failing, I one day dug my spurs into its ribs, and hammered its head first with a strap, then with the butt of my pistol, every time the hideous voice was raised. I felt that there was no sense in the absurd practice, and I was bound to break it. But after an hour or two it was hard to keep my seat, for about once a minute the beast would duck its head and jump as though propelled from a cannon, uttering a terrible bray, apparently just to invite punishment. So I changed my tactics, and paid no attention whatever to the habit, and in a couple of days had no further annoyance. Mules know what disturbs you, and malignantly do that one thing regardless of pain to themselves. Another mule I had was an exemplar of this trait. He had a trick of swelling himself out when I put the saddle on, so that it was impossible to make the girth tight: I might as well have tried to draw in the waist of a steam-boat boiler, and to secure the saddle properly, I always had to catch him unawares, after we had got started.

It is not easy to gain a mule's confidence, and, on the other hand, he rarely merits yours. I have known one to carry his rider in the most exemplary manner for hundreds of miles, and then one morning begin a series of antics and develop an unruliness as uncomfortable as it was unexpected. Sometimes you can train them with considerable satisfaction, but you never feel quite sure of them. They are forever doing something surprising, heroically pulling through real difficulties to give up tamely before some sham obstacle. This is partly owing to their absurd timidity. If one scares, all the rest are panic-stricken. A piece of black wood, like the embers of an old fire, will cause almost any mule to shy. A boulder of a certain shape was invariably regarded with distrust by one I used to ride. Rattlesnakes they hold in just abhorrence; bears paralyze them with terror; Indians they cannot be spurred to approach. This excessive timidity is the result of their social habits. A mule cannot bear to be left alone, and although he knows he can go straight back from wherever you may take him, following the trail like a hound, yet he considers himself hopelessly lost and forlorn when he can no longer hear the bell. It is his use and habit to go with it. It means everything which makes life happy

for him, and he will endure very much punishment before forsaking it. However, two or three away together all day keep one another company and get along very well.

This attachment to the train, while it has been the salvation of many an outfit, becomes a great nuisance on the march. Mile after mile you plod along in the rear at a right-foot, left-foot, right-foot, left-foot jog which in the course of seven or eight hours wears out muscles and patience. The sun beats down, the dust rises up, and your only entertainment is the cow-bell hung on the neck of the leader. The first hour you do not mind it much; the second it grows wearisome; the third, painful, and you hold your ears to shut out the monotonous clangor; the fourth hour you go crazy—all life centers about that tireless hammering, and endless conning, till, in unison with the ceaseless copper-clatter of that ding-dong bell, your mind loses itself in

Hokey pokey winky wang,  
Linkum lankum muscodang,  
The Injun swore that he would hang  
The man that couldn't keep warm.

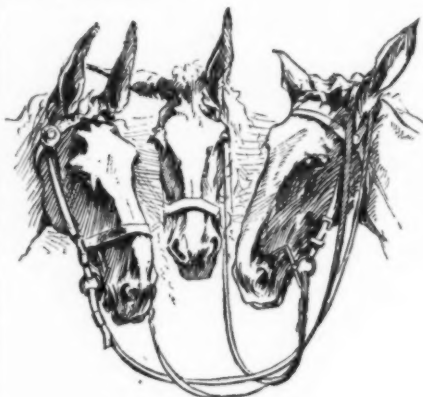
You cannot get away from it. What is misery to you is melody to the mule, and if you try to ride him outside of the music of the bell, he may, perhaps, be made to go, but it will be in such a protesting, halting, lame and blind way, with such "uncertain steps and slow," turnings of reproachful eye and brayings of uplifted voice, that you will find it better to endure the evils of the pack-train than to attempt to escape from it. Of course, if you go clear away, out of sight and sound, the beast is obliged to content himself; but on the march this is not always pleasant or practicable.

But a diversion awaits. It is afternoon. Everybody is dozing. The distant line of trees which marks the day's destination is in sight, and the mules have been well-behaved all day. Plodding along in front of you at a rapid walk, very demurely, heads down, eyes half-closed, ears monotonously wagging, you think they have forgotten all their pranks, abandoned all intentions of wickedness concocted in the restful leisure of the early morning, and you fall into admiring contemplation of their exceeding docility and sweetness. Meanwhile, the aparejo and load of a certain little buckskin-hued Cayuse mule have been slipping backward, and he, knowing it, has made no sign, but has quietly wriggled and swelled himself until he has got far enough through the sinch to try his experiment. With the

suddenness and agility of a grasshopper he now gives a tremendous leap toward one side, bucks high in the air a dozen times in as many seconds, dancing about and kicking, stands straight up on his hind-legs, and falls over backward; next he squirms rapidly through the loosened girths until he can bring his heels to bear, and kicks boxes, bags and bundles until the saddle slips down over his legs and confines them like a handcuff. Then he rolls over and quietly nibbles the grass within reach, waiting, in the most exasperating unconcern, until you shall come and release him.

It will readily be understood that an eastern man finds the tricks and treachery, lively heels and diabolical disposition of the mule a constant check upon the enjoyment of western work and wandering. The mule-packers are the most desperately profane men I have ever met; they exhibit a real genius in "good mouth-filling oaths." Considering the vexation to which they are subjected, and which they must not otherwise retaliate, lest they should injure the precious endurance and carrying power upon which their lives depend, and which make mules far more valuable than horses for mountain service, it is not surprising. And though these strong and agile animals will stand for hours when the bridle-rein of one is merely thrown over the

ear of his neighbor, under the delusion that they are securely hobbled, they are very wise and cunning, and can doubtless talk among themselves; but it is an unfortunate fact that their wisdom is all exerted for wickedness, and their conversation used chiefly in plotting combined mischief. And it is my honest and serious opinion, founded upon much observation, that so long as any considerable numbers of mules are employed there, it is utterly useless for missionaries to go to the Rocky Mountains.



LABORING UNDER A DELUSION.

## THE TORNADO.

WHOSE eye has marked his gendering? On his throne  
He dwells apart in roofless caves of air,  
Born of the stagnant, blown of the glassy heat  
O'er the still mere Sargasso. When the world  
Has fallen voluptuous, and the isles are grown  
So bold they cry, God sees not!—as a rare  
Sunflashing iceberg towers on high, and fleet  
As air-ships rise, by upward currents whirled,  
Even so the bane of lustful islanders  
Wings him aloft. And scarce a pinion stirs.

There gathering hues, he stoopeth down again,  
Down from the vault. Locks of the gold-tipped cloud  
Fly o'er his head; his eyes, Saint Elmo flames;  
His mouth, a surf on a red coral reef.  
Embroidered is his cloak of dark blue stain  
With lightning jags. Upon his pathway crowd  
Dull Shudder, wan-faced Quaking, Ghastly-dreams.  
And after these, in order near their chief,  
Start, Tremor, Faint-heart, Panic and Affray,  
Horror with blanching eyes, and limp Dismay



Unroll a gray-green carpet him before  
 Swathed in thick foam: thereon adventuring, bark  
 Need never hope to live; that yeasty pile  
 Bears her no longer; to the mast-head plunged  
 She writhes and groans, careens, and is no more.  
 Now, prickt by fear, the man-devourer shark,  
 Gale-breasting gull and whale that dreams no guile  
 Till the sharp steel quite to the life has lunged,  
 Before his pitiless, onward-hurling form  
 Hurry toward land for shelter from the storm.

In vain. Tornado and his pursuivants,  
 Whirlwind of giant bulk, and Water-spout,—  
 The gruesome, tortuous devil-fish of rain,—  
 O'ertake them on the shoals and leave them dead.  
 Doomsday has come. Now men in speechless trance  
 Glower unmoved upon the hideous rout,  
 Or, shrieking, fly to holes, or yet complain  
 One moment to that lordly face of dread  
 Before he quits the mountain of his wave  
 And strews for all impartially their grave.

And as in court-yard corners on the wind  
 Sweep the loose straws, houses and stately trees  
 Whirl in a vortex. His unswerving tread  
 Winnows the isle bare as a threshers' floor.  
 His eyes are fixed; he looks not once behind,  
 But at his back fall silence and the breeze.  
 Scarce is he come, the lovely wraith is sped.  
 Ashamed the lightning shuts its purple door,  
 And heaven still knows the robes of gold and dun  
 While placid Ruin gently greets the sun.

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#### TOPICS OF THE TIME.

##### A Lay Sermon for Easter.

IN a Christian nation, no "topic" could be more appropriate to the Easter "time" than the resurrection from the dead of the founder of Christianity; and there is a single aspect of this event which it seems proper for us to present. It is particularly appropriate for a secular press to do this, because the secular press has had so much to do with the upsetting of the faith of the world in this most significant event—an event on which the authorities of Christianity make the religion of Christ to depend. If Christ be not raised, these authorities declare that the faith in him is vain, and his followers are yet in their sins. It is a curious and most noteworthy thing, after all the dogmas that have been reared upon the death and sacrifice of Christ, that the one only essential fact of his history—essential to the establishment of his religion, without which everything else would be of no account—is declared to be his resurrection. It was not enough that he died; it was not enough that he suffered—all this was of no account

whatever, as compared with his rising again. His death did not wipe out the sins of his people; if he did not rise, they were still unforgiven.

There probably never existed a more fearfully demoralized set of men than the disciples and followers of Jesus Christ on the night of his betrayal and arrest. One betrayed him, another denied him, and all forsook him and fled. They had been with him during his wonder-working; they had heard him talk of his kingdom; some of them had been with him on the Mount of Transfiguration; they had seen unclean spirits subject to him; they had seen life restored at his touch and disease banished by his word; he had grown before them into a great, divine personage, armed with all power and clothed with all grace. They had forsaken homes and friends and pursuits to follow him, with great, indefinite hopes and anticipations that it was he who should redeem Israel, but without any intelligent estimate of his mission; and when they saw him in the hands of his enemies, and apparently helpless, a great panic seized them, and they literally gave him

up, with all the schemes engendered by their intercourse with him.

This, however, was but the beginning of the tragedy. Calvary with its cross stood directly before them, and the infamy and cruelty of his death were consummated there amid such convulsions of nature as might well signalize one of the most shameful events in the history of human injustice and crime. The great religious teacher and inspirer had died the death of a malefactor, hanging between two thieves. He had manifested none of the power which he claimed, though taunted by the mob and called upon to save himself if he indeed were the person he claimed to be. After he was found to be dead, Joseph of Arimathea took down his lifeless body and buried it. A stone was rolled to the door of the sepulcher and sealed, and the disciples were in hiding. They were undoubtedly in deep sorrow, for they had loved the Master and had built great hopes upon him. But during those three days after his burial, the Christian religion was as dead as the person who had undertaken to found it. Every hope of his followers was buried in that sepulcher, and not one of all their hopes would ever have revived had he not come out of it. And this is the thought that we wish to present to-day, viz.: that the fact that Christianity, as a living and aggressive religion, exists at this moment, is proof positive that Christ rose from the dead. It never would have started, it never could have started, except in the fact of Christ's resurrection. The story of his disappearance from the tomb and his re-appearance among his disciples is familiar to all. These events have formed the themes of painter and poet through eighteen hundred years of art and song. The story was as incredible to the disciples as it is to the skepticism of to-day; but they saw him, they heard him talk, he came and went among them, appeared and disappeared at will, gave them his message and their mission, and was at last received up out of sight, having promised to be with them even unto the end of the world. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says he was seen by Cephas, then by the twelve, after that by above five hundred brethren at once, most of whom were living at the time he was writing his letter. After that he was seen by James, then by all the apostles again, and at last by Paul, himself. It was because it was supported by all this throng of witnesses, whose word could not be gainsaid, that the Christian religion established itself. Not only was Christ indorsed as a divine and authoritative personage, but the immortality of the soul was demonstrated. What wonder is it that these men were ready to die in their devotion to the Master, whom they had seen conquering death, and whom they had known as an immortal leader?

So we say that there is no better evidence that Christ rose from the dead than the present existence of his church in the world. It never could have been founded with Christ in the tomb. It never could have been founded on imperfect testimony. These men knew what they had seen, what their hands had handled, and what they were talking about. It really was not a matter of faith with them at all. It was a matter of fact, lying indestructibly in

their memories, and vitalizing all their lives. In the tremendous enthusiasm, born of this burning memory, Christianity had its birth. In the faith of this great initial and essential fact, Christianity has been propagated. It is the only open demonstration of the problem of immortality ever vouchsafed to the human race, and it is part and parcel of the Gospel which Christ commanded should be preached to every creature, with lips already clothed with the authority and with voice already attuned to the harmonies of the immortal life. The facts of the resurrection of Christ and the immortality of the soul find their highest, nay, their overwhelmingly convincing testimony in the birth and continued existence of the Christian religion. There is no man living who can form a rational theory of the genesis and development of Christianity who does not embrace the resurrection as an initial and essential factor. A living religion never could have been founded on a dead Christ, and it is safe to say that the religion that rests upon a living Christ can never be superseded or destroyed.

#### A Profitable Art Industry.

##### AN OFFER OF PREMIUMS.

ONE of the sad things—almost the only sad thing—connected with the tremendous popular interest in art that has been developed in America within the last few years, is that there are multitudes engaged in its study with the utterly futile hope that in some way they can make it a source of livelihood to them. How many women there are at this moment painting porcelain, and dreaming of returns, who will never realize a penny from their enterprise, the public will never know, but the number is very large. The young men and young women in the various art-schools, learning to draw, are most of them looking forward to a life of remunerative artwork which will never be accomplished. Lacking invention, genius, originality, they will not be able to produce pictures that will sell, and they will be much disappointed.

The marvel to us is that so few, in the presence of notorious facts suggesting opposite action, should think of becoming engravers upon wood. The busiest people we know of in the United States are wood-engravers. We do not know of one who has not all he can do, and more, too. Every good engraver is busy up to the measure of his strength and endurance, and even the commonplace and poor engravers have their hands full of commonplace and poor work, of which there is an enormous amount done in this country. There is a vast field for this latter work in all sorts of illustrated catalogues, and second and third rate periodicals; and the field promises to become larger rather than smaller. We feel that art-schools themselves are much at fault in not providing facilities for teaching this branch of art-work, and the very first thing for them to do is to establish classes in wood-engraving under the charge of competent masters. There is no question that a good engraver on wood can get a good living. There is a good deal of question as to

whether an excellent painter or sculptor can get his bread by his work. Pictures are luxuries, while engravings are in the line of great business enterprises that demand and must have them.

There is a prejudice among artistically inclined people against the work of the engraver. It is widely regarded as pretty purely mechanical, but, in these days, it takes an artist to engrave, and men can make great reputations in the art-world as engravers. Mr. Linton, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Cole and Mr. Marsh are eminent men—men as well and favorably known as the best of our artists, and known for the same reason, viz. : that they are artists.

In order to attract attention to this most important field of art-work, we have concluded to offer three premiums to pupils for the best work as follows: \$100, \$75, and \$50, respectively, to the first, second and third best specimens of wood-engraving, produced and sent to this office any time during the present year, 1880, by pupils in any art-school or

under any private teacher in the United States. We shall need to see only proofs, accompanied by the teacher's certificate that the competitor submitting them is in reality a pupil who has never done engraving for the public or for pay.

We propose, as the board of judges, Mr. Alexander W. Drake, superintendent of the department of illustration in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Timothy Cole, a practical engraver of the first rank, and Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, who is probably the best printer of wood-engravings in the United States. We can assure all competitors that they will have at the hands of this board competent and fair treatment. Its decision will be rendered January 1st, 1881, and the awards will be promptly made. In case any pupil wishing to compete has really done unimportant work for pay, he or she shall send proofs of it, and the judges shall decide at discretion whether it is important enough to vitiate the claim to be considered still a pupil.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The First Breech-loading Rifle.



BREECH PIECE OF THE FERGUSON RIFLE.

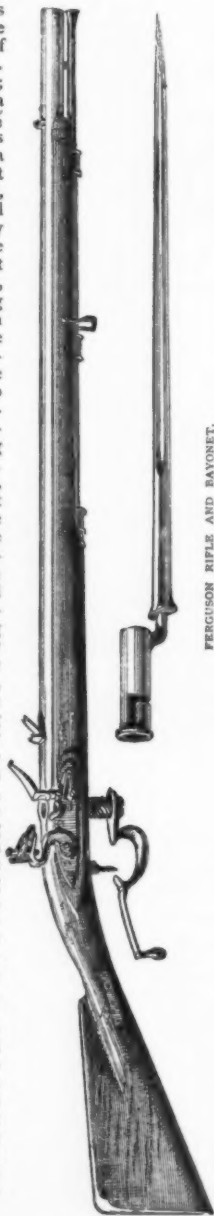
EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. Sir: It has occurred to me, upon seeing Colonel Church's paper on "American Arms and Ammunition" in your January number (1880), that many of your readers would be interested in a short account of the first breech-loading rifle ever used by regularly organized troops in actual conflict, the only specimen of which—except, perhaps, another in the Tower of London—is in my possession, as fit for service to-day as when made, over a century ago, by the famous Egg, of London.

This arm was invented, some time previous to 1776, by Patrick Ferguson, Junior, major 2d Bat., 71st Regt. Highlanders, who was highly distinguished not only for military abilities of every order but for skill as a marksman and extraordinary precision as an inventor. "He was, perhaps, the best professional marksman living, and probably [at the

period of our Revolutionary War] brought the art of rifle shooting to the highest point of perfection." Although he only served in the American war subsequent to 1777, he rapidly acquired the confidence of his successive commanders by his activity, resolution, chivalry, capacity and loyalty. As a partisan, and in the conduct of "*la petite guerre*," he was without a superior in the British army. The first allusion to this fire-arm is in the "Annual Register" of 1776, June 1st, page 148. In the second part of the same volume, pages 131, 132, etc., its distinguishing feature is referred to in an article entitled "The Effects of Rifling Gun-barrels." This article also contains the first recommendation of oblong bullets as superior to round ones, an improvement not carried into effect until within a very few years.

The drawings of Ferguson's invention, as applied to a breech-loading rifle, likewise of his other invention for breech-loading cannon, are to be found in Volume 1, 139 of English Patents, the text of which is on the lower shelf of Alcove 132, in the Astor Library.

"To explain its peculiarities a few details are necessary. The length of the piece itself is 50 inches [of a U. S. rifle 48 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches]; weight, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. [of a U. S. rifle, 1850, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.]. The bayonet is 25 inches in length [a U. S. musket bayonet blade being 16 inches], and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and is what is commonly called a sword-blade bayonet; flat, lithé, yet strong, of fine temper, and capable of receiving a razor edge, and when unfixed as serviceable as the best balanced cut-and-thrust sword. The sight at the breech is so arranged that by elevating it is equally adapted to ranges ranging from 100 to 500 yards. Its greatest curiosity is, namely, the arrangement for the loading at the breech. The guard plate which protects the trigger is held in its position by a spring at the end nearest the butt. Released from this spring and thrown around by the front, so as to make a complete revolution, a round plug descends from the barrel, leaving a cavity in the upper side of the barrel sufficient for the insertion of a ball and cartridge, or loose charge. This plug, an accelerating screw, is furnished with twelve threads to the inch, thereby enabling it, by the one revolution, to open or close the orifice; so that the rifle is thereby rendered capable of being discharged seven times a minute. This accelerating screw constitutes the breech of the piece, only instead of being horizontal, as is usually the case, it is vertical. Were there not twelve independent threads to this screw it would require several revolutions to close the orifice, whereas one suffices."



In Bissett's "History of the Reign of George III." (London, 1803), vol. ii., pages 423-4, is the first mention of the service of British troops armed with this rifle, at the battle on the Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777. The marginal reference reads: "Major Ferguson essays a new species of rifle, invented by himself," and the account reads:

"At the same time General Knyphausen, with another division, marched to Chad's Ford [on the Brandywine] against the provincials who were placed there; in this service the German experienced very important assistance from a corps of rifle-men, commanded by Major Patrick Ferguson. The dexterity of the provincials as marksmen had been frequently quoted, and held out as an object of terror to the British troops. Ferguson, a man of genius, which was exercised in professional attainments, invented a new species of rifle, that combined unprecedented quickness of repetition with certainty of effect, and security to the soldiers. The invention being not only approved, but highly admired, its author was appointed to form and train a corps for the purpose of practice; but an opportunity did not offer of calling their skill into action, until the period at which we are now arrived. Ferguson, with his corps, supported by Wemyss's American Rangers, was appointed to cover the front of Knyphausen's troops, and scoured the ground so effectually that there was not a shot fired by the Americans to annoy the column in its march."

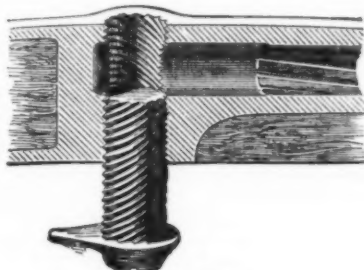
It is said that but for the magnanimity of Ferguson, General Washington would have lost his life during this engagement.

In a rare old book, Osbaldiston's "Universal Sportsman; or Nobleman, Gentleman, and Farmer's Dictionary" (Dublin, 1792), which came by accident into my possession, the method of charging this breech-loader is thus described in an article on "Shooting,"—page 562:

"By far the most expeditious way of charging rifled pieces, however, is by means of an ingenious contrivance, which now generally goes under the name of *Ferguson's rifle-barrel*, from its having been employed by Major Ferguson's corps of riflemen during the last American war. In these pieces, there is an opening on the upper part of the barrel, and close to the breech, which is large enough to admit the ball. This opening is filled by a rising screw which passes up from the lower side of the barrel, and has its thread cut with so little obliquity, that when screwed up close, a half turn sinks the top of it down to a level with the lower side of the caliber. The ball, being put into the opening above, runs forward a little way; the powder is then poured in so as to fill up the remainder of the cavity, and a half-round turn brings the screw up again, cuts off any superfluous powder, and closes up the opening through which the ball and powder were put. The chamber where the charge is lodged is without rifles, and somewhat wider than the rest of the bore, so as to admit a ball that will not pass out of the barrel without taking on the figure of the rifles, and acquiring the rotary motion when discharged."

Ferguson, when only a captain, was intrusted with the leadership of several important operations. In September-October, 1778, he commanded the

expedition against Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, so disastrous to the American privateers and to Pulaski's Legion. In 1779, when the British re-occupied Stony Point, a few days after its capture by Wayne, July 15-16th, 1779, Ferguson was selected as the commandant of the new garrison. When Sir Henry Clinton went South in December, 1779, to capture Charleston, he took Ferguson with him. In the subsequent siege the Major displayed unusual energy, capacity and magnanimity.



SECTION OF BREECH.

When Clinton returned in the summer of 1780, he left Cornwallis in command at the South, to whom Ferguson with his partisans, and Tarleton with his dragoons, became respectively right and left hand in the campaign to complete the subjugation of the Carolinas. Major Ferguson, as Lieutenant-Colonel in the line, styled by courtesy "colonel," with the "local" rank of Brigadier-General, was detached to organize the loyalists in N. W. South Carolina, and S. W. North Carolina.

In this expedition, in which he lost his life, Ferguson was accompanied by his favorite pupil, a Captain of the Loyal Regiment, known as the New York Volunteers. This officer, only twenty-two years old, was detached, previous to the fatal battle of King's Mountain, to assist in hunting the colonial Colonel Clarke out of South Carolina, and by his assignment to this duty escaped the fate of his superior officer. The particular rifle under consideration was a present to him from its inventor, his patron and friend. From him, it passed into my possession from my grandfather through the hands of his youngest surviving son, now President of the New York Historical Society. Yours respectfully,

J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Operas for Amateurs.

SINCE the anchorage of the most popular of Her Majesty's ships within the hospitable harbor of the American stage, every one who thought he could pen a note of musical comedy has made the attempt, and those who have not resorted to their own talents have searched the repertoire of other countries for music of that sort. The result has been numerous importations and revivals, which have been presented with more or less success. As the music of most of these operas is simple and the librettos, as a general thing, harmless, they are very well adapted to the use of amateurs. Take, for example, "The Doctor of Alcantara," the music by Mr. Julius Eichberg and the libretto by Mr. B. E. Woolf, both of Boston. Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published a "new enlarged and revised" edition of this opera, which has been having a successful run in London and Boston. The music is sparkling and pretty, and the libretto is amusing. The setting of the opera is so simple that it can be performed even when the contents of the property-room are of the most limited order. I remember seeing it given once with excellent effect in a back parlor, the audience being seated in the front room. To be sure it was something like playing on a dinner-table, but the performers did not mind that, and if *Don Pomposo* did knock the chandelier with his staff once or twice it only made his acting seem the funnier, and doubtless passed as part of the business of the piece. I have heard this opera sung half a dozen times, and always by amateurs,—sometimes in a real theater with an orchestra to play

the music, and at other times with a piano and parlor organ, which, when played together, have very much the effect of brass and string instruments. "The Doctor of Alcantara" is in two acts, and requires nine soloists and a chorus, though the latter has very little to do. The scene of the opera is laid in Spain, and the story is that of a young girl who is betrothed by her father to a young man whom she has never seen. She hates this forced lover, and falls madly in love with *Carlos*, "another" who sings sweet songs under her window. *Carlos* bribes *Inez*, confidential maid to *Isabella*, the young lady in question, to get him into the house that he may talk with his innamorata undisturbed. He is carried there in a hamper, from which he escapes, and then conceals himself. *Isabella's* father, *Doctor Paracelsus*, finding the hamper in his office, wishes to get it away before his nagging wife sees it, so he tips it out of the window over the balcony into the river below. Subsequently he learns that there was a man in it, and is terrified lest he has committed murder. While he is grieving *Carlos* appears and announces himself as the son of *Señor Balthazar*, and, consequently, the young man destined for *Isabella*. The dear old *Doctor* is so glad to see him that he opens a bottle of wine, which proves to be a narcotic, and *Carlos* falls into a deep sleep. The *Doctor*, thinking that he has poisoned the son of his old friend, is completely crushed by the committal of another murder, and hides the body of his second victim under the sofa in his room. About this time *Señor Balthazar* arrives, and the *Doctor's* house being small, the sofa is assigned to him for a bed. In the



dead of night *Carlos* recovers and crawls out from under the sofa. There is an encounter in the dark, lights are lit, friends and neighbors rush in and a general explanation ensues. The plot is full of action and comical situations. The setting of both acts is the same: a room, plainly furnished, with a large window in the center; a cabinet of drugs against the wall, a table, a sofa high enough for a man to crawl under, and a few chairs. The costumes are simple enough. The *Doctor* generally wears a dressing-gown; the other men wear Spanish costumes of a century ago, and the women appear in short, gay-colored skirts, high combs, and Spanish veils. A little research in illustrated books and in closets and a little feminine ingenuity will provide these without much difficulty.

One of the jolliest little pieces for stage or drawing-room is "Cups and Saucers," a "satirical musical sketch," in one act, by Mr. George Grossmith, Jr. Mr. Grossmith is one of the cleverest young actors in England. He was the original *Sir Joseph Porter* and has played that part for over five hundred nights. He is also the author of a musical monologue called "Eyes and Ears in London," which Miss Kate Field is to produce in America before long. There are only two characters in "Cups and Saucers," *Mrs. Nankeen Worcester*, "a china maniac," and *General Deelah*, "another." *Mrs. Worcester* dresses in fashionable widow's attire, and the *General* in evening dress. The scene is a drawing-room with handsome furniture, a piano at left and a five o'clock tea-table in the center, with tea-things. The music of this little piece is very pretty, the duet "Foo Choo Chan" being unusually ear-catching. I believe that Mr. Grossmith wrote "Cups and Saucers" expressly to be played before "Pinafore," for they like a good long bill in London. At any rate, that is the purpose it served, and it met with great favor.

Mr. J. R. Thomas's "Diamond Cut Diamond" was written with special reference to amateurs, and, like "Cups and Saucers," is in one act, and, also like that piece has but two characters. It is not, however, to be compared with Mr. Grossmith's satire for brightness of dialogue. The action takes place in the parlor of a hotel. The characters represented are *Clara*, soprano, and *Charles*, tenor. The dress of the former is a ball-room costume with mask, and a maid-servant's dress as a disguise. *Charles* has three changes: a dress-suit, an Irish servant's dress with comic wig, and a gondolier's suit,—which may be made of a water-proof cloak,—knee-breeches, and slouch hat. "Knee-breeches" sounds formidable, but these can be made very readily by cutting off the fore-legs of a pair of old trousers and pulling on a pair of long stockings. The personator of this character should wear low shoes, unless he wants to be taken for a "pedestrian." In what are called "shape" plays, amateurs in the country are often put to it for "tights." Kings, and even courtiers, find it necessary to wear this article of apparel, which is the most expensive part of the costume, often costing as much as \$20 a pair, when of silk. For \$1.50 or \$2.00, however, one can get long leggings

that reach to the waist and at a short distance pass for very respectable tights.

Ambitious amateurs who may desire something more difficult than either of these operas will find "The Bells of Corneville" worthy their attention. The music is exceedingly pretty, and there is an opportunity for the display of more histrionic ability than is necessary in the operas I have mentioned.

Amateurs, as well as the general public, owe a heavy debt to Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan for what they have done to popularize wholesome comic opera. The mysteries of "that infernal nonsense, 'Pinafore,'" to quote from *Major-General Stanley*, have long since been explained in this department. There are, however, other operas by these authors that are in every way worthy the consideration of amateurs. First among them is "The Sorcerer." This sparkling and witty opera was performed at the old Broadway Theater last winter, but was so badly done that it can hardly be said to have been done at all. Some of the music of the piece is quite as good, if not better, than "Pinafore," and its elements of popularity are almost as many. The *Sorcerer* is *John Wellington Wells*, a "dealer in magic and spells," who sells a potion which, when taken, makes the one who drinks it fall madly in love with the first man or woman he or she happens to meet. The situations that arise from this potion-drinking are extremely comical, yet the piece, like "Pinafore," must be acted with perfect seriousness. It is written in two acts, and there are ten characters besides the chorus. The scene is laid in England and the time is the present. Both scenes are out-of-doors, but if the amateurs have the use of a theater they will find little trouble in setting them. The costumes are not difficult to arrange, if one remembers that paper-muslin makes excellent silk or satin, and that cotton-flannel, which may be bought in a great variety of colors, will do excellent duty as velvet.

"Trial by Jury," by the same composers, is well suited to parlor performance. The scenery is easily managed, and the costumes are of the present day. The dialogue is extremely funny, and the music attractive.

All of the foregoing operas are published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, or C. H. Ditson & Co., N. Y.

It will be a long time before "The Pirates of Penzance" will be accessible to amateurs, for neither the words nor the music are published yet, nor are they likely to be. It would be a difficult opera to produce, as the scenery of the second act could only be set on a real stage by expert carpenters and scene-shifters. Moreover, the music is difficult. Few amateurs could do justice to the whispering chorus of the first act or to many of the solos of the second.

In this connection the "Frog Opera" should not be forgotten. It is quite popular among amateurs. The libretto is by Mr. Charles J. Miller, and the music is selected from various sources. Part of the performers dress as frogs, and the effect is said to be very amusing. I have not seen this opera, though it was performed in Brooklyn quite recently.

M. L. E.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

James's "Hawthorne." \*

WHEN it is a writer's purpose to sketch the life of a great literary man, it is not enough that he should do his best. The task is peculiar in this way, that nearly every one who reads the biography has formed his opinion of the subject beforehand. In the case of Hawthorne an additional complication ensues from the fact that so few sketches of his life have been written that his character has not yet become as it were common property for the critics to air their private conceptions upon. On the one hand Mr. James has to encounter—in this country, at least—minds made up on the subject, and on the other he is sure to meet with rebuff if he treats the matter off-hand. In one sense Mr. James's treatment of Hawthorne is far from off-hand. Here, as elsewhere, he is the same careful workman, fastidious as to his phrases and quite as self-conscious as any of the New Englanders upon whom he throws the slur. So, although as workman he has done his best, it does not follow that his best is appropriate to just the thing he has undertaken. Delicate as many of his criticisms are, and admirable as is the discrimination which separates the finer from the less excellent productions of Hawthorne, it is apparent from the first page that Mr. James lacks the underlying characteristic which a good biographer must have, namely, sympathy.

Mr. James shows no sympathy whatever with the United States, New England or Hawthorne. It is not now his fault; it has become his misfortune. Hence we see the curious spectacle of a writer brought up in New England and having imbibed the ideas, character and even phraseology of New England people, not only treating that section of the country with contempt, but unable to rise to a sympathetic appreciation of her most exquisite literary product. That he should have learned to abhor the narrowness and priggism so often associated with Boston is not much to be surprised at, but that he could maintain a frigid attitude toward Hawthorne is singular indeed. Verily, there is a narrowness of the cosmopolite as well as of the provincial.

The spirit of the book, therefore, not the letter, is what is deprecated. The study is full of good things, well considered opinions; moreover, these are admirable without respect to the odd mixture of French persiflage and English insolence which gives the study its general tone. For instance, in partial accord with Emile Montégut, but also with strong divergence, Mr. James puts his hand on the dominant chord of Hawthorne's mind as follows:

"This is the real charm of Hawthorne's writing—this purity and spontaneity and naturalness of fancy. For the rest, it is interesting to see how it borrowed a particular color from the other faculties that lay near it—how the imagination in this capital son of

the old Puritans reflected the hue of the more purely moral part of the dusky, overshadowed conscience. The conscience, by no fault of its own, in every genuine offshoot of that somber lineage, lay under the shadow of the sense of sin. This darkening cloud was no essential part of the nature of the individual; it stood fixed in the general moral heaven under which he grew up and looked at life. It projected from above, from outside, a black patch over his spirit, and it was for him to do what he could with the black patch. There were all sorts of possible ways of dealing with it; they depended upon the personal temperament. Some natures would let it lie as it fell, and contrive to be tolerably comfortable beneath it. Others would groan and sweat and suffer; but the dusky blight would remain, and their lives would be lives of misery. Here and there an individual, irritated beyond endurance, would throw it off in anger, plunging probably into what would be deemed deeper abysses of depravity. Hawthorne's way was the best; for he contrived, by an exquisite process best known to himself, to transmute this heavy moral burden into the very substance of the imagination, to make it evaporate in the light and charming fumes of artistic production. But Hawthorne, of course, was exceptionally fortunate; he had his genius to help him. Nothing is more curious and interesting than this almost exclusively imported character of the sense of sin in Hawthorne's mind; it seems to exist there merely for an artistic or literary purpose. He had ample cognizance of the Puritan conscience; it was his natural heritage; it was reproduced in him; looking into his soul, he found it there. But his relation to it was only, as one may say, intellectual; it was not moral and theological. He played with it, and used it as a pigment; he treated it, as the metaphysicians say, objectively."

Passages like this redeem the study; but it must be acknowledged that on the whole Mr. James, far from approaching the subject with proper reverence, saunters up to Hawthorne with his hands in his pockets and begins to criticise both the genius and his birthplace with the air we see too often in our friends whose traveling has been more extensive than their thoughts have been profound. Has Mr. James described the floating American population of Europe so long that he has ended in becoming assimilated to the types in his novels? It is certain that the essay is pervaded with something very like a most detestable practice of Americans abroad, consisting in a species of self-conscious apology for the peculiarities of life in America, an uneasy depreciation of things American, because European ill-will is felt before it is uttered. Mr. James has described, in his own excellent way, persons who err after this common fashion. For fear of incurring the charge of native hero-worship, has he gone to the other extreme and entered into the other affectation of cynicism? Or is he merely striving to put himself in the place of his English audience, when he adopts the superior, condescending tone of insulars, justly infuriating to reasonable men of other nations?

Whatever answer is made to these natural ques-

\* Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880.

tions, it cannot be greatly to the credit of Mr. James as a thinker of breadth and force. It might seem that a more liberal soul would find in the episode of the evening passed at the Peabody house over a bookful of Flaxman's attenuated outlines nothing to give rise to a covert sneer, but rather a source of admiration that from such unpromising surroundings anything great should come. Notwithstanding Hawthorne's remark in the preface to "The Marble Faun," as to the connection between ruins and romance, Mr. James's belief that ivied ruins and such things are necessary to literary growth is astonishingly crude, when emanating from a man so discriminating and observant as he. It is on a par with the vulgar modern painters of France, who, through all the glamour produced by extraordinary technical ability, show the triviality of their natures by surrounding themselves with studios full of bric-à-brac especially arranged to dazzle the reporters for the daily press.

Indeed Mr. James is sadly deficient in the true artistic sense, even when shown in a literary phase. The Hawthorne theory of ruins he carries out into commonplace. He gives quotations from Hawthorne's Note-Books (at the same time making clever and true criticism on the general relation of these Note-Books to Hawthorne and the world), which defeat in themselves the argument for which they are quoted. To a true artist, such as Hawthorne was, the "trifles" quoted are not trifles. "The aromatic odor of peat-smoke in the sunny autumnal air is very pleasant"—Mr. James cannot understand of what use that was. Of course it spoke to Hawthorne of a whole picture, just as an incomprehensible jumble of strokes in an artist's note-book is seen by him to represent a landscape. At the same time it may be true that the Note-Books are self-conscious. But people in glass houses should not throw stones.

#### Julian Hawthorne's "Sebastian Strome."

It is Mr. Hawthorne's fate that comparisons are always instituted between his own work and that of his illustrious father. Nor is it any more his fault, or any less his misfortune, that there is some shadowy basis for the comparison. Even in "Sebastian Strome," which differs materially and delightfully from "Bressant" and "Garth," there is a reminiscence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and singularly to say, of one of his greatest works, that on which his fame was founded, and which, it may safely be said, he never surpassed. Sebastian Strome, the chief actor in this new story, is obviously like the young minister in "The Scarlet Letter," for he, too, although preparing for the ministry, has the same terrible secret to conceal. Yet, though the plots in their most general terms are similar, the unlikeness otherwise could not well be greater. It is not merely that the epochs are different, Strome being the son of an English curate of to-day; the spirit in which father and son have

treated an analogous theme is as far asunder as the poles. Nathaniel Hawthorne belongs to the idealists; his son to the realists. While one represents the cold but lofty speculations of the beginning of this century which found greatest expression in New England, both in literature and sculpture, the other adheres to modern Positivism and Realism, or say even to Impressionism, that off-shoot and partial protest against both the others.

Characteristic of the two epochs and the two men as seen in their work are the different modes of coming before the public. Nathaniel worked many years against discouragement and neglect; Julian has the press and the public on his side from the start. The elder seems to have warmed slowly and thoroughly to his profession; the younger begins life by boiling over at once, producing short stories and novels that in spite of their virtues are conspicuous for faults of excess. Nathaniel required, if he required anything, encouragement and knowledge of life, travel, sympathy, excitement. Julian needed discouragement, hard work, rebuffs and neglect. The father got what he needed later in life, but we may hope that the son has passed the age where hard treatment will be longer necessary. "Sebastian Strome" has many indications that he has learned of his own accord how to prune away the faults of his former style.

In "Sebastian Strome" we find Mr. Hawthorne dealing with some of the problems proposed in "Daniel Deronda," but purposely dealing with them, and taking views entirely different from those of George Eliot. He seems to have felt a natural distaste for the improbable character of that last hero of the great English novelist; perhaps his temperament rebels more than another's at what may seem to him the girlish inadequacy of Daniel Deronda. Or it may be that the mere idealism of that character runs so counter to his own views of life that he could not help this protest. For "Sebastian Strome" is a protest against Daniel Deronda and many other charming ideals. The work begins by showing us the beautiful life of Sebastian's father and mother in the parsonage; then we scent a crime in the person of pretty, naughty Fanny Jackson; then we are sure that while the father and mother are thinking of their son as one of the elect, that son has given himself to the devil in most of the shapes in which he appears to young men. Another protest against Daniel Deronda is Selim Fawley, the unctuous young English Jew who carries off Mary Dene, the heiress. Has Mr. Hawthorne imbibed in Germany a hatred of Jews, or is this merely a literary protest against George Eliot's fiction? At any rate, Selim Fawley, besides being personally obnoxious, is a scoundrelly wretch,—writing anonymous letters, intriguing to get the heiress more for money and his own comfort than love, driving bargains with a vulgar Yankee, and forming a "pool" to make money out of the needs of the English soldiers during the Crimean war. When this oily young banker does finally get Mary Dene to wife, he is physically in the condition of

\* Sebastian Strome. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Garth," etc. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

Casaubon, the decrepit husband of Dorothea, in "Middlemarch." Mary Dene may be called a protest against both Dorothea and Gwendolen; and if she be not so carefully finished and rounded a character as either of these women, it is quite certain that she is conceived on a larger scale, more attractive to both men and women,—in fine, is a more heroic heroine. What surprises the reader of Mr. Hawthorne's books more than anything else, is the faculty he has discovered of representing lovely characters of women side by side with the most repulsive types of men. Mary Dene has the tenderness and home-loving qualities of the best English girls, joined to the dash and *spirituelle* charm of American women. She is so fine a character that readers will have no patience with the gross and vindictive young hero whose utter selfishness wrecks the early years of her life.

It may be that "Sebastian Strome" is only a novel of the day and will be forgotten when the books of Nathaniel Hawthorne and George Eliot are still read with delight. But this much is sure: there is no escape for the reader on whom the story has once taken hold. It may be horrible, but it holds the attention like a vise. It abounds in ideas, new views of daily matters, bold and original declarations that feeble folk slur over as best they can. The author is possessed with a fury of truth, and makes truth almost the only virtue in his hero. Everything must be said outright. The book still bears traces of an overweening confidence in himself, and of his inconcinnous desires. It is still Gothic, but it is masculine. It sets the pulses to beating and fills the eyes with tears. Strangely enough, the three chief actors, in turn, become partially insane for brief periods and their crazy moments are conscientiously described. Altogether "Sebastian Strome" may be called meat for strong men, not milk for babes.

#### Austin Dobson's Poems.\*

If gravity of intention be a characteristic of the English mind, as Taine maintains with such pertinacity in his "History of English Literature," it is not its only, nor its strongest, characteristic, for it is always accompanied by a sense of humor which heightens it by contrast, and brings it within the range of sympathies which it would otherwise repel. All the great English poets, with the exception of Milton, were distinguished by their comic as well as their tragic power—Chaucer as much by the *Wife of Bath* as by *Patient Grissell*, and Shakspeare as much by *Bottom* and *Dogberry* as by *Hamlet* and *Lear*. The lesser poets had less of it, and required less of it, in the work to which they devoted themselves. It would have been out of place, for example, in the serious narratives of the Elizabethan poets, and equally out of place in the love-verses of their successors. The best of the latter were not entirely without it, however, as the readers of

Cowley's "Chronicle" and Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding" will remember. There is a lightness, a grace, a joviality about this last piece which separates it from all the poetry of its time, and which would make it perfect if it were not unfortunately smirched with coarseness and indelicacy. The element of humor in one form or another was conspicuous, though not abundant, in the verse of the seventeenth century—agreeably so in some of the smaller poems of Suckling, and Carew, and Sedley; overpoweringly so in the extravagant satire of Butler; and disgustingly so in the classic travesties of Cotton and Phillips. It mingled with its other elements in the verse of Pope, and Gay, and Swift; in the prose of Addison, and Steele, and Fielding, and Smollett; and, later, in that of Sterne and Goldsmith. It manifested itself at a still later period in the verse of Gifford, and Canning, and Wolcott; in the political epistles of Moore; in the savage literary satire of Byron; and in that riotous exhibition of the best and the worst of human nature—"Don Juan"—which is at once the glory and the shame of his genius. Byron created a new epoch in the history of English humorous poetry—an epoch which is of greater intellectual significance than any since that of Shakspeare, and which has since been sustained and enriched by Hood, and Præd, and Thackeray, and Locker,—four delightful masters of metrical pleasantry who are worthy of the race to which they belong. This epoch has now to acknowledge a new master in Mr. Austin Dobson.

We know nothing of Mr. Dobson, except what we learn from Mr. Stedman's preface, which informs us that he was born in 1840, and that he has been a government clerk in London for twenty-two years. He is the author of two volumes of verse, "Vignettes" (1873), and "Proverbs in Porcelain" (1877), which we read at the time of publication, and in which we found more enjoyment than in the poetic work of any of the younger English singers with which we compared them. We have read them since, or the substance of them, in the handsome volume before us, and our first impressions are more than confirmed. Mr. Dobson is a man of genius, with many and beautiful gifts. He knows what he can do, as well as what he cannot do, and never disappoints us by attempting what is beyond his powers. His inclination is toward the comedy of poetry, but he is not averse to its tragedy, in handling which he is exceedingly skillful. We hardly know whether to smile or to sigh while we read him, he is so thoroughly possessed by the humorous and the pathetic element, and we compromise by doing both. He lacks nothing that he ought to have to enable him to accomplish the work that he undertakes. He has discovered the secrets of the masters, to which he has added secrets of his own, of equal, if not of greater value. His ideal of humorous poetry is similar to if not identical with that we receive from the high comedy of Shakspeare, and his execution is as perfect as his conception.

This is high praise, no doubt, but it is not thoughtlessly bestowed, for we have read Mr. Dobson with an eye to discovering blemishes, and have failed to

\* Vignettes in Rhyme, and Other Verses. By Austin Dobson, with an Introduction by E. C. Stedman. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

find them. There is not a careless line in his book—not a phrase that has not been well considered—not a rhythm that has not sung itself into melody. His technique is faultless. His English is manly and direct, and while it is not copious, it is singularly simple and fresh. He has a rich imagination, a subtle sense of the picturesque, and a pleasant vein of reflection. If he does not startle us with the originality of his thoughts, he satisfies us with their aptness, their sincerity, and their purity.

We have not space to analyze Mr. Dobson further, however great our inclination; nor is there any reason why we should, for the world of American readers is by this time familiar, no doubt, with, and in full enjoyment of, the work of this exquisite young English humorist. We content ourselves, therefore, by giving two examples of his powers,—one the pathetic close of a little life, the other a bantering address to critics.

"THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

"He had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

"And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—too late—'He is weary!  
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!

"But at dawn, when the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

"'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed:—  
'Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!'—was the last that he said."

"MORE POETS YET.

(Rondeau.)

"'More Poets yet!'—I hear him say,  
Arming his heavy hand to slay:—  
'Despite my skill and "swashing blow,"  
They seem to sprout where'er I go:—  
I killed a host but yesterday!"

"Slash on, O Hercules! You may.  
Your task's, at best, a Hydra-fray:  
And though you cut, not less will grow  
More Poets yet!

"Too arrogant! For who shall stay  
The first blind motions of the May?  
Who shall out-blot the morning glow?—  
Or stem the full heart's overflow?  
Who? There will rise, till Time decay,  
More Poets yet!"

Only a poet could, and only a generous poet would, have written Mr. Stedman's introduction. It is an admirable specimen of criticism, a remarkable record of friendship, and a perfect little masterpiece of prose.

Doctor Wines and his Last Work.\*

TACITUS pronounced his father-in-law Agricola happy, not only in the renown of his life, but in the timeliness of his death—a phrase that has passed into a proverb, like so many of that terse

annalist's epigrams. In a very different sense, but with equal truth, this saying can be applied to Doctor Wines, the illustrious prison-reformer, whose book describing the prisons and reformatories of the world lies upon our table, fresh from the press, while the author has for three months lain buried in Philadelphia, not far from those earlier prison-reformers who took up the work of Howard where he laid it down, and made the name of Pennsylvania known for its excellent prison as widely as Penn or Franklin had given it fame for other cause, in the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. Doctor Wines himself was the modern successor of Howard, performing upon a wider field and with the appliances of modern analysis and state administration the same task of investigation and enlightenment in respect to prisons which the Buckinghamshire sheriff took upon himself a hundred years ago. The volume before us shows how well Doctor Wines fulfilled his mission, which, as Burke said of Howard's, was "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men." It was more than this, for Doctor Wines undertook systematically and by a large induction from the experiments of a hundred years to frame a working-plan for the prevention and repression of crime and for the restoration of the criminal to society.

The extent to which he has succeeded in this undertaking will appear from a perusal of the book itself. We do not hesitate to say that it is at once the most exact manual and the most complete history and exegesis of prison discipline that has appeared in our language; and it is worthy to be compared, for learning and philosophy, with the work of Beccaria, Mittermaier, Lieber, and Charles Lucas. The latter, who is not dead, as some of the cyclopædias report, but still reads papers before the French Institute, has recently paid his homage to his American co-laborer. M. Lucas is seventy-seven—a few years older than Doctor Wines—and began his studies on prison discipline thirty years before Doctor Wines took up the subject. But so energetically did our countryman, from 1862 to the end of 1879, devote himself to the work, that he soon overtook M. Lucas and became an authority in all parts of the civilized world on the questions which he discussed. To Doctor Wines alone we owe the calling of the first National Prison Congress in the United States, held at Cincinnati in October, 1870, and presided over by President Hayes, then Governor of Ohio. Doctor Wines also originated and organized the International Prison Congress at London in 1872, having been commissioned by President Grant to represent the United States in that assembly, and in the subsequent International Congress, held in 1878 at Stockholm. From the large mass of information collected and brought together at these world's congresses and from the correspondence which he carried on before, between, and after

\*The State of Prisons and of Child-Saving Institutions in the Civilized World. By E. C. Wines, D.D., LL. D., Honorary President of the International Congress of Stockholm. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son. 1880.



them, Doctor Wines obtained for his great work, now published, the most comprehensive view of prisons, reformatories, and penal systems throughout the world which has ever been presented in print. His statistics are recent, his digest of laws and systems is thorough, and his style is so fresh and vivid that the volume charms by its manner, while it burdens the reader with its weight of matter.

Occasionally this vivacity of style draws Dr. Wines into a familiar or colloquial expression a little at variance with the seriousness of his subject. Now and then, too, his enthusiasm, always a charming trait in a septuagenarian, leads him into commendation of well-meant efforts in countries like Japan, where all that can yet be praised by the practical reformer is the aim in view. We doubt if torture is so far discontinued in Japan as Doctor Wines's text might suggest; we question a little, too, the actual benefits conferred upon Russia by the few prison reformers who have labored in that half-civilized empire. But these are slight matters, and the error—if it be one—is a generous error, such as men like Doctor Wines fall into, and which is better than the exactness of colder natures. In his statements and commentaries on the prison systems of Europe and America, his judgment is as remarkable as the extent of his knowledge. If other men could have acquired so much information, they could not have held it so firmly, wielded it so lightly, nor reasoned from it so justly. He had learned the great art of the philosopher—how to generalize safely—and to this he added an American practicality which Doctor Franklin and so many less distinguished countrymen of ours have possessed.

A few of Dr. Wines's friends—Mr. Horatio Seymour, Senator Blaine, Doctor Henry Barnard, Professor Wayland, Mr. Andrews, of Ohio, and others—have undertaken to secure the purchase by subscription of the first edition of this book, of which only 1,000 copies are now issued. It may be ordered of the publisher, however, and it is possible that hereafter a popular edition may be printed for the use of prison officials and those thousands of men and women who now interest themselves in the subjects of which the book so usefully treats. But for the present the number of copies is small, and will soon be exhausted. It contains more than 700 octavo pages, uniform in type and paper with Adams's "Life of Gallatin," and has been supplied by Doctor Barnard with a good index.

#### Gardner's "Common Sense in Church-Building."

MR. E. C. GARDNER, whose works on domestic architecture and interiors are well known, has printed a modest little volume on church-building. The writer expressly disclaims any attempt to give a learned discourse upon the architecture of

churches; but, in a familiar and conversational style, he has presented his protest against what appear to him to be false and inconsistent methods of building. Many of the questions which are discussed in town and country parishes, with much heat and earnestness, when a church building project is before the people, are here raised by correspondents, who have all sorts of opinions. The author answers their letters, and thus gives, incidentally, the precise information which is sought for in numerous instances. There is no point of difference, however slight, no whim, however unreasonable, which is too insignificant for patient discussion, provided it has ever been brought up in the debates of a community intent on building a church edifice. The ventilation, lighting and warming, the relative position of congregation and pastor in the building, and the minor details of the arrangements, within and without, are all touched upon by the painstaking writer. And, although the reader may not always agree with the conclusions reached, if he is interested in any church-building project, he will find this unpretending little volume of great value to all concerned.

#### Du Maurier's "English Society at Home."

THE recent death of "Cham" has called attention to the foremost caricaturist of Paris, a man of some pretensions to a noble name, who, during the last thirty years, has amused Paris, and consequently made a fortune for himself. The methods of Cham were entirely unlike those of Du Maurier,—as unlike, in fact, as Parisian journalism is unlike London journalism. Du Maurier inherits, with the position of draughtsman laureate for "Punch," the traditions of John Leech, Richard Doyle, and Thackeray. The journal for which they worked was carried on with much stricter reference to its name than might at first appear. Less than in Paris does the out-door peripatetic Punch-and-Judy show of London appeal to grown people; or, perhaps it would be better to say, grown people in England are seldomer amused by Punch-and-Judy than are adults in Paris by its counterpart, "Guignol." London "Punch" has kept its audience by a species of wit that would be quite in place in the nursery, and yet has strength and sharpness enough to hold its own in the drawing-room. It need not be said that the jokes of Cham in "Charivari" are neither suited to children nor always in the best taste for the reading of young ladies. Du Maurier, on the other hand, is more pre-eminently an amuser of well-bred young gentlemen than were ever any of his predecessors. The audience for which "Punch" caters has never been so well addressed before; he comes nearer the actual tone of modern society, and is surer than any of his predecessors to hit on pleasantries which "society" will enjoy. Du Maurier is therefore an exponent of his surroundings to an unusual degree, and supplements this fortunate side of his talent by a skill in drawing, and especially in composition,

\* Common Sense in Church-Building, illustrated by seven original plates. By E. C. Gardner, Author of "Homes, and How to Make Them," "Illustrated Homes," and "Home Interiors." New York: Dicknell & Coffstock. 1886. Pp. 166.

\* English Society at Home. From the collection of Mr. Punch. By George Du Maurier. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1886.

which makes him, from the artistic side, a very remarkable person indeed.

Nothing shows better the difference between Cham and Du Maurier, between the Paris and London comic press, than a comparison of the handiwork of the two men, irrespective of the thoughts conveyed by their sketches. Cham was of no great eminence as an artist, although, undeniably, there is a kind of genius in the rapidity and off-hand manner of his sketches. But what told in his work was the thought. Sharp, brilliant, often acid as a chemical, the idea drove home the blow so well, that one hardly cared whether the weapon was of gold or lathe. It was the genuine outcome of Parisian journalism, which has always been vindictive and brilliant, but never noticeable for the beauty of its vehicles. Paris journals are as a rule printed viley on bad paper, and even the articles are apt to be more hurried than English and American work of the same kind. And so Cham made his sketches, in prodigious number, with great swiftness, and without regard, perhaps with contempt, for appearances. Place beside his wild sketches of grinning *bourgeois* the ornate, almost pseudo-classical cartoons of Du Maurier. They represent a public that respects itself intensely, and insists that it shall be respected, even if—let the paradox pass—it is being laughed at all the time. In this series of cartoons, look at No. 11, labeled "Noblesse oblige." The persons caricatured are a fat, noisy, vulgar duchess and a snob of the true English variety, who sneers at her when made to believe that the duchess is a cheesemonger's daughter, and admires her unblushingly when informed of his error. There is a great deal of careful work in the scene. The snobbishness of the snob sitting over by the wall of a drawing-room is delicately indicated by his somewhat free-and-easy pose; the vulgar duchess shows her vulgarity merely by her broad smile, heavy figure, and one arm akimbo. The idea is ancient and threadbare, and is touched gently. It is a pretty picture, with a dash of humor in a few of the figures—that is all. Cham would never have elaborated in this manner, and would have given a terse piece of wit in print, which would have stung somebody, whether it happened to be in good taste or not. In fact, one may say that Du Maurier is thoroughly imbued with respect for what is meant by the slang term "in good form," imported from the universities into English society. He is always in the most superlatively "good form."

Beside the sobriety and gentility of his ideas, Du Maurier has a style of drawing ladies and gentlemen that is flattering, both to society people and to the English. Formerly, his theory of an aristocratic figure was carried to great length; he made the heads of his characters so small that it verged on the ludicrous. He seems to have corrected himself of this fault, and succeeds in combining grace and a thoroughly modern look in a way that no other draughtsman approaches. Moreover, his figures stand well when they are at rest, sit well when sitting, and, above all, move well when walking. If his English nobles are somewhat stereotyped, his

French musicians are full of humor and truth. And, as before said, he is unapproachable in composition. Whether it is a few figures on a lawn, as in No. 15, "A Rising Genius," or a crowd of grown-up dancers surrounded by the children they ought to be amusing, as in No. 43, "Self-Sacrifice," nothing could be brighter than the arrangement of the actors in the scene. No. 15 has the following legend:

YOUNG LADY (*in the course of conversation*). "You have read 'Pendennis,' of course?"

FASHIONABLE SCRIBBLER (*who is, however, quite unknown to fame*). "A—'Pendennis!' Ah!—let me see! That's Thackeray's, isn't it? No, I've not. The fact is, I never read books—I write them!"

The best cartoons, so far as people are concerned who do not live in London, are those relating to the affectations of musical and literary snobs, which are the same the world over. Only, if travelers are to be believed, their absurdity reaches a climax in a sketch from what Du Maurier calls "Passionate Brompton." Room must be found for this (No. 49), certainly the wittiest of all the good things in the volume. The scene is a room full of bric-à-brac, with a cadaverous lady arrayed in a high-art gown and seated on a high-art chair. It is called "Refinements of Modern Speech. Scene, a drawing-room in 'Passionate Brompton'":

FAIR ÆSTHETIC (*suddenly and in deepest tones, to Smith, who has just been introduced to take her in to dinner*). "Are you Intense?"

#### The Fourth Quarterly of "L'Art" (1879).\*

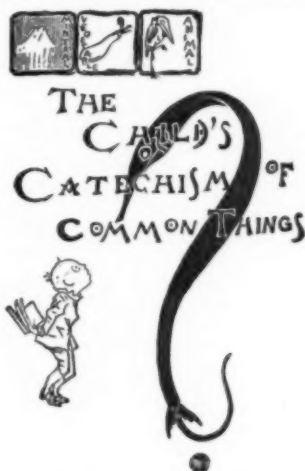
THERE has been a sensible change in the management of "L'Art" during the last quarter of 1879. An effort is being made to issue more promptly and to publish the plates and wood-cuts in closer connection with the explanatory text. It does not follow that the effort should improve the character of the magazine as it comes to us, namely, in folio volumes of good size; but the regular subscribers to the weekly issues must find their comfort greatly increased. "L'Art" has taken the lead in its own department of periodicals with so much success that it should court rather than fear criticism. The last volume stands in need of something in the nature of a fillip to the pride of the editors. Not that the engravings and wood-cuts are in any sense inferior in workmanship to those which have gone before; on the contrary, there is equal, if not greater, skill exhibited in the mechanical beauty of the magazine; but the articles, taking them as a whole and weighing their collective merits against former volumes, are hardly up to the mark either in quantity or quality. Only a close and constant reader would notice the difference, which may be due to recent losses in the editorial staff. Besides Viollet-le-Duc, who is gone forever, "L'Art" loses the direct personal assistance of Charles Tardieu, in most cases a keen and appreciative critic, who has accepted a position on "L'Indépendance Belge,"

\* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. A. Ballue, Paris. J. M. Bouton, New York: 1879. Cinquième Année. Tome IV.

and will hereafter continue to assist "L'Art" from a distance, and less energetically.

There is a well-merited eulogy of Viollet-le-Duc, by M. de Beaudot, and a bright and interesting sketch of the life of Jules Dupré, veteran landscapist, who survives almost all his old contemporaries of fame. One of his characteristic landscapes is etched with appropriate boldness by Chauvel. We also find here just what we want to know about Corot and his work in some other branch of painting besides that with which we are all familiar. On the wall of a bath-room in the house of an old friend in Mantes he painted a series of views, on a small scale as to size, but wide enough in their subject. They form an epitome of foreign lands, and are done with the lightness and individuality which might be expected from Corot. One panel is an ideal remembrance of the Gulf of Genoa, another of a gorge in the Tyrol. The lake of Nemi, Venice from the lagoon, and a glimpse of Neapolitan landscape, occupy spaces of different shapes but in no case of large extent. In his own garden at Ville d'Avray, the old painter executed various landscapes on the walls of a summer-house which stands among bushes and trees; they recall some of the ideal landscapes of the owner. One small oval is a scene from the heights of Sèvres, looking down on Paris, others are from the garden itself or the neighborhood of Ville d'Avray. The church of the same place was decorated by Corot without compensation, to this extent: Corot made the designs and sent a pupil to carry them out. They are not of large size, and are high up on the walls. From the sketches given by Robaut it is evident that the landscapes are better than the figures, although these have a certain dignity, and often fine lines. We learn that the color in all is either "infinitely gentle" or attractive through its unusualness.

Much space is given to a collection of precious articles and furniture at Genoa called the collection Mylius, and to the treasures of the palace of San Donato at Florence. Moreover, the artistic value of what may be termed superior cabinet-work is examined at length and with a profusion of examples by Edmond Bonnaffé. English affairs continue to occupy a good deal of attention. The drama in England is highly complimented for progress made, and Philippe Burty writes a most appreciative biography of the late etcher Edwin Edwards, giving striking examples of his talent for landscape etching. The same clever writer on art continues his talks about the French masters of the last century, who, after falling into disgrace, were recently drawn from obscurity by various indefatigable collectors (such as the Goncourts), who joined to a love of art a strong talent for literature. Aimé Giron describes an interesting series of frescoes rescued from ruin by Prosper Mérimée. They are in the Cathedral of Puy-en-Velay, and are quaint and in some respects admirable works of art. M. Giron attributes them to Benedetto Ghirlandajo, a brother of the great Ghirlandajo, who is known to have worked at his profession more above than below the Alps.



MR. BLUM's clever design upon the cover of this little book reflects credit upon the discernment of the publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., in thus employing the services of this young artist, who is no longer to be described as "promising," but who has an enviable career before him. They have, moreover, paid a compliment to the good taste of the public, which, we venture to say, has had quite enough of the gingerbread, ecclesiastical and rustic styles of book decoration and is ready for something more in keeping with current progress in art. A few examples of good book-design we have already had in this country; but we are in this respect far behind our English cousins, who, whether from their own good taste or from respect for local artistic vogue (it matters little), have availed themselves of the services of their best draughtsmen. That our backwardness is not for lack of material to draw upon, may be inferred from the decorative work which our artists are doing in other departments, and from the few notable pieces of book-design already produced here, among which this of Mr. Blum's ranks well as a striking suggestion of the personality of a book. He has drawn with sly humor the boy who "wants to know," and who yet stands in awe of the multitude of things to be known—"vegetable, animal and mineral."

The reader who is attracted by this animated query will find inside the covers, a set of answers to very leading questions, into which Mr. Champlin, who prepared the admirable "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things," and is now at work upon a like "Cyclopædia of Persons and Places," has packed an extraordinary amount of information as to the every-day facts respecting the three natural kingdoms. It is meant for school use, like the "Scholar's Companion" of the present generation's childhood; but it belongs, also, on the child's bookshelf of the home library, and a copious index makes it a useful book of reference, even for grown folks.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

## Progress in Electric Lighting.

THE use of the voltaic arc for illumination has made a steady advance in popular favor within the last year. Lamps of from a few hundred candle-power up to many thousand candle-power are being set up as permanent fixtures in shops, halls, stores, and in streets and squares. The rivalry of the different manufacturers has led to great improvements in the power and convenience of the machines for maintaining the electrical currents, and in the lamps. The machines are all constructed on the same general principles, and the lamps have gained both in steadiness and in simplicity, and even in elegance of form, some of them being quite ornamental. The prices of the machines and lamps have been materially reduced, and this fact, with the greater efficiency of the lamp, has drawn attention to the value of this method of electrical lighting and placed the matter upon a firm business basis. The light of the voltaic arc may now be recognized as a permanent feature of modern civilization.

In lighting streets this form of electric lamp has not displaced gas, nor is it likely to do so at present, for the simple reason that people are content with a very little light. To light a mile of any given street would cost more by the voltaic arc than by gas. On the other hand, the electric lamps would give from six to eight times as much light, and it appears the public, or at least, city corporations, are not willing to pay one-third more for eight times as much light. It would therefore appear that the advance in use of the light springs from special and private wants. For lighting streets in front of hotels, theaters, churches and stores, where an intense light is wanted for part of the night at a particular place, the voltaic light is both efficient and cheap. In all cases where steam-power is available, as in hotels and stores using elevators, an electric lamp from one to ten thousand candle-power may easily be provided. A single machine and lamp giving an arc light of one thousand candle-power can now be procured for \$150. Lights of from 3,000 to 10,000 candle-power—and those are sufficient to flood any ordinary street with light for a distance of one block—cost for machine and lamp from \$350 to \$400. The smaller lamp would use about seven-tenths of a horse-power and the larger from three to three and one-half horse-power. The cost of maintenance will be about one cent and a half per hour for the carbons, in addition to the motive power and attendance. This last item will be very small for the machine and lamp. It may here be observed that for places where steam is already provided, a small, two-horse-power engine for running a machine costs about \$150. To these costs must also be added the copper wire for connections. These cost, at present prices, about ten cents a meter (three cents per foot).

Some of the manufacturers of these lights employ

as many as sixteen lamps of 2,000 candle-power each, for one machine, but the general disposition seems to be to give one light to one machine. As this light is now made on a large scale and at these very low prices, it may be observed that owners of steam-engines that are idle at night are already making arrangements to employ their power in running electric lights, which they let by the hour to those of their neighbors who wish to light up their shops or factories, or the streets in front of their premises. For docks and all out-of-door night-work the electric light has already become indispensable wherever motive power of any kind can be obtained.

Concerning some of the latest improvements made in this method of electric lighting, two new features may be observed. In the machines the induced current in the magnets, in opposition to the current generated by the movement of the armatures, is now shunted or short-circuited during the time it is in opposition to the current in the armatures. This is claimed as a great gain in the amount of current utilized, and from observation, appears to give a decided gain in light for a given machine.

In the lamps, one of the latest improvements is in the manner of regulating the movement of the carbons. The lower carbon is fixed, the upper carbon is fastened to the base of a rod having a ratchet on one side. This rod is free to rise and fall, and in its movement downward, by its own weight, sets in motion a train of wheels. The rod and wheels are supported on a lever having a slight vertical play, and controlled by an electro-magnet. The train of wheels is controlled by a detent that is controlled by a second and much smaller electro-magnet. In operation, the current divides between the two magnets, the smaller releasing the detent and allowing the carbon to descend till it touches the lower carbon, and the circuit is made through them both. This accomplished, the larger magnet comes into play, lifting the carbon by raising the lever slightly with the train of wheels, and pulling the carbons apart just the right distance. As the carbon is burned away the current weakens, and is directed through the smaller magnet, and the detent is released and the carbon descends again. This reduces the lamp to the utmost simplicity, and gives it a precision of action that secures great steadiness, in the light, or sufficient steadiness to make the lamp available for all practical purposes in the lighting of large spaces, both without and within.

## Dynamo-Electric Machines in Telegraphy.

THE most important advance in telegraphic science lately announced is the successful application of dynamo-electric machines to the work of the battery, in supplying the electric current needed in the line wires. The machines used are of the "Siemens" pattern, and they are arranged in groups of five machines, one being employed to excite the field

magnets of the remaining four. The machines are joined in a group by connecting the commutator-brush of one machine with the next, and that with the next, and so on. A current from the first machine has a low tension, the next a higher tension, and so on. In practice, the first machine is found to give 50 volts, the second 100, the third 150, and the fourth 250 volts. Only one group of five machines is in operation at date of writing, and no elaborate experiments have yet been made with them, but sufficient has been learned to warrant the largest telegraph office in the city in replacing its 14,000 battery-cups with ten machines, and it is confidently expected the wires will be worked with equal power at a very material saving of space and cost of plant and maintenance. The machines have each sufficient power to run an electric lamp of 1,200 candle-power, and are driven at a speed of 920 revolutions a minute. It is thought that machines arranged in groups in this manner will soon supersede batteries in all large telegraph offices.

#### Improved Refrigerating Process.

In reducing the temperature of refrigerator-cars and chill-rooms by the expansion of compressed air, great difficulty has been met in cooling the condensed air, and in preventing the formation of ice and snow in the apparatus. To obviate this, several improvements in such cooling-machines have recently been brought out. The air compressed by steam-power is always heated by the compression, and to cool it as far as possible before it is allowed to expand, it passes from the compressors to a pair of upright iron cylinders, entering the first near the bottom and passing into the second by a pipe that joins the two cylinders near the top. At the top of the first cylinder is an inlet pipe for water, ending within the cylinder in a rose to distribute it in a fine shower. The water is forced into the cylinder against the pressure of the air by a force-pump, and falls in spray through the air upon a series of metallic diaphragms pierced with fine holes, and drips through these to the bottom of the cylinder. The object of this spray and drip is to secure as intimate a mixture of the water and air as possible, so that the air may be deprived of its heat. The water used is as cold as can be procured conveniently, and when the cylinder fills with water it may be removed through an outlet below. The air passes through this cylinder to the second, and there meets a great number of diaphragms pierced with fine holes. Here the process is the reverse of that in the first cylinder, the diaphragms tending to check and take up the moisture of the air. The air then passes out at the bottom of the cylinder through a series of pipes that pass through the chill-room, or through one of a train of refrigerator-cars. The design of this is to lower the temperature as far as possible, and to condense the moisture and permit it to run back into the cylinders before it can freeze. The compressed air, thus cooled and dried, passes to the chill-room, where it is to be expanded to reduce its temperature. It is reported that by these improvements in this process of refrigeration a lower tem-

perature is obtained with almost entire freedom from the formation of snow and ice in the chill-room.

#### Experiments with Blast.

In the use of the hot or cold blast in metallurgical operations, as in the blast-furnace and Bessemer converter, it is proposed to pass the air to be used in the blast over some desiccating material, such as sulphuric acid or chloride of calcium, for the purpose of extracting the vapor of water. The object is to remove the water before it enters the furnace, both to prevent the formation of hydrogen from the decomposition of the water and to save the heat that would be lost in this decomposition. The blast delivered in a dry state thus saves fuel and prevents the injurious action of the hydrogen on the metals under treatment. The plan is now being made the subject of careful experiment on a large scale in a blast-furnace.

#### A New Form of Air-Injector.

In warming and ventilating by a current of heated air driven into a building, a blower, or exhaust-fan, is commonly employed. A new device for securing the same results uses a new form of air-injector operated by compressed air. At one point in the air-duct used for taking the air from outside the building a pipe from the air-compressor is fitted with a nozzle having an annular opening and placed just within a funnel-shaped pipe or a contraction of the main air-box, thus forming an injector. At the top of the building a second injector is placed in the air-shaft leading from the ventilators. A pair of such injectors are said to be quite equal to the requirements of a large school-house or public building, and by varying the pressure of the air the volume of air sent through the ventilators may be varied within wide limits. The invention has the merit of simplicity, convenience and cheapness, though quite as much motive power is probably required to drive the compressor as to move an ordinary exhaust-fan.

#### A New Globe for Schools.

AMONG new school apparatus is a globe designed to show both actual and relative time. The globe itself is covered with a finely executed map giving all the data of mean temperature, ocean currents, etc., in addition to the usual geographical information put on school maps. It is mounted on its polar axis in a meridian ring, the upper part of the ring supporting a clock dial of transparent glass. The hands of the clock are placed on the under side of the dial, and may be readily seen through it, while the clock-work, designed to run four days, is placed inside the globe. The clock-work also gives the globe a daily motion on its axis. At the equator is a ring marked with the hours for a day, and from this the relative time of any part of the globe may be easily estimated. The meridian ring is adjusted for a certain amount of play in changing the position of the polar axis, and may be secured in any position by a set-screw. The apparatus will, no doubt, prove of value.



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## The Princes' Noses.

A MODERN IDYL.

TO HER, my gracious Mistress, who hath deign'd  
Of old to accept Her Laureate's every lay,  
And to the memory of that Good Prince,  
A verdure clinging ivy-like round all hearts,  
Whose virtues still survive in our essays,—  
These idle words I dedicate, naught worth  
Save as the homage of a duteous muse!

I stood with first-mate Smith upon the bridge,  
And question'd him: "The rumor, was it true,—  
That our two Princes, hopes of England's Crown,  
Grand-children too of Him the Well-beloved,  
Had in some sportive frenzy, likely in youth,  
Tattoo'd each others' noses?" Smith replied,  
Laying one fore-finger beside his own  
And winking as a cat doth at the fire,  
That twitter of his eyelid holding me:

"It is not quite," he said, "as you have heard.  
They were two merry dogs, those royal boys!"  
And here he raised his arm and smiled in his  
sleeve.

"And as we cross'd the Line—Of course you  
know

Our sailors have a custom"—"I have heard,"  
I said; "but tell me what the Princes did."

"That I was steering to," the mate rejoined.  
"My bowlines, 'twas a rummy spree! those lads—

Two merry boys, you well may say, they were."  
"But tell me," for I could but interrupt,

Anxious to learn the truth of that report,—  
"Did they tattoo?"—"Ay, love your eyes! they  
did:

And this was how." And so he spun his yarn:  
I listening with impatient eagerness.

"It was a blazing morning: glad enough

Were some of us to get outside our duds

And try warm water over the ship's side.

Those boys (my eyes, but they were merry dogs!)

As I have said, stood all outside their duds,

Drying themselves: it was not difficult

With the glass at a hundred and nineteen. 'Twas  
then

One ask'd about the Line and where it was

And what to be done: and somehow thus it hap'd,

One telling of this experiment, one of that,

The tattoo into consideration came.

They jump'd at it, both of them,—I mean, jump'd

When it was spoken of. You may be sure

We took them at their word, right loyally,

And then they jumped again. Such merry boys!

We almost died of laughter, seeing it done

And the blue anchors on the delicate skin

Like early violets upon banks of snow."

So Smith, with simile a trifle strain'd,

In sailor fashion sentimentalizing,

Likening a princely nose to snows upheav'd.

But I: "Good heaven," I cried, "'twas actually  
done!"

And stood aghast with horror at the thought,

Not so much of the deed as the consequence.

"Good heaven," I cried, "Their Highnesses will  
squint!"

While Smith irreverent laugh'd a senseless laugh.

And thereupon I thought of coming years,

When our revered Queen and her royal Son

Are gather'd to their glorious ancestors:

How One shall sit on England's island throne

Mark'd with an anchor on the Imperial Nose,

"Looking two ways for Sunday." It may be  
The fashion, then, and rigorous as dress-coats,  
To tattoo noses. So my thought stept back  
To our more simple-manner'd ceremonies.  
How will the Royal Grandmother receive  
Her anchor'd Vikings? Thus I further mused.

Suppose a levée day; the lads come home.

I see them from the top of a Portsmouth coach

(Four-horsed—three piebalds and a roan) alight

At the White-Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and,

Swift-hurrying to embrace their Grandam fond,

In their salt-season'd costume drive to Court,

Chaff'd by the Hansom cabby as they drive.

Herself in her full stateliness I see—

The Empress on her throne, scepter'd and crown'd,

Her nobles girdling her, a glistening mass

Of diamond sheen, outshining Indian suns;

And eyes, than diamonds brighter, of fair dames,

Veil their haught splendors in the imperial blaze,

Like stars lost in the sunrise. I can see

All those white bosoms rise and fall; but sound

Breaks not the reverent quiet, save a hum

Of loyal admiration as the crowd

Gives way and the Sailor Princes, hand in hand,

Advance and bend the knee and bow their heads:

And then the uplifted anchors meet their gaze

Of Majesty. An overpowering pause!

Till my thought, bursting the silence, thus had  
vent—

What will the Queen say?

But Smith only laugh'd.

And, as I look'd at him, remonstrative,—

"Their gracious grandmother will never see

The heaving of those anchors." And thereat

Join'd his two thumbs together, laughing low;

And chuckled as restraining him a while,

Then thunder'd his guffaw. But what the jest

I could not guess. Yet evermore he laugh'd,

As ruminating on some goodly joke.

Still I do think he told the truth to me.

W. J. LINTON, AFTER ———.

## An International Episode.

"YES, I liked you at first, I must confess,

And a week ago I might have been won,

But that is all over," she pensively sighed,

"For I find you are only a younger son."

There was silence awhile on that Alpine height,

They could hear the sound of a mountain stream;

He twirled his mustache and his alpenstock,

While she softly warbled "It was a Dream."

"We leave to-morrow for France," she resumed,

"I hope I shall meet you at Paris next spring;

Now *don't* say I've flirted, for culture, you know,

Is hardly consistent with that sort of thing."

"If it's not a flirtation, what, under heaven,

Would your ladyship call it?" he fiercely said,

And the question, I own, is one that well

Might bother the average British head.

She turned her face to the rosy west

Where the flush of dying day still glowed;

"'Tis nothing," she pouted, reflectively,

"But an 'international episode.'"

ELIZA C. HALL.

